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body
of
Dardale

WALKER



Claremont, N. H.
Mar. 9th,

Mr. Carl Knortz:
Dear Sir:

honored by your request
appreciating it fully I
forward a volume of
to you for the purpose
part of translating a
them into the German
guage for insertion in
forthcoming book, we
shall be highly hon
receiving. Very truly
Horace Ed



1



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Horace Eaton



THE
LADY OF DARDALE
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
HORACE EATON WALKER.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



MANCHESTER, N. H.:
BROWNE & ROWE, PUBLISHERS,
1886.



Moraei Eaton Walker.

DEDICATION:
TO
AMERICA.

And whilome bard has sung his lay,
His deathless choral songs;
The world is bowed; a mighty sway
To nature's bard belongs.

The Tale of Troy was sung divine;
A master harp; a voice
The ages love; a moistened eyne
Where poesy's arts rejoice.

The Maros came of rural theme;
'Twere Homers struck the lyre;
The Sire-bard's numbers did but gleam
Where Virgil's were on fire.

Italian Petrarch, crowned at birth,
Begenimed Italia's skies;
A later bard, yet never earth
Rejects her deities.

And Tasso, sweet Sorrento's bard,
Another link; the chain
Is gemmed, is gold, is golden starred;
Another yet to reign?

My Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Pope,
A rainbow-tinted chain;
And joy and peace and meek-eyed hope,
Are there in various train.

The Dantes, Goethes, Drydens, all
A star-gemmed band that time
Shall honor more as time shall fall,
And years make more sublime.

DEDICATION: TO AMERICA.

And Burns, and Goldsmith. O thou years!
Thou years! A miser thou!
The heart is full; the falling tears
Are thine; a form does bow.

And sweet exquisite bard * that time
Has laureled near the throne,
Has mellowed all; the stars may shine;
A seraph sky,—alone?

The birds are various, charm of song
Their sweet, their native art;
Shall all be mavis-birds? The throng
Were mad, each charms the heart.

Apollo, gods, the Greek, the slave,
Their mighty songs have sung;
No haunt, no magic shape of wave,
But sad or sweet has rung.

And yet, my Nation, poesy stole
My secret hour, and named
Me helpless victim; Cæsars roll,
But gentler powers claimed.

'Tis nothing new the muse has won
From Eden scene or view:
Tho' nothing new, yet shone a sun,
A rainbow's vying hue.

Accept my book, my earthborn song,
And time shall name our love;
The fledgling flies when wings are strong,
'Tis hope that shines above.

*Tennyson,

Claremont, N. H.



PREFACE.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.—Robert Burns.

On August 9, 1852, a child was born at Charlestown, N. H., who, Burns-like, was to eke out a precarious and uncertain poetic existence in the coming years. You see the little gable-roofed house where he was born at the foot of the long hill, with its old moss-covered watering-trough, just on the outskirts of the historic town. It stands there to-day in its unassuming simplicity, with slight marks of age, though nearly thirty-four years have passed since his birth there. In the earlier years of his life his parents moved to Claremont, N. H., thence to Brooklyn, N. Y., the father returning to that place from a short sojourn in California. From thence the family returned to Claremont, where the author is still residing, and where, too, his poetic labors have been performed in the last nine years of his life. Come of poor parents his educational advantages were small, he not having attended school since he was about sixteen years of age; and the book now lying before you was mostly composed in a cotton factory while tending the *Slasher* so often referred to in his poems. But not till he reached the age of twenty-five did he attempt poetry. And strange enough, the "Lady's Cabinet of Polite Literature" was the star-book of his poetic career, which having been published in 1808, there was something of the enchantment that distance lends to the view. The sweet Goldsmith had sung there; the half-forgotten Akenside; the bard of tenderest melancholy, Collins; the stronger and the more defiant Dryden, in his beautiful Ode to Alexander; that elegy which has become *the* Elegy, Gray's, was sung there; Piror, Parnell, Cartwright and Ogilvie, had verses, with a snatch of song by Hannah More; "The Deserted Village," "The Traveller," with "places of nestling green for poets made." Inspired by these he

touched on many subjects, and wrote on the enchanting theme of Knighthood from a desire to treat some few of the sweet melancholies and tender beauties of Scottish life and history, that the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and the "Pleasures of Hope," had drawn him there. The years went by, and his book was ready for publication only a few short years after the death of him who sang "Evangeline" so sweetly, sang the people's thoughts and aspirations, and left a legacy of purity and tenderness to the sorrowing hearts of his countrymen unrivaled for the beauty of its diction, and the cultured simplicity of its style.

And thou hast come and thou hast gone,
The changing scenes of life,
A sweetness in the strife,
Where Joy and Care were rife,
And Labor softest robes put on.



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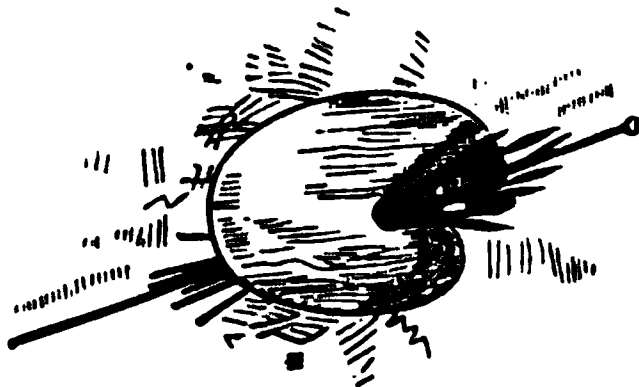
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THE LADY OF DARDALE.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

JOHN ELMER.

AN INTRODUCTION TO "THE LADY OF DARDALE."

The country turnpike, like a tangled dream,
Wound where it would, a-like a natural love,
A wayward child. Its plan, without an aim,
The thought, so far as skillless art could find;
But curiosity, ever part of brain,
Was master power, and with a silken cord,
As syren sweet as love to heart, soft led
The winding way. My dappled steed was prancing;
The freshened May distended wide his nostrils,
And lent him new life, speed, and mettled strength,
Champing the bit, and straining every nerve,
Till mine, beneath the tension, seemed as harpstrings
For fay-elfs strung, that every touch might stir
The soul. I crossed the bridge that time had left
Enough to prove its name, and traced the route
As one without an aim, but yet a thought
That seemed an aim, and later proved as such,
(For aimless quest if held a boon of mind,
And pressed with thought, will take a lucid shape),
Slow led me on. An aimless aim was now
A settled plan. Adventures on the way
My eye should woo, that once my hailed return
Might charm an hour, and win me partial fame.

The golden sun was stealing o'er the hilltops,
And piercing thro' the fog-banks curling there,
Soft bathing mount, and tree, and highest rock,

And shimmering down the misty, slantwise view.
Till lost amid the darkened vale. I paused,
And fancy-wed, let play the wayward thought.

Thirty and nine ago, and cotted babe,
I helpless, and as seeming aimless lived,
A tease to nurse, a father's care, but mother!
The tears may start, to her a little world,
A little world of hope, a castled clime,
A pictured vale, a panoramic view,
That turned kaleidoscope in hand of child
Of fullest fancy, many a fairy tale,
And loveliest hope, could hold no rivaling scene.
Her ideality challenged mightiest brain,
And form of strength a Hercules would love,
A perfect man! But I, as many a one,
Slowly matured, and gained my destined shape,
A-like a thousand more that lived and died,
That live and breathe to-day in hundred towns;
But she no art to ken the general trait
Was much the same; and thus she drew a future:

"I loved your father, since he seemed the man
Best suited to my temperament. He led
Me to the altar; love and hope were there,
In golden train. The days were in their flight.
You graced our home, a sunlight sweetest shed,
And sand by sand slow graded toward the man,
Until I find you gone beyond my rod,
My constant care; but now, ere you shall roam
From home, and lose yourself in busy life,
Lead Mabel to the altar; armed thus,
Your walk will be upon a higher plane."

St! Master! Ringing in my ears the tones,
As hollow murmurs of a dreaming brain;
An empty sound that seemed a tone of thought;
A memory of a long forgotten hour
That held a vanished form; a time revered
And hated in the same sad thought: for love
Is ever truest, best, when left to self,
And more a need, a boon, to me, than plans
An anxious mother shaped. 'Twere well, mayhap,
To follow such a law that holds this quest:

Two neighboring families, farmers well-to-do,
Within the dark and misty vault of time,
Bent o'er our cots,—fair Mabel's cot and mine,—
And master judges of our coming years,
Pronounced our earliest youthhood's doom. Their voices
E'en echoing now, then framed the words: "The babes,
And fairer never shone,"—but time has wrought

Its changes!—"later on shall hold our lands
Inviolable by stranger touch. A wedding,
Early as meet, shall bind them heart to heart,
And life to life, and land to land; and death,
Our latest guest, shall take us from the world,
And their world, with no sad regret that they
Are gone astray in Folly's path. They grow,
The lily leaning on the thornless rose;
A flower he, and she a fairer flower."

A fairy picture, but the fairies? I—
I, old and bearded; she, fair Mabel—where?
The years were years that could not last. They died,
Our mothers, leaving us a father's care,
Who married ere our blooming youth had bloomed
To womanhood and manhood's time. They sold;
They moved to distant climes, and Arden-like,
Then took their chance of wave and wind. She, I,
Evangeline and Gabriel, then asunder
Were harshly torn!—to meet at death? The thought;
But we were none the loser; all our love,
A thing of ice, was cold as money's love;
A bartered boon, that grew an ugly shape.
Liberty or death if mind a mind at all,
Freedom of love else madness in the brain.
Chameleon love needs chameleon law;—
But ours? "Here! love that thing!" a gnawing power
That sapped the shaping vines of love, and hate
Arose above the ashes there; and when,
And when we waved our last adieu as slow
The ox-teams raised a farther-growing dust,
A statue's smile some altar-frame might grace,
Empaled our marble looks; and thus the hearts
That might have grown to love, were turned to hate!
I did not hate her as I might a man,
'Twas rather hate that hates a critic; a
Half pity and half hate; or love, and like,
And pity, all commingled, with a shred
Of deepest admiration, held a secret.

The rolling wains in opposite ways a bend
Had hid; and all my mother's plans were naught!
No marriage; no united lands and lives!
Father had sold, and they had sold, and we,
But children yet, were bundled off as goods;
The later weddings, later, better prospects,
Were teemful thoughts, and we but secondary!
A greater change than years had known; but time
Made never a halt, and onward flew as yore,
And brought a harvest full of woe, of trouble.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

A modest life with e'en as modest thought,
 Had swayed too long for such a sudden change ;
 And loss, and woe, and care, usurped the place
 Of love, and hope, and peace. A quick divorce,
 An early tomb, and naught to time but—but—
 A second wife ! an Elmer's bones, a son,
 A fair lost Mabel ! and a sire in age.

O, Master ! were I dumb as you, there were
 No past ; no pregnant memories full of woe !

And now the town where time had made me great,
 Was grown a double town ; that large hotel
 Is monster to its sire, and frowns a king
 Among its lesser friends. I turn me back
 And note the larger view that years have won
 From nothingness. My childhood's view, my boyhood's,
 All, all is shapeless made by vast usurpers,
 The rotten, paintless steeple, dirty schoolhouse,
 And pigmy town-hall, are a memory gone.
 "I am no more a child !" My mother's words :

"I named you John the day that saw you live,
 John Elmer being to my thought a name
 That had the ring, the sound, as 'John, John Elmer,
 His name decks many a rhyme.'" But time, and harsh,
 Had turned me from the place ere boyhood's play
 Was off for thought ; and thus my name and power
 Were lost to all my native town. I shone
 In other fields, 'mong stranger thought and ways
 And won a fame where dearth of greatness reigned,
 Like many a bard of modern time. The taper
 Once shone the king of lights ; yet time has won
 A brighter flame ; but both their places, yet careful !
 Don't place them side by side, nor ages' poetry.
 An age is great for lack of greatness. Look :
 An age of poetry, age of painters' art ;
 An age of sculpture, age of oratory ;
 An absence, dearth of one, each renders greater.
 The great Elizabethan galaxy !
 And where my verse ? But now in dearth of Poesy,
 My light may shine. In dearth of Angeloes
 A lesser one is great. I mind the time
 In early boyhood's flighty hours, how Mabel
 A garland greenest, freshest grown, in girl-like
 Simplicity, placed o'er my brow, a glimmering
 Of that translucent light that time and hope
 Should win from kenless glooms ahead. But I !—
 "Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eyes,"
 John Elmer poet-born !—And yet the picture
 A dream, and overdrawn, won passing fame,

And lent an Eden to the varied view.
Ah! that May morning!—this May morning! Time,
Oh, cruel god! Oh, cruel king! to rob,
To rob the every joy of present sweetness,
And memory's god alone to hold the scene!

Thy will, sleek Master! May thy clattering hoofs
Drown all reverberations of the past!
And this May morn attuned of woeless bird,
Reclaim my time-retracing thought, and Nature
In all her glory, win me to herself.

The road, a catacomb to stranger view,
Held parallel with voiceful stream a space,
But short, a babe upon the verge of steps,
As sudden turned and vanished in a bend.

The song of waters, murmurs of the breeze,
The singing pine in deathful tone, and constant
Soft buzzings of a-many a varied insect,
The manifold sweet voices of calm Nature;
All, all a tinkling, lulling, soothing sound,
More softly fell than poets' thoughts, and won
A live equestrian statue, till a noise
Of slow approaching wheels resounded near;
And brief, the bend where seemed an ended road,
Disclosed a loaded wain, slow lumbering on.

I hated her? and yet the forceful words:
"Does Mabel live?" This gnarled man a shred,
(This man that tops the hay,) of her or hers?
"Good morning, sir," and when the answer fell,
A thousand Mabel-fancies drowned my brain.
"And is her sire alive in age?" the query
In fancy fell. "And is she married yet?"
"And what her name?" Van Winkle-like the questions.
I only said: "You may have known the Elmers?"

I felt his home was hereabout, and thus
Could feel the farms were patent to his thought
For longest miles around. A death next door
My city home, and know it not, till hearse
And black-streamed train wind slowly from the curb.
But here, and farther than the eye might reach,
The funeral's cause is known with cease of pulse.
A city! golden thy seclusion! Country!
Thy garret secret's known! Thou know'st, O Muse
Thy home's in busiest cities' scenes! thy dreams,
Of rural town and rustic view! If now
This stranger bearded swain were met in city's
Streets, "Elmers, do you know them?" were the last,
The farthest thought; but now the country's great
Encyclopædia was above the hay.

Without a formal style I might inquire :
 "And how are crops?" "No drouth this season?" Always :
 A quick and ready answer ; but at home,—
 A brownstone front ; an aged man descends
 The marble steps, "and who resides next door?"
 A sinister glance, and "Don't know," and is gone.
 He did not know. "Yes, crops are well. No drouth ;—
 A stranger hereabout?" "And yes, and no.
 I lived here twenty years ago. The Elmers—"
 "Jock Elmer?" "Yes." "And there hard by, his neighbor,
 Sweet Mabel Martin's folks, the twin-like families ;—
 And plans they had. The babes would wed in teens,
 And knit the name to name, and land to land ;
 But time with venom'd tooth, short left his mark ;
 The mothers died ; the fathers wed. The farms
 Were sold. 'Tis said the later wives were vain ;
 Had city ways and thoughts ; and country life
 No charms for them. The farmhouse has a charm—
 Adventurers they were and wed for money,
 And in a word they broke two hearts and homes,
 The lovers separated ; and at last
 Jock Elmer found his grave ! And poor old Martin—"~
 (Sweet Mabel's father !) "and his child—" "Oh, help!"
 And quick the May-morn air was rent with cries,
 And round the bend a steed in maddest flight,
 Came dashing with a two-wheeled chaise, a lady
 Wildly upon the seat, imploring aid.

'Twas done ! As quick as light my Master sped
 In hot pursuit, the farmer leaving there
 In blank amaze, with Martin's annals still
 Echoing upon his lips. Adventures now
 A Beadle's art no power to trace ; and yet
 The freak of bard's imagination won
 Its incident outside a Thackeray's classic
 Page, yet the Vicar classic full as strange
 In Wakefield incident ; for not the say,
 But how 'tis said, shall win the name and fame.

My frothing black was flying with the wind,
 And flew my fancy over all the past,
 As lightning steed, or drowning man when death
 Engrasps him far below the rippling wave.

"Sweet, naughty Mabel ! you and I are one,
 Our baby hearts beat out the little tune
 Ere thinking thought had won a niche of brain,
 And wed we were as sure as wedding morn
 Shall steal along with time, and rear the priest
 Before our trembling teens, 'And thou art one !'
 As solemn say as, 'Woe is me,' and shape

A growing scene for Eden good, or Hades
Bad. Mabel hate me? No, the harsh bequest.
Forget me as thy cotted bridegroom love,
Then all thy heart shall throb for me. But, no !—”

“I won’t love from a thought of force, for mine
Shall be a Juliet’s love ; you not my Romeo !
No stolen kiss ; no stolen midnight meeting ;
No arm about your neck, you hanging bold
From balcony’s dangerous rail, your eyes the stars
That light the misty sky, and guide my love
Unto the love of loves, and make me tremble
For fear the light, too strong, should teach my father’s
Eye, nurse’s, or a vain detective’s, all
Our tryst.” “Oh, Mabel ! hast thou read a fairy
Tale ? Nothing but a wayward brain could draw
So strained a picture.” “And I kiss your lip,
But nobody cares. ’Tis settled love that comes
A-like a purchased team, with auction’s ring ;
Expected ! Too trite, John ; love’s sweetest found
In stolen interviews, amid Arcadian
Scenes, father’s tread continual fear, or nurse’s,
With jealous glance ; for love is made of stolen
Joys, sweet forbidden kisses ’neath the moon,
With every bush an eye. Resume thy heart,
Else love and lover-like, slow steal along
The moonlit moors, and trembling ’neath my window,
As hungrily watch my wild, adventurous
Descent in treacherous basket, as the hound
That waits the beck that starts him on the chase,
The cageless hare already in the field.”

“The love of dreams, sweet Mabel Martin ! Father,
Yea, mine and thine, have solemn said : ‘They grow
For one another, as the oak for ship,
The amaranthine flower for love. We see
As one that wanders thro’ a beaten path,
And knows the end. ’Twere better e’en for both,
To heed the wisdom of our choice, for love
Is blind, and needs a clearer gaze. Love, love
That picks its mate has more of wrong than right.’”

“Pronounced a-like a bartered stock, or slave,
With never a thought but of the price paid. Mabel
A piece of merchandise ! John, never, never !”

“And yet your like that knows no love, is mine ;
In truth, I like you as I would a friend ;
A sweet familiar face ; a passing view,
Which gone, soon flies my constant thought, and leaves
A misty vagueness of a thing that’s gone.
And yet, and yet, we might have loved ; not strange.

Perhaps e'en now 'tis more than like, and hate
 Of cotted bondage makes us blind ; for love
 That's shackled, bound by law, is kin of serf
 That likes his work, but pines from constant straint.
 I thought your face a pretty face till years
 Of wise discretion rose in view, and taught
 My wild Byronic heart, untamed as wilder
 Mazeppan steed, no shackling power should curb
 My will, my love. By contraries would I move,
 And tho' I loved my maid, the world's applause,
 All, all should sink before the power that bound
 My will. If kings would shun my name, then I
 As fast, tho' none of fame were mine. Self-willed
 Is love, a wayward child, but oft is led
 Astray from varied influence ; for fame ;
 A name, a place, and lucre ; but a love
 That truly seeks its mate, nor power of gold,
 Nor power of place, of prince, of king, of earth,
 Can thwart its aim, or blind its gaze." "A lecture."

"But common facts ; the aims and ends of love ;
 Its ways, its forms, its styles, that none can feel,
 Till Cupid-god has winged his honeyed dart ;
 And yet it seems a lecture to my maid ?"

"A very lecture all unspiced of love."

"Then, fairy Mabel, list the chivalrous tale,
 In Scottish guise, to lend the fancy strength,
 Commingled with a touch of fact, that Muse
 Has won from poesy's teemful art in climes
 Not native to her reign, but Friendship's claims
 Permit her welcome maid a niche with all
 That woo the muses' lyre to deathless verse."

"Beguile the hour with Fancy's tale to History
 Wed ; Mabel open ear if love prevail."

"A knightly tale from Fancy framed, in youth
 Of love and Posey's art, enwon my thought ;
 Engaged my straightened hours a month on month,
 Till twelve were in their flight. And will you hear
 This lovelorn tale of Spenser's knightliest days,
 In modern thought, and language of the hour ?
 The Tapster's tale ; the Swineherd's, or the Knight's,
 Might give it name. John Elmer's shall it be ?
 Now, Mabel !" "I would hear your voice in knightly
 Lore, knightly tale. A-many a time its tone
 Has wooed my wayward ear from vulgar chime,
 And lent me Knighthood's pregnant days, or bard
 Of Avon's. But a teemful like, and softest
 Fancy enpictured half the scene, like poems
 Of modern make, that seem to say the whole ;

But unimaginative reader sees
 The fleshless skeleton alone, so much
 Is left to thought. An empty kind of verse
 Enmarks our modern bard. Go back a century ;
 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave ;'
 A poem in a line." "You are exacting ;
 Each age its style. The giant intellect
 Has been supplanted by scholastic art ;
 To-day 'tis highest culture ; yesterday,
 The giant brain. My Lamb is out of caste
 In modern time ; my modern bard the like
 In ancient time. A nation's history may
 Repeat itself ; but twins are not alike ;
 A difference, after all. The Wakefield Vicar
 Says : 'Handsome is that handsome does,' and true
 To general glance, but not to critical."

"Your giant Cook,* and not your Romeo,
 Has won your latest thought. But lecturing
 Was ever chiefest trait, a Johnson giant
 Of later time." "You laugh because I seem
 Matured. America's Rydal bard has never
 Approached his *Thanatopsis* ; Harold's Lay
 An early work, but faultless in his pages.
 Genius is found more oft in youth, than later."

"Then not my cotted love of twenty summers,
 But gray beard age in golden prime, of saws
 And potent thought possessed? Avaunt, my sage ;
 If lover, Blackstone, Bacon, Locke, replaced
 By Avon's matchless lovetale,† else a Grandcourt
 And Gwendolen love, an icy tning too cold
 To live. If knightly lay shall hold as cold
 A love as all your May-morn talk, then dead
 Ere public glance shall know its style." "The Lady
 Of Dardale was the name the lay assumed,
 And tireless Fancy won a thousand verses,
 Thro' all too pregnant hours of day, and time
 That gave it birth, soon gave it death. The flames
 Enmixed the dedication, cantos, all,
 In thankless air, and wreathing, aimless smoke.
 A master hand had struck the harp, and discords
 Loud jarred along the tottering line, and mimic
 Knighthood soon passed as once it came, 'unwept,
 Unhonored, and unsung.' A task to let
 It go, my youthful love, my boyish fancy,
 With tumbled castle, parched moat ; and yet
 Its skeleton lights and shades flit in and out
 Among my later thought, in ever-varying

*Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, Mass. †Romeo and Juliet.

Train. Chaos and I, dull twins in main, moved arm
 In arm a day by day, a week by week,
 Like shaping man in childhood's hour, till time
 And tide diverged our path, and chaos-youthhood
 Stood out a shadow of the past. Our twinship
 Gone, teemful error, poesy's mimic shade
 Stood plainly outlined, things of monster shape,
 Where now and then, as on the stage of life,
 A beauty flashed athwart the dark. The scene
 Was laid in pregnant thought. A deep and tangled
 Wood, brook-knelled, mountain-bounded, held a form
 Of loveliest mien, e'en sweet as morning flower
 By Nature's hand twined o'er a garden wall,
 Artless and beautiful ! Conception is
 Ever the master power of any brain;
 A Raphael's art a daub to picture brain
 Has drawn. A-many a bard in thought, but few
 In execution. So the Lay ;* a gem
 In thought, a Scott to make it verse. But Nature,
 A miser in Poesy's gifts, had flashed a ray
 Athwart my brain as faint and shadowy as
 A will-o'-the-wisp, but redolent of power
 To lead me on, until the museful tones
 Of inmost music, won my heart and hand,
 And ere I woke from tangled dream of night,
 A Knightly tale had flashed and gone. 'Twere thus :

* A poem of a thousand verses destroyed.



Henry A. Walker.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

"Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye.
Not like the formal crest of latter days:
But bending in a thousand graceful ways."
—Keats.

"Old is the tale I tell, and yet as young
And warm with life as ever minstrel sung:
Two lovers fill it,—two fair shapes—two souls,
Sweet as the last for whom the death-bell tolls."
"Hero and Leander."—Leigh Hunt.

DEDICATION TO HENRY.*

Thou seraph boy babe, whose unnumbered years
Have found no reck in the sand-glass of time,
To you I dedicate in love and tears,
These lowly verses couched in feebler rhyme
Than ancient bard of minstrel sway has known;
But thou reck'st not the Muses soft would tear
Me from mechanic art, and all alone,
Allure me to the Shrine of Delphi's fair.

Long ere thy first glance met the smiling day,
And you a doubt to my life as my fame,
A something o'er me held a subtle sway,
In embryo puzzlement, till soft there came
A museful-toned voice thro' my musing mind,
And taught me scenes where heavenly music played,
And e'er lived, to their dulcet harps resigned,
A fairy band in seraph wings arrayed.

* The Author's son of three months.

Poesy from father to son ne'er descends;
 No Homer a Homeric hard has left;
 No Milton's verse from Milton's son ascends;
 We lose the Shakespeare, and of him bereft,
 'Tis vain we look for other of that line:
 The Art is strange, and wayward is the child;
 And he who is lured to her golden rine,
 Finds more of testy babe than ever smiled.

But ere, my sweet babe, the will-o'-the-wisp
 Of my phantasmagoric fancy came
 Into the clear light, and soft as your lip,
 Told me what 'twas to be a child of fame,
 In hopeless fetters of aerial arms
 Was I bound, and when I would tear away,
 More numerous the sky in formful charms
 Was peopled. Heavenly, heavenly was their away.

So, to you in your innocence sweet,
 Whilst yet the mother's from the father's hand
 Thou reck'st not, (like is friend's and parent's greet,)
 I dedicate the soft aerial band
 That gathered in my fancy, and in verse
 Have found joys for me poets only know,
 And made me in a knightly lay rehearse
 In soft imagination's matchless flow.

May thy life, sweet Hope! gain as high a mark
 As my imagination rose for this;
 And when thy life is ebbing, and the Dark
 Is o'er thee, feel again thy mother's kiss!
 Let Fancy paint thy cradle-house that first
 Was thy soft shelter, and see the sweet face
 That hovered over thee, and fond rehearsed
 Her mother-love, with mother's power to trace.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Oh, charm of verse! oh, charm of song!
 And ever theme that did belong
 To searchless past, or ever old,
 Of newness shorn, upon the wold
 A frayed, a warp-bare tale, a thing
 Where beauty's charms shall vainly cling?
 If poet's eye shall wander there;
 If poet's life with death shall pair;

If poet crowned of Nature's queen
 Shall ken the view, what is, hath been,
 A thousand beauties start to view
 With ever-varying beauty's hue:
 E'en deathless bards have sung in vain
 The hue, the style, the love, the strain,
 The tomb, the grave, the light, the shade,
 The every view the skies have made;
 The flowers, lilies, Edens, grots,
 The pansy, rose, forget-me-nots,
 The dewy eves, the morning-glory,
 The hundred things in verse and story,
 The Lalla Rookhs, the Harold lays,
 The Edens lost, grand Knighthood's days,
 The Churchyard tales. A thousand ways
 To say them o'er. And ages yet
 Shall touch the theme. Shall time forget?
 If bard shall own no native flame,
 But scholar's art shall shape his strain;
 But love that painted pictures here,
 A thousand beauties shall appear,
 If Nature sweep the magic lyre,
 And flame that points is nature's fire.
 The tale were old, the theme its Chief!*
 Shall later bard turn laureled leaf?
 And love a sweet, a nameless charm,
 The Lay's excuse; no world's alarm
 To daunt the Muse. A Christabel
 In fameless gloom if bell shall knell
 Its death! A joy that poets know
 Hath cure, hath balm; a god below
 That steals the myriad tints that glow
 In seeming duldest thing, and flow
 In riveless train, where bard were tost
 In hundred splendors, drowned, lost,
 Till fame and name, the world forgot,
 The cares of life, the battles fought
 By bravest heroes; frauds that sway
 The party strife; the dull, the gay,
 Commercial theme, the newer star,†
 The Nations' strife,‡ the mailed Czar.§
 The dream is gone, and loudly swell
 The vulgar arts, the din, the knell
 Of busy life, the pulse of gain!—
 The bard a—Man? Delusive train!
 The sky a world, and duldest thing,

* Scott. † Conkling, etc. ‡ The momentous war between Turkey and Russia in 1877-78, etc. § Alexander II, Emperor of Russia.

No fays, no fairies! Yet there cling
 The broken shreds of poesy's dream;
 Not stars, but gaslights palely gleam!
 Emilias, Henris, Lacys, all
 But specters now! The shadowed wall
 Their pictures! Knighthood's lay was wrought
 While pictured fancy pictures caught
 From various clime, and age, and date,
 And lent a charm that has no mate,
 Anachronism, sweet poesy's charm,
 And Michael Scotts, tho' death shall balm,
 May grace a lay. The school-taught rule,
 In strictest law, a rhymster's tool,
 For Nature's bard shall shape his law,
 No other hand the lines shall draw!
 A general scene, a varied view,
 As lark that soars the arching blue;
 A bulbul's flight as whim shall take
 Him from the spray that holds his mate;
 A winding stream thro' light and shade,
 Where flowers, weeds, have eddying strayed,
 The Tale is such! A poet's soul
 Has heard sweet Muse, and numbers stole
 A richness, sweetness not in verse,
 'Twere vain indeed, such strains rehearse!

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE FIRST.

The Castle's ruins!—lovers!—where?—
 The Lord Graville!—Ah! never there
 Again their splendor, beauty, sway!
 Never again the lightsome day,
 The mellow eve that shed its dew
 On turret, tower, moon-wed view;
 For gone the lovers, gone the scene,
 No shred to tell what there hath been;
 And gone the sire, and gone the knight,
 And gone the forest where the light
 Of stealing moon won look of maid,
 The bubbling brook, the knights that strayed,
 The quarrel, fray, the flight, pursuit,
 A whelmed father, moveless, mute!
 Gone, gone, yet mystic Maid has claimed
 Their lives, their deeds, and not ashamed,
 Has limned where others matchless reigned,

And drawn from Knighthood's gaudy scene,
 A vanished view, yet starlights gleam,—
 Has torn the tale from perished life,
 Has wrought in peace, unmeasured strife;
 The Henris, Lacys, mount the steed,
 Yet live again; the grave is freed
 Of warrior, knight, the bard, the chief,
 A page turned back, a folded leaf,
 And once again the harp, the lute,
 The bashful love, e'en modest, mute;
 And present lost in living past,
 The mind is thrall'd; the bugle's blast
 Sounds not the line, the empty verse,
 'Tis bugler's self the notes rehearse;
 We mark him cross the linn, the vale,
 The castle hides his form. The gale
 Is strong against the tower. The knights
 Quick cross the moat, their forms like lights
 In farther gloom are lost. There starts
 A palmer down the vale; departs
 A warrior, knight, a chief. 'Tis life,
 Its ways, its hues, its shadows, strife.
 Emilia saunters o'er the grass;
 A flower plucks. There come, there pass,
 The lights and shades of love. The Knight,
 De Lacy, trods the hall. A light
 Has marked his eye. 'Tis strange withal.
 'Tis life. The picture came, did fall;
 'Twere vain it sued for lasting place;
 Yet read, the flowers and weeds may trace
 A scene that some shall love, the few
 May love and hate. That all were true!
 But History ever faultless found
 When Fancy twines her laurel round!

 CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

The scene was sweet as loveliest eve,
 Where love might woo, and win, and grieve,
 And heart to heart the lover's tale
 Might softly say, and none assail.
 The arching trees that stooped above;
 The winding brook that sang of love;
 A mellow shade on tree and rock,
 No dream that later scenes would shock,

Fell sweetly there, and wooed to song,
 Won heart to heart, no tinge of wrong;
 And many a bird in softest note,
 Sang there of love, and peace, and hope,
 An Eden scene the whole combined,
 A picture true of love resigned;
 No fleck to mar the lovely whole,
 Where softest thoughts as sweetly stole
 As siren song to heart of him
 Who feels a fate, a something grim,
 Yet sweetest made, and full of joy,
 As bounding heart of Paphian boy,
 Who sank to sleep on Beauty's breast,
 No thought of life but he were blest,
 And all the world were Eden round,
 With caroling bird the only sound
 That broke the silence there,
 And stole his soul as Lethe found
 A honeyed stream and fair.

II.

A haunt no hand to mar, to shock,
 Not e'en the winds, the soft siroc,
 A nook for beauty, love-eyed maid,
 The tale of Eros, heart that strayed
 From native bosom, found its king
 In matchless youth, æolian string
 That sounded soft, yet truest there,
 For stone of moss, the balmy air,
 The tree, the brook, the mavis note,
 Told plain that love was not remote,
 And yet my graybeard!—mother there!—
 My drifting child!—the scene as fair
 As when thy love met love in tryst,
 And babe was not, yet lips that kist,
 Told well the days that love might know
 In wedded bliss, tho' born of woe;
 But age no glow, no youthful flame,
 No faultless fancy, scenes are tame
 That once were matchless as the bow
 That arches o'er this world of woe.
 Thy minds may paint the glowing past
 Ere lots together fell, were cast,
 Ere priest, the babe, the wedded years,
 Had lent their joy, their woe, their tears,
 The stone, the brook, the arching trees,
 Patches of sky, the laded breeze,
 The thousand scenes that crowd the view

Where love is king, is fleckless, true ;
And yet, and yet, the view is changed,
The glowing thought by age estranged,
The brook the same, the stone is there,
Yet not divinely glowing fair,
While memory paints the fleeting view,
The verse shall own the shape, the hue,
That graced the scene ere locks were gray,
And earliest love had lost its sway.

III.

The mountains round with castled top,
Fell on the eye with grimest shock,
For musing mind could picture there
The Highland war, the Lowland's share,
The deeds of daring by the brave,
The hardy men that feared no grave,
But met the foe, and hand to hand
Made valor win or lose the land.
No hidden form with reaching gun,
And braveless war unbravely won,
But face to face, as death to death,
With kissing helms, and breath to breath,
The sturdy Highland brave was found ;
But Lowland foe was on the ground,
As brave of heart, no soul of fear,
The maddened force, the fiery tear,
The beating heart, the swaying form,
The sturdy tree that breasts the storm,
Is bent, is swayed ; but fate, nor arm,
Had power to daunt with scaring harm,
Each man a force that would not move
Till power and might that seemed of Jove.
 Made victor of the foe,
That fought for country and its love,
 Tho' death should lay him low.

IV.

No China's wall of vasty length
Stretched round the scene in giant strength,
But mountains vast that touched the sky,
Rose round the scene, and held the eye,
In roughest beauty there did vie
With softer scenes, where clouds did fly,
And many a thing of loveliest hue
Caught mellow sweetness from the blue,
That domed the vale, the hill, the mount,
Arcadian view with many a fount,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And lent a charm that tempts the eye,
 And moves the heart with many a sigh.
 O Scottish scene of mount and vale!
 O varied view in lovely tale!
 Thy castled steepes! thy poet lakes!
 Thy every scene the poet makes!
 How easy Burns to write a lay
 As full of love as siren day!
 And picture dales, and vales, and hills,
 The bonny Doons, and laughing rills,
 And win the soul and melt the heart,
 And eyes with teardrops at his art!
 Romantic land! romantic clime!
 Of Knighthood's lay, and Valor's rhyme!
 Where are thy songster's now!
 On tomb of him we trace the vine! *
 At both the weepers bow! †

V.

Yet Fancy's eye on History's page,
 May call to life the bard, the sage,
 The knighted chief remount his steed,
 And charge for country and its need;
 The warrior that in border raid,
 Made glory shine, and cowards fade,
 The bard that twined the laurel round †
 The brow of heroes seldom found;
 The feud-fires blaze where borderers fought
 For home, and country, and the Scot,
 Where maids and matrons lent their aid,
 A fame till valor ne'er shall fade,
 Threw round their lovers by their love,
 The deed of arms and power of Jove,
 Won from the sigh of love-eyed maid,
 Who fired the arm that victory made,
 Or matrons with their sturdy hearts,
 Who filled the ranks where glory starts,
 With many a valiant knight and true,
 Who struck for fame and country, too;
 All, all may rise at Fancy's beck,
 And win a glance, a poem deck;
 A poet's tale is never old,
 A Nature-scene upon the wold
 That lends an endless charm,
 And soothes the eye that vainly rolled
 For vales of golden calm.

* Burns. † Burns and Scott. ‡ Scott.

VI.

And Bannockburn, with mighty dead!
Shall Memory paint thy scenes of dread?
Shall heroes, warriors, marchmen, all,
Rise at her beck again to fall
For Scotland and her glorious name,
And on the field re-win their fame?
Shed once again the foeman's blood,
That mingled theirs in surging flood?
Shall Bruce again the mighty lead,
And Edward's heroes nobly bleed,
And standard fixed on bore-stone proud
Proclaim a kingdom's warriors bowed!
Ah! vainly vain to touch the past
Where mightiest heroes breathed their last!
And Wallace, Bruce, and followers brave,
Are long since mouldered in the grave!
But yet remoteness gives the view
A power peculiar, but as true;
And lost in fancy's loveliest rays
The feud-fires once again shall blaze,
The warriors meet, the bloody frays
Start clear and plain as on the field
The bard were found. The trumpet pealed,
The axes rang, and "On, and on!"
Breaks from his lips, as thro' the storm
Of blows and thrusts, he presses brave,
Till spade has oped the soulless grave.

VII.

Mechanic art with Nature's aid,
Has manned the soul, and weakly made
The lines of rhyme that mark my name,
And ape the glorious mount of fame,
No hand of mine shall ever stain,
No pen of mine shall e'er profane!
The highest thoughts from poesy's fane
Are won to heart, and steal to brain,
And he who'd reach the higher goals,
That make immortal perfect souls,
Should study well the poet's art
Of him who writes from fleckless heart,
For here the choicest gems of mind,
In choicest language choicely mined,
Shall teach the thought a lovely phrase,
And lend it wings to soar the ways
Where all unsullied Beauty strays,
And wreathes her shrine with flowery Mays!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

A perfect picture wins the thought
 To higher vales, where beauties caught
 From high Elysian fields of light,
 Rise chiefest there, all robed in white,
 And grace the heart with purest things,
 That artless cling, as purely clings
 As seraph round the babe,
 A cherubim with snowy wings,
 That God-like souls arrayed.

VIII.

An Angelo in perfect art,
 A soothing beauty o'er the heart,
 That teaches calmness, peace of mind,
 Which coarser pictures cannot find;
 'Tis here that Fancy fairest found,
 Twines softest wreaths of Faery round,
 And lifts the mind to higher realms,
 Where Eden views the thought o'erwhelms,
 And lends a joy, a love, a peace,
 Like glowing tales of storied Greece,
 A fairy scene where Paphian girls
 Are angels clad in amorous curls,
 And brightest pictures treat the eye
 To loveliest view of earth and sky,
 And Raphael wed to Raphael thought,
 A thousand beauties softly caught,
 Are painted in the brain as true
 As arch that spans the bended blue,
 And if no power to trace the scene,
 'Tis bright as Raphael's art could glean.

IX.

Tho' Fancy's scene has caught the train
 That circles here in flowery reign,
 Historic thought has left its trace,
 Historic thought has found its place,
 And pictured forth in vying hues
 The flowers that droop 'neath even's dews,
 Enchant the vale where fancy's knights
 Are battling brave with history's wights,
 That scarce the one shall be of fame
 Without a tinge of other's name,
 Enough of truth to fly the verse,
 And Fiction's tongue the lay rehearse,
 In flowery phrase to tempt the maid
 Who loved the verse where sweetness swayed,
 Or lover youth who kens a tale

Where Cupid-god steals off in mail,
And throws his darts like warrior bold,
Then love in love the maidens fold!

X.

No warrior's glance need scan the page
Where Fiction's fancy all in rage,
Brings forth the knight in arms grown old,
Yet full of strength, and brave, and bold,
Where history's lines are dimly seen,
But yet enough to stay the een
That love a tale for now and then,
That paint the brighter side of men,
In dainty thought, and softest way,
A sort of sweet Arcadian lay,
That claim no greatness but the art
That wins the love of transient heart,
In sweetest way from care and woe,
No strain of thought to ken the flow
Of busy scenes that come and go,
A-like the star-gems in the blue,
That win the gaze, the passing view,
A moment flit a seraph light,
A star of joy from out the night,
And passing go, but seen no more,
Are never won from Lethe's shore;
And such the tale my hand shall trace,
And those that read with wrinkled face,
Shall vainly seek for power of thought
Along the lines where fancy taught
A sweeter, simpler lay than all
That mark my page to rise or fall
For ladies fair and amorous maid,
The knights of love are sweetly 'rayed,
The deeds of love, the war of gods,
Who sway the heart with golden rods,
And stand the victors of the earth,
Where Splendor reigns or humble birth,
Are dropt from heart that knows the sigh,
The lover's look, the amorous eye,
Can paint from fact, an Ayrshire love,
For sweetest maids that reign above,
Who raise the soul, or sink the heart,
And by their mad enchantress art,
And wing a Cupid's honeyed dart.
O maidens fair, and lasses sweet!
The world is bowed and at your feet!
The earth were blank with you a thought

Of something gone, a thing forgot,
 A beauty flitting Memory's reign,
 That steals the warrior's sigh,
 And starts the tear in eye
 Of empty lord and man of brain.

XI.

Arcadian loveliness had won
 This Lydian scene from grandeur round,
 But ah, but ah, the setting sun,
 Where spiral-like the brooklet wound,
 Soft bathed a form that bowed the ground
 In mystic ail of heart,
 As Grief she were, and in a swoond
 No Eros balm could start.
 Her form was 'rayed in garments fair to see,
 As from a wedding she had lately fled,
 But ah! no joy in her heart could there be,
 Else o'er her face in beauty were it shed;
 Rather than bride she seemed the maid of woe,
 And tho' she may have reigned as Beauty's queen,
 The bitter tears from her sweet eyes did flow,
 And vanished joy no traces were there seen.

XII.

The scene around in beauty vied,
 And pictured there the smileless bride,
 The sparkling brook in aimless sound,
 Whirled on its way, and round and round,
 And many a bird attuned of glee,
 Went winging by in ecstasy;
 The branching trees in amorous guise,
 E'en softly swayed with zephyrs' sighs,
 And all seemed love in brook and dell,
 And rose and sank in softest swell;
 Sweet Nature's tune in artless wise,
 Where song of bird, the bird-note dies,
 In melting sweetness 'neath the skies.
 The sun in mellow struggling rays,
 Had darted thro' and shed his blaze
 On all the varied scene,
 But yet she lifted not her gaze
 To ken the golden sheen.
 Her woe was more than all the world,
 For Eros there had bravely hurled
 A shaft that winged its way with love,
 That melted sweetly from above;
 And she that feels a Cupid's art,

With quivering lance within her heart,
 Has none of time or hour to spare,
 To list the bird and nature's fair;
 And thus the scene so lovely true
 (Where zephyrs sighed and breezes blew),
 As poet's heart could wish, could crave,
 Was more to her a yawning grave
 Of early love, the bride of death,
 Where charnel lights and charnel breath,
 Commingled grim like linkèd fates,
 And stung the soul of softest mates.
 Not e'en sweet Mary, Queen of Scots,
 Elizabeth, the hallowed spots,
 Loch Leven in the misty view,
 The thousand things that might renew
 Their hallowed claim if wedless maid
 Had known her fate,—were soft arrayed,
 For nay, a grander fancy played,
 A fancy that with powers supreme,
 Worked potent as a midnight dream,
 Nor past nor present theme of mind,
 But love had sought, did vainly find,
 And helpless bound in direful woe,
 'Twere naught of wonder tears did flow,
 'Twere naught of wonder beauty round
 Was twined in fragrance o'er the ground,
 And all in vain, and all in vain,
 'Twas love alone that swayed her brain,
 'Twas love that painted dark or bright,
 'Twas love that lent sepulchral light,
 And love alone to name her dread,
 And love alone that came and sped,
 And love that heaved the flowered breast
 And love alone her woe confest.

XIII.

The Scottish bards e'en yet prolong
 Their softened note and melting song,
 Yet live in fame and sweetness won
 From beauties glowing 'neath the sun,
 And I a stranger in their land,
 Attune my harp at their command,
 My soul was lost amid their brave,
 I knelt in prayer above their grave,
 And won to sweetness of their song,
 My harp awoke tho' them I wrong,
 And knightly shades went flitting by,
 That claimed my thought enwon my sigh,

Till native clime and native muse,
 Were lost in fancy's loveliest hues,
 And stranger touch in stranger lands,
 Was sweeping harps where softer hands
 Had won from verse immortal fames,
 And left to Scotland deathless names!

XIV.

CORONACH.—BURNS.

O Scotland's great and deathless bard!
 My modest muse would have thee starred,
 Thou Chief of Poesy's native art,
 That reigned and reign o'er every heart,
 A touch of pity knows to feel,
 While weeping eye the tear shall steal
 From inmost love that 'rays a soul,
 And feels a calm when death-bells toll,
 That comes to hearts that ken this state
 The poorer half that finds its mate,
 When life and death are hand in hand,
 And seraphs join the broken band!
 O lovely bard by nature crowned!
 With angel forms soft flitting round!
 Be mine the hand from foreign clime,
 To steal the sweetness of thy rhyme,
 The higher thoughts that clothe thy verse,
 And of thy land a tale rehearse!
 The harsher ones might name thee bad,
 But ah! to me, thy life was sad,
 And full of beauties many a heart
 Would gladly claim as all their art,
 And risk a fate that stalks the gloom
 Which deepens round the charnel tomb;
 Thy powers were such no hand might tame,
 And whirled thy passions like a flame,
 That lesser souls can reck no thought,
 For tamer fires but tamely caught,
 Are easier held in virtue's way;
 Yet on the gods they turn to slay,
 And weakly raise a mockery cross,
 And o'er their lives shout: "Loss, oh, loss!"
 While they themselves with souls on fire,
 With magic art to verse the lyre,
 E'en might have sunk to lower deeps,
 For powers like his a whirlwind sweeps,
 And be he strong in every trait,
 A mightier force shall name his fate.
 The keenest sense of Poesy's art,

The keenest love in poet's heart ;
 A maid shall stand a goddess fair,
 A fit creation of the air,
 Where perfect things and perfect love,
 Reign all supreme in realms above,
 And draw the soul that walks the earth,
 To climes where Edens find their birth.
 According to the strength imposed,
 The Judge shall name thy name when death
 Thine earthly eyes has sadly closed,
 And things of now seem but a breath !

XV.

A poet o'er a poet's tomb
 Would shed a loveliness in bloom,
 And picture finer traits of heart
 Than from the fireless souls might start,
 Reclaim a light that seraph shone,
 And move to life the drooping stone
 "That names the underlying dead,"
 To passer-by but vainly led,
 An empty shaft of loved design,
 That wins no tear, no memory's sign,
 That takes no life, and speechless there
 Looks more than words, and faultless fair,
 Half pleads in vain for mouldering form
 That calmly sleeps thro' night and morn,
 No cheek to flush at flattery's praise,
 No heart to beat with country's frays,
 No soul to wed to soul of verse,
 No ear to hear the rumbling hearse
 That slowly moves with what remains
 Of what was good or bad by reigns,
 Of what was missed when death came there,
 Or half forgot ere new-made grave
 Had shed its flower in Autumn's air,
 Where leafless trees above him wave ;
 But kinship art of poet there
 Upstarts a thousand thoughts,
 And wins the form so loved and fair,
 To scenes, the hallowed spots,
 That knew his tread, while once again
 We steer the skiff and skim the wave,
 Go dancing o'er the mirrory main,
 Or bow in sadness by the grave
 That severed friendship's golden tie ;
 Anon we stray the flowery hills,
 And ken of love and life to die ;
 Anon we trace the dancing rills,

And Nature there says: "Why, O why!
 This universal death?
 For man was never made to die,
 Tho' death shall sting his breath!"

XVI.

We find our form above his tomb
 As talking to a mate,
 But Memory's hand has won the bloom,
 And flowery wreathes the date
 That marks the long, long years ago,
 When earthly ties were broken,
 And tears from mournful eyes did flow
 In sad tho' vainest token.
 O Memory thou that borrows peace,
 And gives to woe a sweet release,
 Lends flame and fame to nameless bard,
 And paints a sky that's golden starred,
 Thou hast the tear, the love, the woe,
 The shades of life that come and go,
 The perfect joys, the perfect bliss,
 The happy homes, the lover's kiss,
 The good, the bad, the sweet, the fair,
 The love of loves, and love's despair;
 Chameleon scenes enmark thy reign,
 A varied view that claims the brain,
 And wins the heart or mans the soul,
 Makes sad or sweet the death-bell's toll,
 Throws charms around a hated form,
 Makes grandeur sweep athwart the storm,
 Gives peace and love, and friendship fled,
 Reanimates with life the dead,
 A panoramic view of art,
 That steals the soul, the musing heart,
 And paints the past a glowing clime,
 And lends enchantment to the rhyme
 That age alone could win to mind.
 Antiquity! antiquity!
 That memory gives so sweet to me,
 Where else thy rival shall we find?
 'Tis memory gives me scenes of Burns,
 The mavis-birds and soaring hems,
 The sweetest loves, the choicest maids,
 The richest songs in tangled braids,
 The rural scene in matchless verse,
 The numbers soft, and sweet, and terse,
 The native harp he tuned so well,
 That sweetly rose and softly fell,

For every clime, and every land,
The high, the low, the modest band;
Variety's maid stood queen of verse,
To every taste did true rehearse,
And of the bards that won the flame,
Prometheus stole from heaven's fane,
He stands alone for every taste,
The graded scale from trite to chaste!

XVII.

THE POET'S HARP.

1.

The poet's harp should span the world,
And ring each native gladness,
Should rise and fall in varied note,
A tear for every sadness;
Should smile with smile, and weep with death,
And join in every glory,
A word for high, a word for low,
And freedom's deathless story.

2.

The poet's home is everywhere,
No selfish note e'er knowing,
A boon of earth for plain and fair,
His strains in harmony flowing;
A health to all, a curse for none,
A welcome bard and lover,
A guiding star, a lighting sun,
Where wisdom's rays may hover.

3.

The nations meet and battles rage,
The war-note hoarser braying,
And blood is traced on history's page,
The death-marked columns 'raying;
The poet's heart should melt for all,
And join them in their grieving,
But justice claim the tears that fall,
The laurel bays enwreathing.

4.

The flowers of rhyme enbloom the earth,
And shed a ray of heaven,
'Twas here the muses found their birth,
Prometheus fire was given;
And so the poet's harp is strung
With more than earthly sweetness,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And mystic notes have often rung
In soft and lowly meekness.

5.

The poet sings the nations' songs,
The golden feast and wedding,
He sings of battles and their wrongs,
The woes their names are shedding;
He mounts the fleckless steed of right,
With Right his crowning glory,
And leads it bravely thro' the fight,
And sings the fadeless story.

6.

The poet's art the truest art
To name the names of history,
He speaks from truth, a flowing heart,
And sees thro' wrong and mystery;
His fame would fade like bards of pay
Who write in Mammon's calling,
Should truth from verse be gone astray,
His name and art despoiling.

7.

The hate of hate, the love of love,
His fiery heart is owning,
He steals his flame from rays above,
And joins his voice in moaning;
He strikes his lyre for honest fame,
He bays the hero gory,
He 'rays in stars each fadeless name,
And harps their deeds and glory.

8.

He sings of life, he sings of death,
And maids of matchless beauty,
The flowers of thought are in his breath,
And war, and fame, and duty:
He tunes his harp to every woe,
And treads a privileged lover,
His tears with tears will ever flow,
A mother, father, brother!

9.

The Muse his love, the Harp his own,
His home the home of nations,
A welcome guest, the world his home,
And bard of all ovations,

His tones are sweet and not of death,
Tho' native tongue should perish,
The nations of the earth their breath
Would hold his name to cherish.

10.

He sheds a sunshine on the poor.
And strews their path with flowers,
He comes a hope to every door,
And rainbow-tints the showers;
The laughing hearts, the mourning hearts,
He decks with many a rosy,
The tear of pity ever starts,
And brightest gems of poesy!

XVIII.

Sweet Fancy's maid has won the train
Of laughing fays that stole to brain,
And touched of him* in memory's view;
But mournful there 'neath dappled blue,
In Fancy's Scottish scene,
She reekt no haunts that stole to view
All 'rayed in golden sheen.
Had rung the notes that since have swelled
From Northern Harp that grandly knelled†
The knightly deeds of warriors tombed,
But won to life where flowers bloomed,
She might have dried the tearwet eye,
And 'rayed in stars the fadeless sky;
But bard unborn,‡ no tune to sway,
The Eros pain to soothe, allay;
And little recked she times to fall
Should back to life her form recall,
And name her love, her look, her woe,
Should paint the shades that come and go,
And lay her secrets bare as day,
Should mark her lover in the fray,
The battle sound along the vale,
The morning dawn that rose so pale
Above the dead that minions laid
In death, the scenes that long did fade,
Ere e'en her life the numbered dead,
Ere e'en her life in marriage wed,
Ere e'en the lover named his love,
The whispered tale in vine-wreathed grove,
The maiden hues, and light, and shade,
That many a life shall know, but fade;

*Burns. †Scott. ‡Scott.

And memory's hand in aimless round,
 In vain the scene is sought, not found;
 And tho' my Bard had sung his Lay *
 As spanless back, 'twere not of sway,
 For love and woe were all her thought,
 E'en sighing brook was half forgot,
 The stone of moss that held her form,
 The closing night that slow came on,
 The vying hues of light and shade,
 All, all forgot, for lowly maid
 Was struggling with her bitter woe,
 In seeming artless guise,
 A tear adown her cheek did flow
 That melted from her eyes.

XIX.

What were the ail that placed her here,
 In wedding dress so sad and drear?
 Did warriors storm the castle wall
 Ere "Thou art one," could solemn fall?
 What could it mean? Why thus distressed
 With sorrows in her face confessed,
 All unattended by her maid,
 Alone, alone in trysting shade?
 Was stolen love to meet her here,
 And kiss the sweet or saddened tear?
 Had bridegroom died ere holy tie
 Could make her fleckless bride,
 And she alone had come to die
 Where mournful brooklet sighed?
 Enchantress Eve! the maid construe
 Ere night shall win thee darker hue!
 Why thus alone in darkling shade?
 And naught to say! O mystic maid!
 Thy tale unfold in softest phrase
 Ere falling eve shall dusk the rays,
 And lend us all her secret care!
 Oh, why alone and in despair?

XX.

She looketh not upon the sky,
 The laughing brook soft running nigh,
 The arching trees that sway above,
 The Druid shades fantastic wove,
 But steady on the leafy ground
 As mirror there were lovelier found,
 The scene that won her melting eye,

*Scott.

And worked her bosom to a sigh.
Her gaze was fastened while the night
Like grimest shade of mystic knight
Was slowly stealing o'er the wood
That somber grown bro't thoughts of blood,
And foulest shades that stalk the earth
To dwarf the flower that finds its birth
In sweetest scene and loveliest dell,
That sways upon the zephyrs' swell,
To dark the view and crush the mind,
That more than loveliness shall find,
While Flora's reign is 'neath the sky
Of Sol-god's golden glory,
And vying hues in beauty play
As Eden all their story,
But which when night has won her reign,
A thousand shapes stalk thro' the brain,
And woe on woe in grim complain
Chase thro' the shades in Torso train,
Imagination's nightly horde
When Culture's eye its rays has poured,
Vanish a-like a witchcraft reign
That swept o'er Ignorance once in reign.

XXI.

So wrapt in thought and single woe
She heard nor sound nor step that fell,
And mingled with the brooklet's flow
That hurried thro' the fern and dell;
But footsteps there as soft as love
Commingled with the trees,
Which threw their arching arms above
And fanned a mellow breeze,
That stole among her ringlets fair,
As all her woe and ail
Had won it there to silent prayer
For maiden sweet and pale;
But breeze nor prayer in saintly guise,
Had naught of power nor balm
To soothe her heart of melting sighs,
And win the golden calm
That comes of prayer from earnest heart,
And clothes with seraph charm.

XXII.

Thro' darkling eve and foliaged way,
Sir Henri Vale unconscious gay,

Trod slowly o'er the bosky route,
 As knowing not there were about
 A wedless maid in fleckless garb,
 Where Eros once had flung his barb;
 And thus for love, or fray, or spite,
 He aimless strode the woody night,
 Uncaring whether day or eve
 Held maiden fair that did bereave.
 No armor eased his supple form,
 But by his side a sword undrawn
 Was hanging heavy as a feud
 Had once begun, and now renewed
 Sought satisfaction here alone,
 With single foe, whose cry or moan,
 Should fill no ear with mortal dread
 As savage wound should lay him dead;
 But soon his heart of lighter mood,
 Broke into song, and rang the wood,
 In artless strain that comes of quest
 Where empty aim is true confessed,
 By action, tone, and manner, all,
 By steps that pause and lightly fall.
 The brook that sang upon his ear
 Had won the carol to his heart,
 And love that had nor woe nor tear,
 At first was all his simple art,
 But soon the accents of despair
 Partook the burden of his song,
 And maiden weeping, wailing there,
 Seemed theme alone that did belong
 To ditty of the strolling knight,
 Who sang his lay in even's light,
 That faded, faded from the scene,
 And left a mellow golden sheen
 Upon the wood around,
 And shaped the trees of waving green
 To gnomes that did confound.

THE BROOK.

"I traced the brook that wound its way
 Thro' light and shade, and hawthorn gay,
 My thought as light as petaled flower
 That blooms the flighty youthhood hour,
 My head as empty as the love
 That sweets our early days,
 And feels that earth is heaven above
 With fresh and flowery Mays.

“My shiny boot was muddied soon,
Looked farmer-like aneath the moon,
The studded stars that lit the sky,
Seemed Cupid-gods, and winking sly,
As maiden's form were floating there
 With seraph song and voice,
That wailed of love and love's despair,
 As love were all her choice.

“The brook in sweetest notes did sigh,
The moon a great and mellow eye,
As calmly looked as saintly death,
That seemed a sleep without the breath,
And Nature's sweetness, foliaged king,
 Was fresh with dew of eve,
And many a bird on lovelorn wing
 In lover-notes did grieve.

“My heart was light as flowery bell
That nods upon the breezes' swell,
An empty head, an empty thought,
No maid in lover-arts had taught;
So all was there a merry dream
 That youngling love shall know,
But floats upon a Lethe stream,
 To death or direful woe.

“The wailing wind a wailing held,
As parting love it sank and swelled;
My pace so airy, light and free,
Partook of all the seeming misery.
A maiden's voice as soft and low
 As mother's o'er her child,
A maiden's voice as full of woe
 As death in accents wild.

“Why weeps my tearful maid
'Neath poplar's wavy shade,
 As if her heart would break?
Has flown her bird away,
And sung his native lay,
 A last farewell to take?
Or has her earliest friend
Found death to be the end,
 While she is left to moan?
Or has her early life
Been blighted as a wife,
 And she is left alone?

"She tears her golden hair
 As if in wild despair,
 And faster falls the tear;
 What tearful woe is this
 That darks this scene of bliss,
 And steals upon the ear?
 Ah! perched upon a limb
 His quiver all in trim,
 A rosy Cupid sat;
 So now! my weeping maid,
 'Neath poplar's mellow shade,
 'Tis love, and only that!"

XXIII.

And died the song upon the air,
 The knight unconscious yet was there
 A maid that seemed the maid of song,
 That chanted love, and woe and wrong,
 And drew a picture of a heart
 That won its ail from Cupid's art,
 And seemed the woe of all the woes,
 Where many a tear in sorrow flows,
 And crushes him that pity feels,
 As misery on his bosom steals.

XXIV.

No laughing Dee aneath the moon,
 A poet's love, a bonny Doon,
 A Highland maid,* a Lowland love,†
 And stars his‡ eyes that shone above,
 A soul of song, a soul of verse,
 A matchless love could sing, rehearse,
 But yet if Clyde, nor Doon, nor Dee,
 Had naught of kinship with the beauty
 Enchantress shades had bathed in gloom,
 The lover there that named his doom,
 Yet love as sweet, as nameless felt,
 In eye of maid, in youth did melt;
 No jagged banks of Loch Archray,
 Where waters flaunted, broke the ray
 In thousand splendors, claimed their glance,
 'Twere blinding love that did entrance.
 Tho' knights with brass-tipt spear should fly
 On barded steed, the shield on high,
 And knighthood flaunt its thousand arts,
 The mail, the axe, the whirring darts,

*Highland Mary. †Burns's. ‡Burns.

The banners, plumes, the javelin, helm,
Yet love alone their hearts o'erwhelm.
No ponderous pile had aught of charm,
And Melrose there!—O holy calm!
That fills the soul of him whose eye
Finds Abbey's walls that kiss the sky,
A memory's picture sculptured fair,
Divinely won, a reverend air,
That draws the mind from self, and paints
A thousand scenes, though outline faints
In distant mellowed past, and lost
The shreds in hundred fancies tost.
Thou searchless Past that ruins 'ray
In thousand beauties, holiest sway,
The soul is rapt while memory's reign
Paints ruined splendors in the brain.
And steals from past the mighty works
Where giant genius proudly lurks,
The powers that shame a later age.
And mountains rise on storied page;
Unrivalled, great, a deathless fame,
That younger time has not, no claim;
Thy spoils are more to brain than they
Who hug a crown,—are great,—a day,—
And naught remains but shroud,—a corse,
An empty empire,—loss, O loss!
Fair Melrose, ruined splendor thou!
Thy own bard paints;* the forms that bow
Are buried, tombed in living past,
Are statues carved, the eye is cast
As he who gazes on the face
Of sculptured dead, and there does trace
A birth,—a growth,—a master,—fame!—
Love,—immortality,—a name
That unborn time shall know, shall claim;
And yet my maid! Ah! love to her
E'en more than memory's reign might stir,
A fair Abbaye in beauty there,
That ruin swept, and yet did spare,
Where Ruin!—Beauty! wedded reign!
A mighty hush—a gem—a stain,
A life,—a death in close embrace,
A living, and a dead cold face!
O Cromwells! Cromwells! woes of war,
And blood! grim death! thou hadst no law!
The devastated palace!—fane!
For war is madness in the brain,

*Scott.

Has blasted splendors never hand
 Might gain! restore! — a smiling land
 Hast laid in ruins!—swept the arts
 The ages won, yet glory starts
 In bloody route; for savage war,
 And e'en decay, the tyrant's law,
 In ruined beauties traced its way,
 And conquering hordes that time shall slay,
 Left there on desecrated ground
 More glories than their chieftain found!
 O Salidins! Salidins! and a—shroud!
 O Cromwells! are the ages bowed?
 Did blasted empires in decay
 Win name, and fame, a deathless sway?
 O pitiless warriors thou! The page
 Shall glow with blood, and time shall wage
 A war with thee and thine, and gloom
 Shall be about thy greatness! Tomb!
 Forgetfulness, thy chief, thy all!
 Thy only fame!—Such fames shall fall!

XXV.

But Love the victor, chief of thought,
 Had named her woe, and fancy caught
 No glowing memories, storied past
 As never born. Her woe the last
 Her mind had won. The tears may flow,
 And shades shall come, and shades shall go,
 Yet thoughts like these shall find no claim
 Till love is won to peaceful reign.
 The scene unborn, yet though of past,
 No power to stir the eye downcast;
 Such scenes, such thoughts, her fullest wo
 But faintly limn, the tears may flow
 Till love be off with gloomful guise,
 Till love be off where beauty dies;
 No sweet champaign that bard shall paint,
 No sweet champaign where rose shades faint,
 No mouldered tomb where genius dead
 E'en death and life has sweetly wed,
 No art, no charm, their glory gone,
 Their beauty, holy sweetness! Born
 Another scene. The dappled dawn
 But glooming darkness. Pictures wrought
 From modern view to prove the lot
 Of lowly maid, the shadows caught
 From thing as sweet as fleckless love
 Where never fairer light above.

XXVI.

The lord of Dardale's castle proud,
Had made for love a timeless shroud,
Had placed the seal of wee on youth
And crushed two hearts that beat in truth;
The tear had flowed at his command,
And misery marked his fruitless hand;
The fete was made, and guests were there,
The courtier knights, and ladies fair,
The borderer from the bordering stream,
The lord of worth, the lord of sheen,
The high, the low, the mighty, great,
The warrior knight that knew no mate,
The peerless belle, the amorous maid,
And glory's worth that ne'er shall fade;
'Twas e'en a grand, a glorious ball,
That claimed the high, the low, and all,
A festival that long was known
Both far and near, and many a tone
Had oft repeated beauties there,
But chief of all the matchless pair,
The mystic knight, and Dardale maid,
Who seemed the pair that Eden made!
The roses twined, and streamlets played,
No woe was there for Joy had stayed,
And lent a charm as soft, as sweet,
As lips of love that part and meet,
As lips that tempt the callous heart,
And dim the eye in guileless art,
And make a scene that seems a void
O'erflow with sweets where Love has toyed
With many a heart, and won the woe
That comes of love, where eyes shall flow
At beck of love for love returned,
At beck of glance that wooed and yearned.
The music swelled the breathing air,
And shimmering lights more faintly fair
Than love's first glance in modest e'en
O'rflooded all the regal scene,
The doughty lord of haughty mien,
The sighing maid with Eden eyes,
That dreamed no wrong and blushed surprise
At closer gaze of bolder man,
As love and beauty mingled ban
His helpless heart, and woo his gaze
To thing of beauty sweet as fays.
The fretted pillars fruited fair,
The downy shades that floated there,

The swaying lights, the moving mass,
 The varying hues that come and pass,
 The thousand things that mark the dance,
 Where music swells, and does entrance
 The soul, the eye, the mind, the all,
 A passing dream, a mazy thrall,
 That tones shall cease, a fleeting dream,
 Where men and maids in laughing sheen
 Had floated fays on floors of gold,
 Like fairies mingled on the wold.

XXVII.

The day had dawned, the eve had come,
 The stars had lit the arched dome,
 The crowd was there, the music poured,
 And merry went the dance,
 And Love had queened and been adored
 For charms that soft entrance!
 The crowd was gone! the lights were out,
 And passed the tangled dream,
 But Cupid there with merry shout
 Had flung his dart between!
 Two hearts that strangers were at first
 In other Edens now had burst,
 The one the knight that came alone,
 And magic powers was said to own,
 The other, Dardale's matchless maid,
 That Beauty seemed in beauty 'rayed,
 Unconscious had the flame begun,
 Unconscious grew till both were one,
 Till time and tide were all the same,
 Till time and tide were but a name.
 O love like this that decks a heart
 Of fleckless youth and maid,
 The hand were harsh that e'er could part
 Where Eros came and stayed
 In guileless wise, no thought but love
 That comes in Purity's garb,
 And reigns a thing that skies above
 Have gemmed, and loved, and starred;
 But yet the hand that 'rayed the ball
 In glory of the setting sun,
 In father's anger harsh did fall
 And crushed a love so pure begun,
 But crushed as murder which upstarts
 Before the conscience of the form,
 And e'er reminds that Anger's arts
 Shall never, never be a-gone!

XXVIII.

The hearts were crushed, but still upsprung
The love that Cupid fleckless flung,
And Lord Graville and Lacy, knight,
Had gloomed themselves in darkest night.
The flower that bloomed the flower of all,
As sweetly fair that climbs the wall,
Had ta'en the hue of Sorrow's woe,
And Beauty's tears in misery flow;
But lover forced, the doughty lord,
Who reigned in name the castle's god,
Relented not, but pressed his suit,
Tho' Dardale maid were beauty mute.
The sire of her who lent her tears
To nameless knight, and nameless fears,
Was bold to say: "My child! art mad?
That mystic knight should make thee sad!
My Lacy lord shall name thee bride,
And there sweet blushing by his side,
The priest shall cure thy nameless ail,
And dry thine eye, and hush thy wail.
'Tis foolish now since years are gone
That named you bride of him you scorn,
To feel you love a roving knight,
That I of all did free invite
To carnival that won a woe
To heart of mine, your eyes to flow.
Hush! hush! thy love's deceptive now!
It soon shall pale at altar's brow!
The knight forgot, and marriage bells
Shall sweetly sound! The music swells!
Oh Lacy! happiest wight of earth!
My daughter, matchless from her birth!
Has graced thy love as hers is graced
By manly love so purely traced
Within your look so bold and brave,
That has no fear to fill the grave
Of valor's chief!" The voice had fled
The whole a scene that softly shed
A fleeting view that years had known,
A fleeting view e'en yet unflown
From knight and maid, tho' years had gone
Since love to them so sweetly born,
Had 'rayed their souls as one,
And shed a sunlight like the dawn
That holy hearts have won.

XXIX.

A fitting scene that swayed his mind

And gave him memories of the past,
 When heart for heart was true resigned,
 And hopes were born that could not last.
 Such heavy woe that fancy's train
 Enpictured of the past where reign
 The thousand arts that verse might own,
 Had naught of charm. Her love had known
 So bitter birth, such lasting woe
 That love a world where waters flow
 In bitter stream, no flowers blow,
 But darkness there, the gloom of night,
 A charnel tomb, sepulchral light,
 Nor any star, no watching moon,
 No reaching world where roses bloom,
 But woes that sorrow-laden hearts
 Shall feel, shall know, if Eros darts
 Are dipt in perfect love. 'Twas Beauty,
 The chief of Nature's cursful arts
 And love a bartered boon, a duty,
 A thing that sells, is bought in marts.
 No eye for scenes a bard might paint,
 No thought her time should far and faint,
 Be torn from past, her history bare,
 Be held to gaze, a vulgar stare,
 Where Pity but the shade of self,
 Might coldly look. The maid an elf,
 A fay, a thing divine, and yet the time
 So far in gloom, that modern rhyme
 No skill to picture living life,
 Where pulse has ceased, the love, the strife,
 And maid and youth in mouldered grave
 Have turned to native dust; a wave
 Has swept them, yet their lives have claimed
 A living hue, and bards are chained
 In glowing past, the beauty's hue,
 That time shall give to distant view,
 And if his verse a lifeless tale,
 A less than poet! Years assail
 In vain sweet Nature's laureled bard,
 And tho' in death the skies are starred,
 And sweeter far that he has reigned
 The child of verse where naught was feigned.

XXX.

The years were few that named the hour
 When harsher hands had struck the flower
 That bloomed in Dardale's castle wall,
 And golden skies did darkly lower
 Above her head, a funeral pall;

But yet this form that named his thought,
And turned him to the past,
Had surely, surely, surely caught
The features and the cast
Of her who queen of ball and hour,
Had won his youthful heart,
And left a lasting, lasting power,
That time nor tide no art
To drive from memory's reign,
For scenes would softly start
And flit athwart his brain.

XXXI.

A lightning's flash the scene was born,
A lightning's flash the scene had gone,
But lowly maid that bowed the rock,
Had naught of past, no memory's shock,
E'en silent yet, as when their eyes
Had met and seen as bird that flies,
E'en silent yet, as if the now
Were all in all to her,
And grief alone that made her bow,
Nor any past to stir.
The twilight hues were thickening round,
Perchance her ear had heard no sound,
Her eye no sight to hold his form,
Since night was there and day was gone;
But yet he'd linger softly there,
For something made her sad despair
Akin to feelings of his own!
He'd on his way, nor sob, nor moan,
The power to hold him longer bound,
But yet the maid in darkness round,
In attitude did sweet implore
His presence there, his prayer and more,
And half in doubt and half in fear,
He moved a pace to dry the tear
That flowed in bitter, bitter tide,
And so in contrast with a bride!
Above the scene like silvery shield
The argent moon in softness rolled,
And there a form that might not yield
Its mellow rays did sweet enfold!
The laughing brook, the duskier trees,
The softened shade, the twirling breeze,
The stone of moss, the lingering knight,
All, all were there aneath the light;
And now my Luna, maid of tides,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

While paly soft thy moonbeam rides,
 What may the end of meeting be?
 And who the maid of softened beauty?
 And who this knight? and why art met
 So strangely thus in e'en-lit wood,
 Where woe in darkness seemed to brood,
 And things that time might not forget?
 A something there that seemed of love,
 Was master of his wayward step,
 And soft as mellow rays above,
 It tranced his form, and helpless kept
 His passioned eye in fixedness
 Upon the maid that shades did dress
 In loveliest colors of the eve,
 That heart and eye could scarce believe
 Were earthly maid that did confess
 A human ail, a human woe,
 And strangely born of loveliest bride,
 Where naught but sunshine soft should go,
 And love and joy in mingled tide.
 But ah, my youth and love-eyed maid!
 'Twere many a tale a bride could tell
 Of love that came, but lived to fade,
 And marriage turned to funeral bell;
 For Peris won to wedding garb,
 By softened tale from modest youth
 Have often found god Cupid's barb
 Was not the barb of fleckless truth!
 How oft the maid 'neath hawthorn shade,
 Where love and joy at once were stayed,
 Has oped her ear to passioned tale,
 Has felt a love from heaven strayed,
 And there in beauty meek arrayed,
 Thrown from her heart soft Virtue's mail!
 How many a maid of loveliest form,
 Has won a pure unsullied heart,
 And led the days in purity born
 That came of Cupid's honeyed dart!
 'Tis chance, or luck, or what you like,
 The good and bad are kings in reign,
 The sun may shine all argent bright,
 Its disk may ray without a stain;
 The sun may shine in beds of gold,
 And pale in clouds of inky night,
 The sun may rise on loveliest fold,
 And set in gloom that has no light;
 But yet a line in poet's phrase,
 To maid and youth of softened gaze,

There is a hope tho' not of life,
Where care, and woe, and teemful strife,
Are never part of endless days,
But love, and peace, and seraph rays,
And things of beauty with the dawn,
Where death is not, and peace is born.

XXXII.

Perchance my maid on mossy stone
Shall find this knight the knight alone,
That holds for her a Plato's love,
And soft as incense from above
Lend sweetness to her days,
But yet the knight a knight may rove
A knight of wayward ways;
He feels he loves, but yet a doubt
Is often kin of firstling love,
The light may burn but soon burn out,
When two are one and lives are wove;
And yet first love he claims no part,
In truth the love that now was felt,
For years had gone since to his heart
His love of loves in love did melt.
Such scenes as fire the living soul
In mellow grandeur softly roll
Before the gaze of memory's eye,
Had naught of balm, no spangled sky,
Had naught of thought a hue, a shred,
Her mind, her heart, and woe that wed
Her past, her present, sorrow gloomed
The deathless years, the warriors tombed,
The mighty works, the minds that reigned,
All, all were there, yet night remained,
No past, but present, deep in gloom,
The blighting death that robbed the bloom
Of beauty, flowers, lilies, all,
Yet Love that painted, there did fall
A death-cold hand, a sweeping pall,
And love to paint so dark a view?
'Tis love that tints the rainbow's hue;
And love so pure to gloom a heart?
'Tis love that flies the honeyed dart;
And love to win the hue of eve?
'Tis love that fairest scenes shall weave;
And love to rob the stars of night?
'Tis love that lends the fairest light;
And love to sink a life in woe?
'Tis love that makes the joy tears flow;

And love to picture hades?—hell?
 'Tis love that makes the sick mind well;
 And love to canker in the soul?
 'Twas love that Eden's beauty stole;
 And love to rob sweet memory's view,
 That steals to eye in mellow hue?
 A scene that poet's art has 'rayed
 In thousand splendors, star-gems played,
 And scenes of earth, and blue of sky
 Are blending there, in beauty vie,
 And teach the heart a softer way,
 Where higher things shall claim, shall sway,
 And holy calm that comes of peace,
 Be crowning laurel, woe's release;
 And love that paints the richest scene,
 'Tis love that makes the maid a queen.
 'Tis love that Scotia's bards shall own,
 'Tis love and memory softly flown
 From native land, from native clime,
 That own the verse, the Knight of rhyme,*
 His deathless Lay,† the warrior chief,
 The lowly maid‡ in sorrow's grief;
 And scene on scene shall steal the mind .
 From self, the laurel matchless twined
 Shall picture fresh, e'er yet the dew
 So riveless drawn in memory's view,
 And mind and soul paint there in reign,
 The chiefs that were, the bards that claim
 A deathless fame in foreign land,
 And nations join in rosy band;
 And proudly Shaft§ thy form may rear
 In highest sky, the kindred tear
 May wet the dust, and jostling feet
 Polish the stones, the eyes may meet,
 The thoughts enknit the present, past,
 Entwine the bay, the flowers cast
 On sacred ground, and paint the tomb
 Where never yet the dank, the gloom,
 But creeping vines and flowers in bloom,
 And things of loveliest tint, a hue
 That mellows into space, the blue
 Enwon of distant Eden view,
 That memory claims, while sculptured there
 The living form that pictures fair
 The kindred dead, a bard won bard,
 Who stands his kindred crowned and starred,

*Sir Walter Scott. †The Lay of the Last Minstrel. ‡Margaret of Branksome. §The Scott Monument, Edinburgh.

Who stirs, nor moves as fancy paints
 The life, the fame. The even faints,
 The mellow queen as calmly pure,
 As calm, serene, the thoughts allure
 To ruined pile where ashes sleep
 Of mighty dead;* the night-dews weep.
 Ah! Dryburgh Abbey! sweetly fair,
 Thy ruined splendors trace the air!
 The Shaft† may rise in city's pale!
 His ashes here! the sob, the wail!
 Departed greatness! Knighthood's chief!
 The Bard of Knights!—and turned the leaf
 Ere penhand shorn of power, the brain
 Of magic numbers, soul of strain!
 Ah! Dryburgh! more the glory thine
 Than sculptured Shaft of proud design,
 In fruited grandeur o'er the spot,
 Memorial stone where bard is not!
 For more the mound that guards the dust
 Than shaft by morning's glory flushed!
 And yet such scenes as poets draw,
 Could not have swayed. A law
 Of mightier power held thoughts of maid,
 The picture drawn, a scene to fade,
 'Twas love might paint a fairer scene,
 And 'ray a bard in heavenly mien,
 Whose years were numbered with the past,
 Whose years had ripened, sung their last;
 But bards unborn, the bards of death,
 Present or past, no life, no breath
 To stir her heart, 'twas love in woe,
 The shadows there that came, did go,
 E'en strolling knight no power to move
 The maid that bowed in wedless love,
 And yet the thought that lowly maid
 As statue-like as stone,
 Was once the form that softly 'rayed
 His amorous youth where star-gems played,
 And made her maid alone
 Of all his thought, and all his heart,
 And love that speaks before it thinks,
 Gave voice to thought that link on links,
 Had forged a chain that might not part;
 And there with Luna, soul of sky,
 The queen of love and mellow eye,
 The softened light that lent her form,

*Scott. †The Scott Monument.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And stars that seem the maids that die,
He voiced his thought where brook sighed on.

XXXIII.

"Fair Lady, mine no heart to rue
A soft rebuke from such as you,
But straying steps that brought me here
Have learned to pause without a fear
That one so lone, so woeful fair,
Could wish me far, so bold to dare.
I would not linger as a bard
Whosees his Peri golden starred,
But that a heart I have not owned
Since words were said, and harshly toned,
Has bound my form and ta'en the power
That would have led me from this bower!"
And all the sound that broke the air
Was Echo's voice, as dying there,
It left the knight and moveless maid
In silence more and more arrayed,
With crushing force, as fogbell knell
When seas roll high, as mountains swell,
And nameless dread has won a reign
O'er heart and soul and working brain.
"To Dardale Castle, half a mile,
Where Beauty's maid and Beauty's smile,
Are reigning yet in softened sway,
My aimless hour might guide your way.
I have no wish to own your tale,
But fearful of a stranger ail
The night may bring, I fain would see
A maid so fair, more housed than thee.
A briefer speech, but crushing more,
Since statue-form did not restore
The ease he lost at sound of voice
By single line: "It is my choice
To linger here through dewy eve,
And weep and wail, and lowly grieve;
But thanks I give for proffered aid,
To one so seeming woeful maid;
But could you know my tale of woe,
How better now my blood should flow,
And dye your blade with love-born sorrow.
That's glittering now in gaudy show!"
"My steps were aimless in their way,
And buoyant heart in mellow lay,
Told well no purpose named my route,
'Neath spectral trees that mime and flout,

And ere sweet Luna's silvery face
 The mystic shadows soft did trace,
 My steps had ta'en me from this place,
 And housed with blazing fire before,
 O'er all the past to ponder. pore,
 I ne'er might known this fairy maid,
 That in her woe seems not afraid,
 I ne'er might known this trysting-dell
 Had won a tale no art can tell."

XXXIV.

As in a dream he pondered long,
 On all his acts, the brooklet song,
 On meeting here sad Sorrow's maid
 Beneath the treetops' softened shade,
 On how he lingered 'spite of will
 To feast his gaze, to feast his fill,
 And how at last his voice had broken
 The stillness round in saddest token,
 And how her form was moveless then,
 Was moveless as before,
 No eye his eye did lifting ken,
 No eye its glance did pour.
 Enough, mayhap, his words had said
 To gain reply though joy were fled
 From mystic maid that held him there,
 As he were kin of her despair;
 But nameless love, or like, or dread,
 Had held him there, his mind had wed,
 Till now no art to lend him flight,
 To fly the form, this maid in white;
 A word, a look, and from the scene
 Thro' hovering night and moonlit sheen
 His steps had gone. But silent there
 As statuesque in chill despair,
 A wood-nymph turned to stone,
 She silent sat, but sweetly fair,
 Enwon his heart, his moan.
 "The dews are falling, falling fast,
 The eve is chill and cold,
 A storm seems gathering in the blast
 To drench this leafy fold;
 I bid thee speak and tell thy ail,
 I bid thee speak and tell me go!
 My form is all unclosed of mail,
 And love-tears might meekly flow."
 "Sir knight my ail is mine alone,
 No other heart my ail shall own;

I bid you stay, if such your will!"
 O deathly calm! O deathly still!
 Sir Henri Vale stood moveless there!
 O deathly pale! O eyes that fill!
 O heart that throbs in love's despair!
 Oh crushing memory of the past!
 And had they met at last! at last!
 'Twere truly, truly, truly said,
 Before him bowed the Dardale maid,
 Who years ago had named his woe,
 Who years ago had won a foe
 In Lacy lord, the Castle knight,
 And favorite of her sire,
 Since there and then a luckless wight,
 Where Cupid's dart had taken flight,
 To love did bold aspire.
 "Emilia!" Volumes in that word!
 And she sad maid, like fluttering bird
 At hunter's 'proach, or reckless boy
 Half started up in woe or joy,
 And there in even's dusky ray,
 Where moonlight shadows soft did play,
 Showed love, surprise, and mingled dread!
 "O Henri! Henri! and not dead!"
 And voiceless there in love's sweet shock,
 She sunk upon the mossy rock,
 And fainting there, his stronger arm
 Soft stayed her form from seeming harm,
 And gently, gently as is love,
 He spread his cloak on dewy ground,
 And from the brook that softly strove
 Thro' mossy bank, and dell and cove,
 He cooled the brow in deathly swoond!
 Oh love! oh love! thou god of earth!
 Thy sweetest, softest spell is found
 Where laughing rills and flowers find birth,
 And naught of earthly voice shall sound;
 Where maids shall reign in seraph guise,
 And Venus shines from heaven
 Where love is found a sweet surprise,
 And joys on joys are given!

A shred of life, its lights and shades,
 Is past, is gone, and laughing maids
 Are thoughtless of the life that was,
 That bending true to Nature's laws,
 Found life and love a passing dream,
 With good and bad the gods between,

Where light and shade, the changing hues,
As clouds that ride the bended blues,
The flowers that nod with even's dews,
The will-o'-the-wisp the youth pursues,
The varying colors rainbows claim,
The shadows soft in firelight flame;
And if her picture true to life,
The care, the woe, the love, the strife,
Then, maid, thyself Emilia fair,
With auburn, brown, or sunlight hair,
The blue, the black, the hazel eye,
The arching neck, the manner shy,
The amorous gaze, the artless wile,
A form the thoughts shall ne'er defile,
Susceptive heart that other Vales
Shall try, for love his maid assails
In any age, and every garb,
But ever same soft honeyed barb,
Tho' different lover, different maid,
The love shall steal, the night arrayed
In showery hues, shall seem the same,
And stealing moon the secrets claim,
That Adam knew in Eden's bower
Where love that rosy-tipt the hour,
Shone but the love we know to-day,
Confiding, doubting, loving alway.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE SECOND.

And love united claimed the shade
Where never merrier shadows played,
And all the dark was from the night,
Emilia's woe had ta'en its flight,
And joy, surprise in mingled guise,
In kingly port had won her eyes,
And scene so black a moment gone,
Now shone with brightness of the dawn;
And sang the brook in merrier tune,
And April flowers in budding bloom
Looked out from nook and cleft of thought,
And shades that came in garbs to shock,
Now shone, now sparkled, all the air
Of peace and joy seemed breathing there,
And brook, and tree, the veriest bush,
In holy calmness there did hush
The dagger woes that pierced the night,

Emilia's breast in direful plight,
And lent a darkness only love
Can paint in woe. The night-hues strove,
The trees were swaying to and fro,
The stream in merriest tone did go,
The queen of sky was riding high,
The bat on heavy wing did fly,
The e'en-dews wept and bowed the flower,
And softly, slowly stole the hour;
And yet the tree, the stream, the sky,
Are vainly lost to 'Milia's eye!
And Henri e'en as dull of gaze,
A fairer thing in beauty's rays
Had made him helpless in his view,
And bird nor cloud that swam the blue,
No shred of beauty to his een,
But all was wrapt in loveliest scene,
That love alone could paint with skill,
Where bubbling fountain, laughing rill,
The thousand beauties hearts shall know,
When each in love shall melting flow
On brightest stream where flowers line
The winding banks, and trees incline
Their mellow shade. And worlds might move,
But Maud, Maud, Maud. was love!
Yet hark! the love-tale half unsaid,
The welling tears in muteness shed,
'The broken lives, a sire's command,
The seeking, longing, winds that fanned
A various breeze, lent dread, lent hope,
And there in darkness blind to grope,
When sounds across the forest vale
The lovers' ears in fright assail,
And trampling feet on rotted wood,
That not the heavy tread withstood,
Gave token dread that Ill, in might,
Was strolling chieftain thro' the night;
A cry, surprise, a maddened word,
And swords are clashing, loudly heard
The woods re-echo, echo o'er,
Till Beauty's eyes in beauty 'plore
The reckless Lacy cease from strife,
And take if either, 'Milia's life!
Hark! madly, madly thro' the night
The Lord Graville in tameless flight,
Is rushing like the swirling wind,
That whirs and rushes mad behind;
A harsh command, an ireful look,

And sound alone the winding brook!
'Tis gone! The maid, the lover, where?
The night is silent, and the air
In calmness swept the voiceless scene,
No tale of aught that once had been.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

What man shall feel love's sweetest flame,
Shall sigh at mention of his name,
Shall wish to live or wish to die,
And all for love that rays his eye,
But feel that here in dusky eve,
'Twere vainly vain to faint or grieve?
His love is but the like of him
Who smiles on love a cynic grim,
He has no heart, he has no soul,
He knows no love that softly stole
To heart of youth, and heart of maid,
And earth were heaven sweet arrayed,
While Beauty there in fleckless garb,
The victim fair of Cupid's barb,
E'er lives and dies in softest sighs,
And feels a god beneath the skies
This matchless youth who won her heart,
And soothed the pain of Cupid's dart;
For him no tale the poet tells,
For him no music amorous swells,
For him my task were vain indeed,
For him 'twere vain that hearts should bleed,
For him 'twere vain that poets live,
For love that heaven's hand shall give,
Is goddess of the poet's heart,
Is all in all the poet's art;
And he that feels no madness in the brain
When happy love, and maid, and youth shall reign,
No tremor shakes his form as darting go
The varied scenes of love, and life in woe,
Will rise no bard, a poet true to life,
For tame his fire and weak his numbers' strife.
A backward glance to great and glowing past,
When verse was writ its sculptures shall outlast,
The greatest love has named the greatest bard,
And in his diadem all golden starred

Dan Cupid reigns the matchless king of all,
 With love-eyed Beauty e'er within his thrall.
 'Tis Burns that stands the greatest bard of love,
 That whelmed his life tho' madly there he strove,
 His power was kin of wild Mazeppan steed,
 As tameless e'er, and mad, and bold of speed,
 No power to check his lover-mad career,
 No hand to stay the sad impassioned tear;
 But later age has seen with critic eye,
 But not till love, and life, and bard did die!
 O Justice! Justice! with thy fleckless breath,
 If not in life thy reign shall come with death!
 Oh happy we that Homer-like shall find
 A coming age when justice is not blind!
 See Avon's bard, the greatest mind of all,
 He sighed for love, and wrote of love withal,
 His tales of love are faultless in his verse,
 The greatest love the greatest loves rehearse,
 And he that feels the passion most in heart,
 Shall own a Cupid with the sweetest dart,
 The strength in brain shall show its strength in verse,
 The greatest power the greatest powers rehearse,
 And if the bard that writes a lovelorn tale
 Shall find no tears, no voice to weep and wail,
 Be sure his verse has not the natural flow
 Of him who feels and melts at every woe,
 Of him who weeps with Beauty lost in tears,
 Of him who feels the joys, the woes, the fears,
 That are of love where love is truly found,
 And helpless hearts in helpless arts are bound.
 See Dickens crying o'er his Florence maid,
 So strong the picture drawn his mind arrayed;
 Look through the past and ken the sweep of years,
 No scholar's art to see them more than peers
 Who feel the strongest what their minds have wrought,
 Who live the battles that their heroes fought,
 Who when their verse resounds, "On, Stanleys, on!"
 The blood is rushing, and the fires are born
 That win the hero from the tame-eyed man,
 That win the hero heroes' eyes shall scan,
 And bard alone has reined the mad-eyed steed,
 'Tis bard alone whose surging breast does bleed,
 And when the shock, the battle-smoke is cleared,
 The forms are dead that heroes loudly cheered,
 The bard is weak from strain his nerves have borne,
 The spell is gone,—his sabre-arm is shorn,
 And lifeless there in contrast with the scene,
 A tameness then, and knights of softened mien.

II.

Love's sweetest spell that Henri felt,
In softest phrase did softly melt,
In language of the eye, the soul,
No bell was there a dirge to toll,
All, all was love in burning breast,
In face, in eye was true confessed,
And while the form so sweet, so fair,
In half surprise did gaze, did stare,
His soul was maimed, the language came,
In whispered love true love shall claim,
And sacred there 'neath Luna's ray,
And trees where spectral shades did play,
He poured the tale that hearts shall feel
When love unsullied soft shall steal,
The unconscious half, and there does seem
The fitting fay of fairy dream.

III.

The truest love does often come
In silence o'er the heart,
And like religion found at home
Reigns faultless, shorn of art;
'Tis often mystic in the brain
Of him who feels its power,
And aimless there in silent reign
Does puzzle hour on hour;
'Tis often true a maid may love
And feel 'tis only like,
But when the shaft drawn from above
Her loving heart shall strike,
The mystery's gone, the youth is plain,
And matchless reigns within her brain.

IV.

Oh love like this that time has broken,
And years on years have rolled away,
And left its shreds in saddest token,
'Twere better far that love should slay!
"That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?"
No, ne'er forget, for love that's true
Has won immortal birth,
No other hand shall e'er bestrew
Its fane with flowers of earth;
And Henri's love for Dardale maid,
Had gained its reign, and matchless stayed,

A father's hand had torn apart,
Their lives that wed a part to part.

V.

The days were gone, the years were fled,
And each the other felt was dead,
But time and tide had joined their hands,
And bravely there Sir Henri stands,
A hero's thoughts have manned his soul,
And at the past his eyes may roll,
For deeds another hand has done,
'Neath other skies, another sun;
But ah, my Henri! all too soon
Thy sabre's length beneath the moon,
Shall trickle drops of reddest blood!

While Murder's hand upstarts;
And there where love with love has stro
Shall well from Jealousy's hearts
In mingled tide, the blood of love.

While weeping, wailing, fainting there,
Emilia's form, a fleckless dove,
Shall feel the woe of love's despair.

VI.

"Emilia!" for in voiceful love,
In whispered word that softly wove
A network spiced of joys, had found
Its tone, and lowly there did sound
His every word that time had won
From busy scenes that now begun
Again, soft led the train that fell
A word on word in passing spell.
"Emilia, first to me your care,
And safer from the lion's lair,
The teeming past shall name your word,
The teeming past alone is heard."
And there: "Oh, Henri! true was said
Where love and life are fondly wed,
A crooked path shall wind about,
And lights and shades flit in and out."
"But may your sorrow need no balm,
No roof to shelter from the harm,
That night may hold? Come, come away!
'Twere death to linger here—but stay!
A thousand thoughts have manned my brain,
A thousand thoughts that still remain—"
"Oh, Henri! sit thee here and list
The tale where love and woe have kist,
No harm shall come while you are here,

So quell, oh quell thine anxious fear."
 And there, my maiden, pure as stars
 That slant the sky in golden bars,
 The loving pair that love had won
 To joy and woe since love begun,
 Found mossy stone a chair for both,
 And plighting there their sacred troth,
 Had not a care or thought of other,
 E'en friend or friendship, home or brother.
 "I fled alone; no waiting maid,
 But longer might I not have stayed;
 And if my garb, my mien at fault,
 Shall make your mind, your thought revolt,
 List all my tale, and soothly say,
 And never, never sadder lay."

VII.

A mellow shade fell o'er the scene,
 The monster trees in flouting green,
 The merry brook sang merrier still,
 And wound and turned in playful will.
 The scene was one that love might paint,
 Where Nature's songs soft melting faint,
 And leave a sweetness as the tone
 Where wind o'er harpstrings soft has flown;
 An accident few lives shall know,
 Had mingled love and tryst and woe,
 No fairer haunt might lovers seek,
 No fairer place for love to speak;
 And there in even's shadowy ray,
 E'en thought to thought no tongue might say,
 E'en soul to soul in sweetness wed,
 E'en heart to heart where love had led.
 The hour was past, and heeded not,
 The night grew on, and shadows caught
 The softer hues of lightsome eve,
 The sun had sunk, the night did grieve
 Ere Memory's hand had strewn the scene
 With joys and woes in vying sheen,
 A lover's plight in love-song rung,
 Where Eros-god the glove had flung
 As victor in the ring,
 And round them both as amorous clung
 As joy that reigns a king.

"DO YOU LOVE ME?"

"Do you love me, Mollie May,
 Laughing, laughing all the day,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Eyes as sweet and soft and gay,
As the dancing sunlight ray:
Do you love me, do you love me?"

"Do you love me, Enoch Bright,
Dancing, dancing like the light
O'er the water pure and white,
Shining like the stars of night:
Do you love me, do you love me?"

"Do I love you, Mollie, true?
Does the flower love the dew,
And the lark the mellow blue,
And the sea the flighty mew?—
Yes, I love you; yes, I love you."

"Do I love you, Enoch, dear?
Does the lover love the tear,
Ever love without a fear,
Ever babe that had a peer?—
Yes, I love you; yes, I love you."

Priest and Enoch.

"And you take her for your wife?"
"Does the llama weep from life,
Ever kingdom free of strife,
Ever tale that was not rife?
Yes, oh father; yes, oh father."

Priest and Mollie.

"And your husband shall he be?"
"Ever love that would be free
When its mate shall make the plea,
And the first to maiden's e'e?—
Yes, oh father; yes, oh father."

Priest, Mollie and Enoch.

"Thou art one, O thou art one!"
"Yes, oh father; life's begun,
Love from love a love has won."
"May our acts as true be done,
Love, the master, Love, the master."

All.

"And His blessing on your love,
Melting, melting from above,
Soft and pure as fleckless dove;
May no lesser power move!"
"Love shall guide us, love shall guide us!"

VIII.

And died the song like hush of eve,
But soon there came and soft did weave
Her maiden voice a tale that time
Had woven like a jarring rhyme,
And o'er the past her thought did sweep,
While joys and woes did vying leap
From teeming brain, and softly fell
Like numbers lone of funeral bell.
"The years are mist since one with one
Your love and mine at first begun,
'Neath hawthorn green by castle wall,
When Luna's rays did softer fall
Than ballroom lights that named our love,
And fanned a flame that mocked at Jove;
A father's wrath in power and might
Then vented there its ireful spite,
Your life was marked for shameful death,
'Twas Lacy's hand would rob your breath
And I less brave, more fearful found,
Did hear thy knell in solemn sound.
It was a blow, but safety won,
And you were gone ere night was done;
The fault were mine if any found,
The fault were mine if e'er did sound
A woeful voice thro' woeful days.
You would have stayed, but bloody frays
Had shed the blood that flowed for me,
Had named a grave where weeping beauty
Might helpless bow, might aimless weep,
For one whose love she might not keep;
I bade you go and time should fall
When power and might not all in all,
Should sink beneath the softer wave
Where fairer waters e'er did lave,
And goodness ever part of man,
Encrown his heart when choler's ban
Had warped his will from conscious love,
And right and wrong both madly strove.
The morning dawned as fair as aye,
And Phœbus rose in mellow ray,
But love and life so happy born,
Were shed in blackness o'er the dawn,
A father's hand unconscious yet
Of cruel wrong, could not forget
The fete that won me from his heart,
The night where light and shade did part,
The mystic Vale that claimed his child,

All, all had dawned when Sol-god smiled.
His accents now came with a chill,—
Enough, enough, he had his will!

IX.

“The days flew on, and slowly came
A conscious hope that time might name
A happy day when Lacy dead
True love in love might clasping shed
The lingering joys that took the hue
That distance lends to fleeting view,
And Hymen's reign forever end
Where good and bad at once contend
For mastery o'er a plotting sire,
The tearful woe that love so dire
Had won to scenes that once were fair
As dewy love that 'rayed the pair;*
But vainly vain, no Henri came,
No breath had breathed his knightly name,
And feeling then he must have wed,
Or on the field was lying dead,
Reluctant then I gave consent,
Not feeling, knowing what it meant!
They 'rayed my form in garments fair!
They gloomed my heart in dark despair;
They made a wedding matchless then!
A matchless woe was there to ken;
The lamps were lighted, blazing fair,
But ah, but ah, the old despair!
The ballroom blaze, the ballroom glare,
And cries and wails that filled the air,
Were mingling with the wedding scene,
And madly there 'neath starlight sheen
I wildly ran I knew not where!
A cry was raised in mad despair,
The knights, and courtiers, guests, and all,
Rushed madly, wildly from the hall;
But mad despair its maddened flight
Had lent my form, and thro' the night
A wild gazelle I madly sped!
I heard the sounds, the heavy tread!
It seems a dream; I fainted here!
The sounds were gone, no being near;
And Henri! Henri! e'en my flight
May end in woe ere dawning light!
The scene is gone. Your safty here
Is full of doubt. The night is clear;

*Adam and Eve.

Go, go! ere Lacy in his wrath
'Gan find my Henri in his path!"

X.

"If such your wish but bid me stay,
'Tis Lacy lord shall feel my sway,
'Tis Lacy lord shall die or slay,
Lady Emilia, never say
A Henri fled before a foe
That named Emilia's direful woe,
Unworthy of your very love,
So help me, help me, mighty Jove!
Thy tale's enough to man a soul
Where man and horse shall tumbling roll,
Where battle's fiery shot shall pour,
The dead and dying in their gore,
Grim havoc, death, and bloody war,
The sabres lawless of the law,
Strike down the foe in mad career,
And feel no sigh, no pity's tear!
My blade has rusted in its shield
Since fair Emilia's word appealed
To hearing ear, an open heart,
But love alone the blade could start,
Yet love alone could stay the brand,
'Tis love shall bid me fly or stand!
Adieu! adieu! if such your will,
And Lacy's blade no blood shall spill!"

XI.

"My love is one that will obey,
Emilia's voice shall bid you stay,
'Tis she alone knows well your power,
And she alone in any hour
Would see her Henri meet his foe,
And Valor's blood as bravely flow
As minstrels tell of misty past
When quarter never man did ask,
When Hector's met Achilles brave,
When weaker knew a yawning grave
Was gaping wide to claim the dust
That Anger's arm was brave to trust.
When strength and prowess named alone
The victor with his form of stone,
When Valor's might won Valor's wreath,
And named the hero, knight or chief!
Oh then, my Henri, bravery won,
And shone in beauty as the sun,

And thus my lord or knight of fame,
Did ever own a matchless name,
In oral phrase from land to land,
By Beauty's voice, and Victor's hand,
His name was floating far and wide,
'Twas fame alone that named his bride;
And Henri, though the wish be bold,
My teeming eye would brave behold
My Henri Lacy meet in arms,
Decide by blow which owns the charms
Each sees in maid his heart has won—" "
'Emilia mine, 'tis done! 'tis done!
Your father's word shall name the hour,
Your father's eye see tested power!
'Twas peerless fame that won his heart
To Lacy knight that knows the art
That lays a foe all bleeding dead,
No cheek to blanch o'er blood that's shed!
My Dardale maid! my Dardale love!
You've named the fray that stars above
Shall witness yet, shall witness soon,
De Lacy's death or Henri's doom,
The only feat to win a heart
That glories in the knightly art.
The time is gone when Conrad brave
The every wish his heart did crave,
Was patent found to Lord Graville,
And every freak of warrior's will.
'Twas Lacy's place he held till time
Another wreath did matchless twine,
Yet young in arms, I kenneled the fight
In early morn's translucent light.
The fray was long, but bravery won;
And there with blows a heart shall stun,
He laid the Conrad in the dust!
He never rose; the sabre thrust
Had pierced his mail, and dying there,
His eyes grim fixed in glassy stare!
Enough! 'twas Lacy rose the king
Of Dardale: and his name did ring
From border to the border's verge,
From vale to vale, to ocean's surge;
And Lord Graville encrowned him there
Thrice worthy, worthy of the fair!
And now, my 'Milia, here alone,
Where night is on in solemn tone,
You wait the shock each hour may bring;
But have a hope to-morrow'll ring

With armor cleft, and sabre stroke,
 And from the dust that breath may choke,
 Ne'er more shall rise the vanquished foe ;
 For long as 'Milia's tears shall flow
 In wedless maidhood, then my arms
 May win or lose her peerless charms!
 The custom holds in castle hall,
 That matchless, matchless over all
 The hero claims the maid alone
 To-morrow's dawn shall lose or own,
 The Maid of Dardale fairest found !
 The glove shall fall upon the ground,
 And Lacy there as brave to dare,
 Shall win or lose the fairest fair!
 But ere the waning moon shall fade,
 Oh sing with me my matchless maid, .
 The border-song that names our life;—
 Ere night and morn shall be at strife,
 Soft take our way to safer tryst,
 Where sweetest love and peace have kist,
 And war and woe and feat of arms
 Have naught of power with Beauty's charms!"

BORDER-SONG.

1.

Cupid arose on the soft wind in blushes,
 Winging his way to the Mountains of Vale,
 And sweet as the babe that the mother soft hushes,
 Boldly and boldly his heart did assail,
 Mischief in artless glance,
 As in a heartless trance,
 Madly and madly the victim of woe,
 Forcing this Henri Vale,
 Lover-love all his ail,
 Hector him, hector him, where'er he go.

2.

Maiden a fairy came thro' the soft gloaming,
 Cupid sweet tracing her route in the air,
 For love was his own, and with her soft roaming,
 He'd take her to scenes in Castle Vale where
 Henri knight slumbered not,
 Eros-god bravely fought,
 Contest in mail with the dart and the spear,
 Quicker by weaker shield,
 Cupid-god fleeter wheeled,
 Yet drew not his blood, but many a sad tear.

3.

Feasting and dancing had met the gray morning,
 Love to their hearts in the even was born,
 Came there no goddess to say the grim warning
 Over their sweet lives in blackness would dawn
 Bitter love's woeful scene,
 Truest love's flowful cen,
 Filling their sweet days with weeping and wail,
 Gloomng their lover-life,
 Causing them woeful strife,
 And all for the fault of loving a Vale.

4.

At feud were the parents of maid and of lover,
 The clansmen had fought, and the bale-fires had blazed,
 And over the Vales and Gravilles there did hover
 Stygian clouds their feud-anger had raised;
 Bitter the eye-fire gaze,
 Higher the need-fire blaze,
 Friendly clans coming from far and from near,
 Burning in heaven's blue,
 Signal-signs' flaring hue,
 Warning that clans come with axe and with spear.

5.

Anger it was, and a border-life story.
 Sparkling with valor thro' night and thro' morn,
 Honors to some, and to others death's glory,
 Orphans left weeping sad, widows to mourn;
 Closer the warriors lock,
 Louder the battle shock,
 Sounding the death-knell of man and of steed;
 Slashing breast, cleaving sight,
 Killing steed, warrior knight,
 Bleeding, and bleeding, in feud-death to bleed.

6.

Foolish the story though sweetly enchanting,
 Foolish the warriors that fought in the feud,
 Foolish my love-song the gods will be granting,
 Foolish the telling if ever renewed;—
 But you are singing not,
 Goddess voice ringing not,
 Looking the fearing that comes to the maid,
 Feeling the bitter sighs,
 Welling where Cupid flies,
 Jealous-like dreadings old time feuds have made.

7.

Weeping, love, weeping, but why art thou weeping?
Stories of Henri shall never be sad,
Banish the woe-dread now over you creeping,
Cupid's here sweeter than Paphian lad!
Henri knight worries not,
Lacy knight hurries not,
Filling our hearts with the bitter of woe,
Anger in madder pace,
Hatred in sadder face,
Longing the life-blood of Henri should flow.

8.

Banish the dreadings from heart of my fairy,
Weeping and wailing are not of our love,
Henri with 'Milia e'er fondly would tarry,
Warning tho' Sol-god shine down from above,
Telling us lover-joy,
Liker is Bacchus-boy,
Sprinkled with the sweets and the bitters of life,
Cannot last, ever last,
Sweeter than honeyed blast,
Filling our days with the wickedest strife.

9.

But our life-story, I'll finish in glory,
Sweetly then crowning you Queen of my heart,
Angels attending when anchorite hoary
Husband, wife sounding, asunder ne'er part!
Heaven-love binding us,
Cupid unminding us,
Marriage tie sweetly unsuiting his dart,
Caring for maiden's love,
Hopeless once chained dove,
Laughing and laughing he flies from her heart.

VI.

But hark! the sound of rushing feet,
As mighty host a host shall meet!
As heavy sound where cavalry rushes on!
The roaring wind that brews the coming storm!
The sweep of battle mingling blood with blood!
The rushing waters whirling to a flood!
Oh loving pair! what direful, direful sound,
That breaks the night and loudly echoes round?
But ere the knight could ken what hurried on—
"There, sir's, your bride of yester-evening gone!"
Broke boldly on the trembling, quaking Vale,

And twenty horse with riders all in mail,
 Drew sudden rein before the hopeless pair ;
 And Henri then a madman in his stare,
 Sprang sudden to his feet, and in his wrath—
 “De Lacy lord, why art thou in my path ?
 The years are fled since master in the ring
 You bold were found the conqueror's glove to fling ;
 But love alone that checked my wayward blade !
 'Twas love alone made glory rise or fade !
 And but for this fair fainting maid of mine
 The star of death had set in Lacy's eyne !—”
 “Oh, Henri ! Henri ! shield me from his wrath !—”
 “Yes, Lady 'Milia, yes, my tearful lass !
 The hour is gone when Henri more shall sue
 For quarter, life, that marked the fleeting view ;—
 Thy maid is come all frightened as a bird,
 Fear, anger, woe her bosom's sighs have stirred ;
 To her, to her, my gentle loving maid,
 I soft release my care, while yet is stayed
 A madman lover in my right of way,
 Who'd here dispute my will to go or stay—”
 “Oh, Henri !—” “Never fear, the time is now
 To match the strength where mighty warriors bow ;
 And teach the night ere morrow's sun shall rise,
 A prowess won before a thousand eyes !
 'Tis Lacy shines the king of Valor's art,
 'Tis Lacy hurls the spear or wings the dart,
 'Tis Lacy, matchless in the fields of fame,
 Claims bride by right, and none dispute his claim—’
 “Come, come ! thou vaunting knave, what ails thee now ?”
 And bending hard against the saddle bow,
 His anger's whiteness rivaled winter's snow,
 And trembling arm as conscious of a blow,
 Now rose, now fell, but aimless rose and fell,
 As fear had sounded there in hollow knell,
 As vacillation slow to name the act,
 Had shown the strength a lesser hand had lacked ;
 And there in doubt, in fear or half surprise,
 The maddened fire quick flashing from his eyes,
 He sat his horse, while warriors grimly round
 Were awed to see the reckless Lacy bound,
 For never time had seen him quail before,
 For never time but blood on blood did pour
 At lesser cause for passion's angry work,
 At lesser cause for spite to rouse a Turk ;
 But now the Lacy moveless as a stone,
 Sat silent there while rose the heavy groan ;
 But he that's slow to wrath were better far,

And moveless eye, where never sound nor jar
 Disturbed the deathly stillness, there was fixed
 Upon the face of him who sat transfixed:
 But like a flash the whelming scene had gone,
 The twenty riders there as sudden born,
 The fainting maid, the bold attendant there,
 The quick release to her of Henri's care,
 The angry word, the sharp, the hot reply,
 The warriors fixed with awed and staring eye,
 And now the hatred jealous hearts shall know,
 And now the tear that madness caused to flow,
 Enmarked the face, the form of rivaling knights,
 Excitement's arts that name all pending fights.
 "There, sir's, your bride of yester-evening gone !"
 Yet echoed thro' his breast where passions dawn,
 And name the wrath that knows no calmness found
 Where heart of calm or reason's powers have bound ;
 And thus the scene that flashed athwart the night,
 The twenty riders ready for the fight,
 The argent moon in soft and mellow light,
 Emilia and her maid that paused in fright,
 The twice ten mailmen, nor of sound nor groan,
 A-like equestrian statues of moveless stone,
 The angry Vale, and angrier Lacy lord,
 All moveless there as some enchantress rod
 Had fixed a spell that bound them to the place,
 Nor any sign or living life to trace,
 And rolled the moon as silvery rounded shield,
 The brook sighed on, its parting song did yield,
 The spectral trees waved sadly o'er the scene,
 And there a hush as funeral's train is seen.
 "Sir Knight !" and anger choked his trembling voice,
 "'Tis flight, or death shall mark your hurried choice !
 Emilia's mine by right of name and fame,
 And he that's bold this matchless right to claim,
 Were better teaching maidens how to love,
 For else his powers are born of mightier Jove,
 A shameless death shall lay him where he strove !"
 "But never Henri feared a knightly form,
 But never Henri fled before a storm
 Of sky, or wrath, or hatred's bitter hate ;
 And Lacy's fame may find a matchless mate,
 If such his wish, his fiery heart's desire ;
 But mine no heart to claim a madman's fire,
 For calmly here while roving thro' the night,
 I found this sorrowing maid in kenless plight.
 And like a knight that melts with Beauty's tears,
 I hurried came, and hushed in part her fears:

And, Lacy, never felt I more surprise
 When 'Milia's self arrayed my doubting eyes,
 And here since day has won the shade of night
 The years have come, and passed, and ta'en their flight,
 And listening to her tale of mingled woe,
 My angry youthhood's tears did welling flow ;
 And song we sang as little recked you here
 As now my breast contains a nameless fear ;
 And yet no Vale e'er craved a Beauty's hand
 That came of force at father's harsh command,
 And if the maid that fears her bridegroom now,
 Shall tell me go, the Henri's plume shall bow,
 And Lacy, king, reclaim the bride of flight,
 And morrow's priest once more their hearts unite !"
 And calmer there with form that bowed low,
 He waited Beauty's voice to name his woe,
 While Lacy wroth, with hot and lowering eye,
 Awaited like the culprit marked to die.
 And mailed horseman more in wonder lost,
 Yet moveless there their plumes alone that tost,
 Did pausing wait the climax of the scene,
 That grew apace while Anger shaped between.

VII.

As soft as hush that falls in twilight eve,
 The mournful tones where weepers pause to grieve,
 Lady Emilia: "Stay, my Henri, stay !
 The Luna Queen shall wane, and lightsome day
 Reign o'er the scene, ere I shall bid away !"
 "Sir Knight, thy form uncloaked, no mailed attire,
 Were easy work for Lacy in his ire !
 The voice of caution now shall bid you go !
 Away ! away ! ere heart's red blood shall flow !
 My arm has won the peerless Conrad prize,
 You kenned the fray, and paled your youthful eyes ;
 The maid is mine till fairer wreath be twined ;
 'Tis Valor's arm alone the prize shall find !"
 "De Lacy bold, and matchless in the land,
 'Tis Vale will claim the Flower of Dardale's hand !
 The Conrad fray in youth of arms I saw,
 And perfect skill that knows no lesser law,
 Won mastery there, and fell the Conrad brave,
 And flowers to-night are blooming o'er his grave ;
 But never yet were Vales afraid to die !
 The feud-fires long had blazed athwart the sky,
 The feudal strife and Knighthood's valorous arms,
 Had won them fame, and Beauty's matchless charms,
 But dead the sires of valor's noble deeds,

Yet living here a heart that inly bleeds
 To meet a foe if such would ken his skill,
 To meet a foe if foe his blood would spill !”

VIII.

Like flash of light in tracery o'er the sky,
 The Lacy's form from horse did darting fly ;
 And there with corslet torn from reeking breast,
 As other knight in mailless fold was dressed,
 His scabbard gave his sword to trembling air ;
 And face to face each madly then and there,
 The jealous forms gave parry sharp, and stroke.
 No steel-clad form or warrior's deadening cloak
 But prowess lone to shield the panting breast,
 Where anger's sway in tremors was confessed.
 Now breathless there, the maids and warriors all,
 The steady ring the only sound did fall ;
 For never Lacy met a worthy foe
 Since Conrad's rolling form in death lay low,
 And warriors there in valor's deeds grown gray,
 Were eager found to bide the coming fray ;
 For fairness there no party hand might stain,
 Should name the victory when the foe was slain,
 Who weaker found, less skillful in his art,
 Should lose the wreath where Beauty's form did start ;
 For Knighthood's chiefs of Lacy held a dread,
 And tho' the sabre-thrust should lay him dead,
 As little care as when the warrior dies
 Who owns no fame, no star in Victory's skies ;
 And thus the fray should fairly test the skill
 Of warring knights that thrust with maddened will,
 And Lady,—maid, no hand to stay the blow,
 No warrior's eye to melt where blood should flow,
 The fray should end with victory, woe or death,
 And never maid or warrior with their breath,
 Should dim the glory prowess bravely won,
 For fair should end as fairly as begun,
 And with the skill and fire of jealous hate
 That comes of love that rivals for its mate,
 The maddened knights, De Lacy, Henri bold,
 As bravely fought as e'er shall man behold ;
 And thrust and parry, quicker, madder thrust,
 They vainly strove to lay the other in the dust,
 And scarce the spell that names enchantress art,
 And blood was gushing from the Henri's heart !
 No word to name the bitter hate within,
 No other sound but sword-blows' ringing din,
 No word of cheer, arena's loud applause,

But steady blow that fell for valor's laws ;
 And anger's look that won unswerving place,
 Was pictured plainly there on either's face,
 And such the skill the maddened passions brought
 How braver now has ever Knighthood fought !

IX.

The Lacy matchless with the sword or axe
 Would ill beseem his every nerve to tax,
 In lists the knight that bravest of the brave
 Has many a warrior laid within his grave,
 But illy meets the strokes of other knight,
 But matchless yet as ever fray or fight,
 The victory hangs an ever-varying doubt ;
 Yet hold ! a newer skill seems flashing out !
 'Tis Lacy now seems marked for Victor's crown,
 But yet remains that half unconscious frown,
 That stamped the Henri's ever dauntful face,
 While conscious skill its every line did trace ;
 But yet the thrust and faster falling parry
 From Lacy's sword-blade death seemed to carry,
 And now my knights and maids of tender heart,
 The Henri faints before the matchless art
 Of him who victor long in frays of Dardale,
 Has laid in dust a braver than a Vale !
 But ah, the Henri half renews his skill !
 The Lacy's blood from larger wounds does spill,
 And hotter there as Victory stands apace,
 A second brave Achilles shows his face !
 "On, on ! my Lacy ! victory hangs the scale !
 More matchless now shall prove a Henri Vale ?
 Your guard ! your guard ! my Lacy knight, and brave
 Else morrow's sun shall dust thine open grave !
 Else morrow's sun shall pale thy wailing bride,
 And Beauty weep for valorous knight that died !—"

X.

But hark ! the sound as madly rushing steed
 That from his rider's grasp is wild and freed,
 Fell sudden there, and thro' the gray of morn,
 His features working wild in passion's storm,
 His long gray hair disheveled on the wind,
 His maddened steed as flying there and blind,
 In wilder flight, as hotly urged by spur,
 The lord Graville, where anger's rage did stir
 Came furiously on, nor stopped, nor gave he heed
 Till checked by startled knights the flying steed !
 "And thus ! and thus ! my henchmen one and all !

A mockery fray to sound my power's fall !
 And this the search ! and these the men obey ?
 And this my knight of vast and mighty sway ?
 Avaunt, thou men of ire ! and warriors here,
 Seize, seize ! the knight that Lacy dares to peer !—
 And you, my shameless maid ! quick hie thee hence !
 My feelings now shall find no recompense !
 A wedding thus to end in morning's dawn !—
 Enough ! the scene is plain ! and fray shall on !
 When night and morning once again are gone !—
 Yet, Lacy, knight, why art thou toying here ?
 This shameless wight were better name thee peer
 To Hectors once that swayed the ponderous shield—”
 “But brave Achilles came ! did Hector yield ?”
 “On, cowards, on ! and seize this doughty youth,
 So bold to speak, to warp the living truth ;”
 And there the master o'er the warriors all,
 Save only Vale who knew no master's call,
 He swayed the knights, and knights obedient there
 Sprang wildly on the Vale who brave did dare ;
 But aimless fray ; the gray of morning dawned,
 And he that quarter, mercy ever scorned,
 More sorely pressed than ever warrior knew,
 Beat slow retreat, till meteor thro' the blue,
 He sudden vaulted to the Lacy's horse !
 And giving rein, he rushed in maddened course,
 Bold cleared the brook that lately sang of love,
 And left the moveless warriors where he strove !

XI.

The maddened Lacy, pale astounded sire !—
 But leapt their voice in wildness as of ire—
 “The warrior wins his form in life or death,
 A hundred crowns !” and anger choked the breath.
 The spurs cut deep, and stallions wild with speed,
 And warriors hotter grown for rivaling deed,
 Were furiously off, and like the rush of wind
 They swept from view, the ireful lords behind ;
 And there alone the lover and the lord,
 With never a sound or solitary word,
 In silence paused till sudden passion fled—
 “And I of all that Henri Vale were dead !”
 “A mated wish could name my inner thought !
 But, Lacy mine, tho' bravely here he fought,
 'Twere foolish now to wish such valor dead,
 My Lacy's fame when blood of Vale is shed !
 If warriors win the form that stirs to hate,
 De Lacy's blade shall prove him less than mate !”

"Thy daughter and her maid have fled the scene,
 And gone the knight that dazzles in her een,
 But ere you came, the mastery of her love
 Would fall to him who brave, more bravely strove,
 She said. And if the Vale shall own his life,
 'Tis I will meet him single in the strife,
 And power alone to name the choice of bride!"
 "A valorous vow; my wishes; I abide."
 And calmer found than since the morning fray,
 They slow retrace their woody homeward way;
 And shone the sun as naught of bloody deed
 Had marked the night, no warrior's breast to bleed.
 And thus a shred of vanished Knighthood's art,
 That Scottish Bard had laid upon my heart,
 Has come, has gone, and going, left no trace
 That marks the matchless Chief of Knighthood's place! *
 And he to thank if thus the idle tale
 Has won an hour where graver cares assail;
 'Twas love of him in Knightly lore and phrase
 That won my luring maid to Knighthood's lays. †

And love has built the sweetest line
 That swayed the thought like Velez' wine,
 As Bard has told in ancient lay,
 That graces now in knightly sway,
 My storied shelf where many a rhyme
 Has stole my sleep and dimmed my eyne,
 And built a hope within my breast,
 That time should come tho' not redrest,
 When leisure theirs should be my store,
 And I should go to paynim shore,
 To clime of East 'neath tropic sun,
 Where many a tale was once begun,
 And bards of old in sweetest lay
 Gained lore of love, and stole away
 The student's time both night and day,
 And marked a madness with their sway.

The love of love, the hate of hate,
 Shall ever be a poet's state,
 Yet to their haunts I fond would go,
 Tho' writhe my soul in hopeless woe,
 For heaven was theirs, and heaven is mine,
 I find it traced in many a line,
 And full my soul as thoughts I see
 From Genius' store so chaste and free.
 That once I feel the fire of old,

* Scott. † The Muse.

I would not change for land of gold,
My love for rhyme, my love for verse,
Tho' to my life it prove a curse,
And fill my nights with candles dim,
And blur my eyes with study's film,
Fill up the day with thoughts of eve,
When rhymes and I would laugh and grieve!

No "goblet crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine,"
Shall need to fire the lover knight,
If he shall live at end of flight,
'Tis love alone shall move the tongue,
And shape the verse where arms have rung,
For Love is young and never old,
Tho' Scottish Knight* the tale has told,
How Minstrel bard† in gray of life,
Found lack of love and Cupid's strife,
And fired with wine alone could sing
Of other days where thoughts did cling.

Young Love till now has swayed the scene,
And knight and maid in forest green,
Has caused to meet and parted there
In morning dawn, Aurora fair;
And so as King within the ring
No knight shall come the glove to fling,
For worsted there in war of love,
In war of life, in war of grove,
Shall reign he King, and king of love!

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE THIRD.

From Grampian Hills that stretch their way
Thro' Scotland's Highlands, Lowlands gray,
The tourist's eye might vainly seek
The Castle once that topt the peak,
Might vainly scan the wide expanse,
And yet no Lacy,—Vale advance,
No Lord Graville who once in power
In kingly port o'er-ruled the hour.
And named Emilia's lover, lord,
For Time has swept and snapt the cord
That bound them sacred to the earth,
And each to each; a tie that birth

*Scott. †The Latest Minstrel.

Had once cemented firm as love,
 That crowns the youth who vainly strove
 To wrest himself from tangled braid,
 The powers that arm the love-eyed maid !
 The Cheviot Hills might meet his eye,
 Ben Nevis kissed by blue of sky,
 And Aven, Cruachan towering high,
 The Hills of Lammermoor, the lakes
 In sheeted glory. Ness and Tay ;
 The lochs where many a deer-hound slakes
 His thirst as on that farther day
 When Caledonian Hunts were fain
 To win the lord, the chief, till slain
 The deer, and pleasure turned to pain.
 The Tay, the Clyde, the Tweed might flow,
 And bear no burden of the woe,
 That shaped in eve and morning's dawn,
 The knights that cried, "On, Lacy, on !"

Nor Esk, nor Dee, tho' once the wave
 Their skiff, their boat, did softly lave,
 Had naught of tale, of vanished scene,
 The things that were, that reigned, had been,
 For gone, forever gone ; and bard
 Alone, the skies once golden starred
 To sweet reclaim from hallowed past,
 From hoary Time that kenned the last
 Of living maid, enchanting once,
 Now silent, tombed, no sweet response,
 No luring eye to steal the heart
 Of Lacys, Vales ; the magic art
 That maids of all have owned since Time
 First placed them in his jarring rhyme,
 As soulless once as Staffa's isle,
 An empty dark like Fingal's Cave,
 For Time has laid her in her grave,
 That dirt, and damp, and worms defile ;
 That dirt, and damp, the forms revile
 Of Beauties once the Queens of May,
 The diadems that lost their way.
 And found a place 'mid lesser stones,
 That saw the maddened flight of roans,
 The sweep of hot and wild pursuit,
 The gray-haired sire in anger mute,
 The thousand shreds that make the skein
 Of woven life, where phases reign
 Of good and bad, and bad and good,
 The scenes of joy, and woe, and blood,
 The various hues that light and shade

Have ever darkly, brightly made,
Have painted like the rainbow's arch,
Then dark as when the hosts shall march
'Gainst host, and host shall deep the red
Of earth, where mangled lay the dead.
Beliol, Bruce, forever gone,
The Marys, kings and queens of dawn,
The Scottish frays on cliff and hill,
The blood that roiled the laughing rill,
The kingdoms' strife for seventy years,
The bane of peace, the nurse of tears,
All, all are gone, and workadays
To jar where poets chime their lays,
Where bards are wrapt in misty hues
That clothe the past in lovely blues,
That tinted rainbow vain beshrews,
Where reign to him the myriad scenes,
Where sacred past in fitful gleams
Enchains him as the toils of maids
That champion Eros on his raids,
And sings he songs, the Song of songs,
Where holiest peace, the plain belongs
Elysian, soft as dew of eve,
And thousand beauties gaily weave
A net-work, wrapping round and round,
Till there Prometheus helpless bound,
And yet tho' gone, forever gone,
Enchanting past is loveliest born,
The rugged wood in gray of morn,
The wide expanse of field, of sky,
The hill, the mount, the castle by,
The twenty horse and mailmen wroth,
The twenty horse that madly forth
Are rushing. Trees, the brook are past,
The hoofs are loud upon the blast :—
The scene is gone, and dappled blue
Is all the tourist's eye shall view,
With rugged hills, and ribbed mounts,
Yet soulless now as stealing founts,
That once in chime of song and bird
Went sparkling on, in melody heard,
Emila, Vale, De Lacy now !—
But ah, Emilia love to bow ;
Emilia love had proved of life,
And castle, dale, a scene of strife.
She wanders thro' the castle wide,
And ill and doubt did there betide
A bitter day, the mournful scenes

That love brought there in woeful miens.
 A song is floating o'er the moat,
 And Eveleen shall ring the note,
 A ditty wight of love had framed,
 A ditty listening ear had claimed.
 "And is it Vale?" the question shaped,
 A Hydra doubt was there and gaped.
 A dream, and soft her marble brow
 In slumber strove. 'Tis over now!
 The scene is wild, and palely there
 Emilia, fairest of the fair,
 In pallor wrapt has fainted! Still
 In wonder bound, the Lord Graville;
 The Lacy. Yet the volumed Tweed,
 In mirrored flow the mind might lead
 To calmer theme, and calmness there
 Has won its sway, and everywhere
 The scattered beauties thro' the air,
 Have lessed the woe, the dread, the care;
 And Tourney now the theme of thought,
 And who the victor there that fought!

CANTO THE THIRD.

Like April morning clouds, that pass
 With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
 And imitate, on field and furrow,
 Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow;
 Like streamlet of the mountain north,
 Now in a torrent racing forth,
 Now winding slow its silver train,
 And almost slumbering on the plain;
 Like breezes of the autumn day,
 Whose voice inconstant dies away,
 And ever swells again as fast,
 When the ear deems its murmur past;
 Thus various, my romantic theme
 Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
 Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
 Of Light and Shade's inconstant race;
 Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
 Weaving its maze irregular;
 And pleased, we listen as the breeze
 Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees;
 Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
 Flow on, flow unconfin'd, my Tale!

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
 With praises not to me belonging,
 In task more meek for mightiest powers,
 Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
 But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
 That secret power by all obey'd,
 Which warps not less the passive mind,
 Its source conceal'd or undefin'd,

Whether an impulse, that has birth
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
 One with our feelings and our powers,
 And rather part of us than ours;
 Or whether fitter turn'd the sway
 Of habit form'd in early day?
 Howe'er derived, its force confess
 Rules with despotic sway the breast,
 And drags us on by viewless chain,
 While taste and reason plead in vain.
 — Marmion.

I.

That bitter night had gone before,
 No glaring sun the deeds did pour,
 But brightly shone, as never stain
 Had darkly flecked its potent reign,
 As never deed that fouled a night
 Had come and gone in shade and light;
 But sweet Emilia's throbbing heart,
 Tho' Sol was gay in magic art,
 Told well the dread that there did reign,
 And sorrow's woe with sorrow's train,
 Nor sun nor morn to brighten there,
 But only love in blank despair,
 His reign complete lent misery's hue,
 And lost her eye its flashing blue,
 And language once so sweet to flow,
 In varied phrase to come, to go,
 Had fled the heart where love did flout
 A torch of hope that soon went out,
 And left a picture of a corse
 That tumbled lay,—a flying horse,
 Which lone and riderless, no rein,
 As madly dashed the steppe, the plain,
 As ukraine steed that bards did write,
 But freer yet, untamed flight,
 No struggling form to stay the steed,
 No crying soul, no limbs that bleed.
 "On, on! the stallion madly flies!
 His tawny side the star-spur dyes!
 The brook is leapt, the crowd is gone!
 On, on! my stallion! madly on!
 My foes are brave with ten to one;
 By single hands their deeds were done,
 'Twere Henri'd meet them one and all,
 'Twere Henri'd rise or shameless fall;
 But speed, my steed, the hour is nigh
 When Henri or a Lacy'll die;
 But tested skill shall name the foe
 That best deserves a hero's woe,

Who fighting brave for love and fame,
 Shall twine a laurel round his name.
 A never madder steed than thee,
 A never stronger fought for liberty,
 A Lacy's power has held thee long.
 And Henri Vale's an arm less strong!
 On, on! the sparkling morn is shed
 In thousand beauties o'er our head,
 And flying here to life or death,
 For anger's power has thickened thy breath,
 I drink the feast that heavenly swells
 Upon the gale, no death-toned knells,
 And feel no care for aught of earth,
 Save Dardale maid who won her birth
 In fairer climes than knighthood knows,
 Than Eden flower that blooms and blows,
 And but for her so matchless found,
 My steed nor I would wildly bound;
 But Lacy face to face in wrath,
 Where tryst-nook ends the rugged path,
 I'd sue not vainly for the right
 To name him hero in the fight.

II.

"But fly, my steed, the morn is spread
 In loveliest hues o'er Nature's bed,
 And taintless air from heaven's fane
 Gives life and love in silent reign!
 O what a surging force must name
 The warrior's sweep to death or fame,
 As loudly roars the battle's din,
 And fled and fleeing cross the linn!
 Oh Lacy, never madder heart
 Throbb'd o'er a fray where valor's art
 Has twined the wreath in beauty's hues
 'Neath dappled skies in vying blues!
 Oh love and war, and war and love,
 Are all the things where man has strove,
 And shown the greatness, often found
 Where love and war are rivaling bound.
 A hero many a war has won
 In glory sparkling as the sun;
 And many a bard has won from war
 A master's sway o'er poesy's law;
 And war were gone, and love were not,
 How aimless has the poet wrought!
 The stirring fray has raised the soul
 To higher numbers, and the goal

Where reign the heroes named of old,
And bard and chief each other fold.
An aimless life shall know no power
Of him who seeks in every hour
The towering heights that kiss the blue,
And give the soul a loftier view.
A Genius which is never sought
Is never found. The years have taught
That he who struggles for a name
Is oft surprised to own the claim ;
A thousand powers that kenless lay,
Shall spring to life and own a sway,
And pleasing reign as sunlight ray.

III.

“Away, away! my foaming steed,
A reckless brave that dares this deed !
But time and tide are flying fast,
And hoofs are sounding in the blast !
The heated knights in maddened chase
Are wildly rushing as a race
For life or death lent fire and speed
To maddened stallion, flying steed,
But knight nor stallion, angered sire,
Can match my steed in tameless ire !
They come ! they come ! Away ! away !
No fairer race to mark the day,
No Lacy here of braver deed,
His stallion bold in matchless speed,
A Henri Vale more madly sped,
Till horse and rider both be dead !
I live to breathe above thy grave
Where weeping willow soft shall wave ;
For Lacy mine, my flight is bold,
The warriors all are tumbling, rolled,
Ere steed of mine, or hand, or arm,
Shall pause to faint in mad alarm.
Adieu ! adieu ! my flying band !
And never rider in the land
Were safer sped than Henri Vale,
Who loves alone the Maid of Dardale !
The angry sire may man his band,
The haughty lord may give command,
But Love was ever victor found,
Tho’ locks and keys did there abound ;
And thus my braves now flying fast,
’Tis Love the victor cuts the blast !—”

IV.

"Oh!"—Waking there from day-dream trance,
 With fear and horror in her glance,
 She started from her cushioned seat,
 While anxious fear soft flushed her cheek;
 But sinking there in mingled dread,—
 "Ah me, ah me, that I were dead,
 And love so weak had never wed
 To love of him where life is fled."
 "My Lady, what has crossed thy mind?"
 "A sadder woe than most shall find!
 So grossed was I with night of sorrow,
 That day-trance here did sadly borrow
 My Henri's flight, the maddened chase,
 The rivaling knights so mad to race.
 I gave him spurs when none were there,
 I pictured wrongly in despair,
 My fancy won a thousand things,
 E'en now, e'en now, the loud hoof rings,
 The wild halloo, the clattering mail,
 The din, the noise, my ears assail,
 All, all the scene, till wrathful steed,
 And tumbling fell: his side did bleed,
 My Henri's soul from earth was freed,
 And I in dreamy reck did see
 The riderless steed in maddened beauty
 Dash, dash away, and leave behind
 The corse, the foes! Oh, bitter mind—"
 "But see, my lady! o'er the moor
 The warrior band as madly pour
 As at the trysting place we saw—"
 "Yes, yes, a flight that knew no law.
 And there, and there, De Lacy's steed!
 An empty saddle! Death has freed
 His foaming back of bleeding knight;"
 And there thro' morning's dawning light
 Emilia and her anxious maid,
 Behold a steed that's madly stayed
 By stronger hands, and in pursuit
 A flying band that ride, are mute,
 Till maddened horse is checked in court,
 Then wildly rings the harsh report:
 "Sir Henri's dead!—was madly thrown
 By Lacy's strong and tameless roan!"
 A shriek, a cry, a fainting form,
 And prostrate on the floor,
 Where Sol his rays did pour,
 She fell! The steeds came rushing on:

The hue, the cry, the mad retort,
 The answer bold, the question short ;
 Excitement's reign was over all,
 But wonder every mind did thrall ;
 The mangled Vale nor heard nor seen,
 But death had settled in his een,
 And yet, and yet, no knight could say,
 Or name his form in death did lay,
 Excitement there was bold to name
 That death had sued, and not in vain.
 A search was made : no mangled knight
 In pool of blood did shock the sight ;
 And there by bridge and court-yard wall,
 The sluggish moat, the warriors all
 Did waiting pause to learn the fate
 Of him the roan so boldly sate ;
 But never a sigh or movement there
 Had aught of fate of him who'd dare
 The very death for Dardale's fair.

V.

"The knight is dead, I'll wager all,
 For I myself did see him fall,
 Tho' when we neared the tragic scene,
 No knight was there in deathly mien ;"
 And boldly gazed a mailed knight,
 But swaying plumes that met his sight
 Were "none of tale do we believe !
 'Twas flying speed that did deceive,
 And Maid of Dardale here may grieve ;"
 And thus the guess that ever reigns
 Where doubt is chief renewed its claims,
 And question passed, and hot reply,
 A doubting and a fiery eye,
 Until commotion reigned the scene,
 And marring eyes gave look for look,
 And mailed forms in anger shook ;
 But knight of wrath or wrathful mien,
 No chance to claim the sacred right
 That truth had marked his words alone,
 For Lord Graville and Lacy knight
 Slow crossed the yard and claimed their own
 The right to say what hap befell
 The flying Vale from steppe to steppe.
 "The warrior gods may hear his knell,
 For death has long his vigil kept,
 And won at last the shameless wight,
 Nor king nor queen had dubbed a knight !"

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And haughty Lacy heartless there,
 Strode back and forth as tameless power
 Enborn of wrath and love's despair,
 Had fallen there in tragic hour.

VI.

"A search, a search !" said Lord Graville,
 And master there he hath his will,
 And fast away the warriors speed,
 As racing there for kingdom's need,
 Nor any word a search was made,
 Nor any word the part they played.
 "Lacy, it ill bespeaks my love
 For you than Vale to let her rove
 Who late has caused this night of woe,
 And thus to keep the maid shall go
 Till Vale be dead or blood shall flow !"
 "'Twere safe, my lord, to reck his death—"
 "Such thoughts are best beneath the breath,
 For once Emilia feels him dead,
 Her life were gone like stallions fled.
 While life shall reign her hope is sweet
 That once again the knight may greet
 As on last e'en we found her there
 Where love was turned to blank despair.
 If Vale shall live and face you here,
 'Tis I myself will rise and cheer !
 If Lacy win, the maid, I ween,
 Shall reign his life and be his queen,
 And Vale no more shall stir her sigh,
 Or anger flash in Lacy's eye,
 For wedded bliss and wedded life,
 Shall end fore'er the rivaling strife."
 "'Tis done ! 'tis done ! If Vale return,
 In vain for blood he need not yearn,
 'Tis Lacy'll stand on Tourney sward,
 With axe, or sword, or javelin rod,
 In mail, or mailless, foot or horse,
 As he shall name beneath the cross ;
 The breathless crowd from tower and keep,
 And parapet, where love might leap,
 Or moated castle's highest wall,
 Shall ken the knight to rise or fall,
 And Queen of Beauty, 'Milia maid,
 Shall mark my glory shine or fade !
 If Lacy fall, her Henri Vale
 Shall name her his and none assail ;
 Should Lacy win with Henri dead,

The maid of Dardale's life is wed
To him who met the Conrad brave,
And laid him low in willowed grave."

VII.

The warriors and the knights return,
But none of tidings did they learn.
The plain was scoured, the wood, the hill,
The route retraced to trysting rill;
A scene of strife had marked the place
Where last of living Vale could trace,
But naught of him or reddest blood,
No marks of him across the wood,
And doubt and guess were answer all
The lord and lover there could call,
And half in doubt and wonder lost,
The moated bridge they slowly crossed,
And entered then the arched door
That gave them entrance to the hall
Where fainting beauty there did fall,
But yet recovered from her thrall,
Had wandered out upon the moor,
As flitting ghost in draperied garb,
'Neath Phœbus' morning glory,
As there she'd own the knight ill-starred,
And claim his fate, his story;
But soon returned from aimless quest,
Her every motion then confessed
The hopeless feeling reigning there,
The drooping eye, the half despair,
And sadder seen in wedding tire.

VIII.

"Oh, Lacy!—father! heartless now!
And woe like mine no softness won?—
No pity does your breast allow?—
No sorrow for the deed that's done?"
And pausing there in half rebuke,
She turned her glance from sire to knight,
But either there was silent, mute,
Nor any word that could requite.
"Emilia, much as I abhor
Thy treatment strange of honored law,
Thy hasty flight from wedding scene,
Thy love for him of cowardly mien,
Thy coldness once to Conrad chief,
Thy shame, the search, thy deep-felt grief,
All, all since wedding hour was named:—

And yet my 'Milia's hand be claimed
 By him who's chief, has living reigned
 Above my Lacy,—matchless stands,
 His name a by-word in the lands!"
 "But, ah, too late! the knight is dead,
 And life and death are silent wed!"
 "Emilia, ever love that lost
 A lingering hope tho' stallion tost
 The loved form, and death seemed near,
 While weeping beauty claimed the tear?"
 "Oh, Lacy, stronger love than mine
 To hope where death the only sign—"
 "The matter rests. The day shall know
 If false or true my 'Milia's woe;
 And if a promise here shall name
 My will the law the chieftains claim.
 Then donjon-keep nor prison cell
 Shall hold my maid till all be well."
 "So long as promise is the same,
 Emilia has no further claim."

IX.

The morning waned, and higher rose the sun,
 But gave nor sign nor reck that deeds were done
 That vaster powers than mine might soothely claim,
 A Genius that o'er Knighthood's Harp did reign,
 A gorgeous Chief of Valor's noblest deed,
 Whose magic power the knightly history freed,
 Whose magic painted Knighthood's living past,
 A master where the knights of poesy last,
 And scenes as yet to living worlds unknown,
 Were drawn in splendid 'ray and Beauty's own,
 And haunts the eye had seldom, never seen,
 Were brought to light, and knights of golden sheen,
 And minstrel bards that sang the border raid,
 The mailed chiefs that warriors never stayed,
 The Marmions, knights, and Knighthood's bravest brave,
 Were won to life from Valor's mouldering grave.
 Old Scotland's warriors once again were mailed,
 The Stanleys, chargers once again assailed,
 The border-cry, the wild, the loud halloo,
 Was heard again, the warriors rushing through
 The broken ranks of valor's deathless band.
 "On, Stanley! on!" and Marmions gave command;
 "The foe! the foe!—" and battle rages on;
 "Charge! charge!—" the reeking sword is madly drawn
 "To victory! victory!" loudly rings along.
 The charge,—the crash,—the mad commingled throng;

The whirring dart,—the charger wild in flight,
 The closing ranks,—the dead,—the dying knight,
 The deafening din,—the clash of steel with steel,
 The battle-axe in loud and dissonant peal,
 The chieftain's shout,—the sweep of horse and man,
 The rushing knight,—the steed that wildly ran
 In maddest flight, as pealed the heavy roar,
 Nor man, nor chief base quarter did implore.
 Such master skill that time and tide are not,
 The tranced reader stands upon the spot,
 The warriors marching bravely to the fray,
 The level land, the glowing god of day,
 The seldom tree, the distant looming hill,
 The softened murmur of the mountain rill,
 The Scottish scene with linn and castled steep,
 Where Beauty o'er a chieftain's grave does weep,
 For here "none but the brave deserve the fair,"
 Claimed more of truth than marks the modern pair,
 And maid and matron bravery gave the brave,
 And proudly bowed above the hero's grave.
 All, all the scene so vivid to the eye,
 That maids are weeping when the knight shall die ;
 We join the ranks, and charge in heavy mail,
 We seize the axe, the spear, and there assail
 The mighty host that march a pace by pace,
 The plaited visor drawn above the face ;
 We meet them there, and loud the spear-shock rings,
 A flying steed,—a chief that madly clings,
 The falling warriors, death, the disarray,
 The sweeping axe no heavy shield can stay,
 The falchion, spear, the broken helm or shield,
 The warriors brave, till death shall never yield,
 The wild commotion, mingled cry and sound,
 The fury, flight, and stroke, and death,—the ground
 Where blood has dyed the bended, broken grass,
 All, all !—The scene is gone.—It came,—did pass,
 And force of thought to paint it all a dream,
 And gone, and passed, a wildly rushing stream !

X.

Oh what to love is worse than doubt,
 While Cupid there with mime and shout,
 Lends hope, and dread, and mingled woe,
 The vying shades that come and go,
 And when the heart sinks in despair,
 Paints glowing beauties to the mind,
 And star-gems floating thro' the air,
 Are fitting in the zephyry wind,

And when the heart has won a hope,
 Then thro' the darkness seems to grope,
 For love is various as the bow
 That arches o'er the world below,
 As many tints are vying found,
 As many hues on hues abound,
 But bag of gold the love of most
 That time has made the rainbow's boast.
 It tempts a-like the will-o'-the-wisp,
 In cooing tone does softly lisp,
 But when the bow is traced to end,
 The earth and sky as faintly blend.
 And thus Emilia hopeless found,
 Yet hope was there soft flitting round,
 Was light and shade, and joy and woe,
 The hoping eye, the tears that flow,
 The varied shades that mark the love
 Where heart with heart has won that strove,
 And love the victor names them one,
 For once 'tis love, 'tis once begun,
 Nor art nor power shall stay the god
 That names the knight her chosen lord.

XI.

As dreamland's maid that recks no trace
 Of busy woe that marks her face,
 She aimless sat, and while her maid
 Stood stolid, calm, yet half afraid,
 Her wondering mind in light and shade,
 Drew memory's reign, and sadly strayed
 Her bitter thought. "The years are fled
 Since Conrad brave was lying dead.
 A maiden young I recked no clue
 Why chiefest reigned the Conrad true ;
 But time and tide went hand in hand,
 And rose he mightiest in the land,
 While I, the maid that struck his heart,
 Was boldly sought, for feudal art
 Made love of youth, or love of maid,
 A bartered boon that might not fade,
 So long as claimant held his claim
 Of fearless chief and knight of fame,
 And owned o'er all a matchless name.
 A promised bride ere-known the meaning,
 And eyes of love and hate were gleaming :
 De Lacy bold the Conrad hated,
 But arms no prowess ever mated ;
 So hate might heave his breast, and sighing

Of no avail, for there denying
 The right to claim the maiden weeping,
 Stood Conrad brave ; but hate was sleeping
 In Lacy's breast, and jealousy swaying,
 He practiced night and day, displaying
 A growing skill. With hand untiring
 He met the knight, the chief ; aspiring,
 He met the bold, the brave, the laureled ;
 With each and all he boldly quarreled,
 Till name and fame were owned of him,
 And passed the tale that howe'er grim,
 Or bold, or brave, he'd face them all,
 With sword, or axe, or spear.—They fall !
 They bleed, they die !—and now the Conrad brave—
 'A matchless skill a matchless skill shall crave !'
 And Lacy's voice rang boldly, bravely there—
 'The Conrad teach it were a mad despair !'
 The day is set. The glowing morn is shed
 In loveliest hues o'er joy and joy that wed,
 Glad all the scene, and paint a picture there
 Where castle, tree, and mount, are glowing fair,
 And Nature's beauty softly there does vie
 With loveliest hues that flit the mellow sky.
 Unnatural scene for blood that love should shed ;
 Unnatural there that hate to hate should wed ;
 Unnatural all ; but many a lovely scene
 Has closed in woe, in hate, in shedded blood,
 And gloomed a wold where love to love, I ween,
 Might sweetly mate as gradual stealing bud.
 The crowd was there ; the knights, the courtiers,—all ;
 'Twas Lacy knight or Conrad there should fall.
 The various arms that live in Knighthood's train
 Were tested there. 'On, on !' the knights exclaim ;
 'On, on ! my Conrad ! on ! My Lacy knight !
 Who'd win a love must prove his skill in fight !—
 Oh ! master stroke ! My Lacy bites the dust !
 Up, up ! my Lacy !—parry quick !—the thrust !—
 Now Conrad brave, a madman's in thy path !
 A lover's rage,—a still unconquered wrath !'
 The music rolls ; the crowd are deathly still,—
 'Tis Conrad's blood the Lacy's blade shall spill.
 The crowd is gone. The banners waving there
 No more from parapet shall flaunt the air.
 'Tis Lacy now the chiefest knight of all,—
 The Conrad dead, does Lacy live to fall ?
 His laureled name is sounded far and near,
 He claims my hand, and stands without a peer.
 The days are gone, and months are fleeting fast,

Another knight the lot, the die has cast,
 'Tis Lacy yet, but bold and dauntless Vale ;
 'Tis love and anger madly there assail.
 The fray is stopped, and haughty, angered sire
 Has dashed the scene in madly growing ire ;
 The fleeing stallion, wildly riding knight,
 The breathless horde that man the shameless flight ;—
 The knights are gone, and 'Rora's silent dawn
 No reck that knights, and chief have flying gone,
 No reck that knight were living now or dead,
 'Twere death to eye the flight he madly sped.
 'Tis done!—A love,—a hate,—a test,—a fray,—
 And blood, and flight, and chase, and search, and day ;
 A doubt,—a fear,—a dread,—a hope,—a guess,—
 A promise given,—a promise ta'en. A breath!
 The test to come, the fray to be,—life?—death?—
 De Lacy?—Vale?—O maddening, maddening doubt!
 My brain is numb. No Henri's plume shall flout!—"'
 A step!—"Emilia, mine no easy mind
 Till hasting here your sweetest self I find,"
 And gaudy Lacy 'rayed in courtliest tire,
 With dress-sword, rings, and love's rekindled fire,
 In braided cloak, and mien of ballroom wight,
 Stood there before the maid, his anger's might
 A thing of memory pictured in the brain,
 Where love, and woe, and dread, might rivaling reign.
 "De Lacy, why this meeting?—Why art come?—
 And I no peace in native castle home?—
 And love a name to sink a soul in woe,
 And cause the bitter tear of love to flow?
 The Conrad brave you laid in bloody dust,—
 I never loved.—No woe was born of thrust
 That drew his life-blood. Yet my heart was young.
 A parent's love the only love that clung.
 Sir Henri came and moved my heart to love,—
 And—disappeared ; 'twere useless here he strove.
 Among the dead, forever, ever gone!—
 I gave consent. The wedding hour came on,
 And wildly then, no love, no reck, no hope,
 I thoughtless fled,—in twilight air did grope.
 A mad pursuit,—a fray,—a bolder flight,—
 And hopeless here, no dead, no living knight!"
 And worked her features fair, as love and doubt
 Across her face were flitting in and out,—
 Repulsion half, and mingled love and hate,
 Were struggling there, but never love did mate.
 Her clear-cut brow,—her eye of liquid blue,
 Took there a deeper shade,—a darker hue,

And half arising then from broidered couch,—
 “De Lacy, lord, were hate of love to vouch
 My inner thought, ’twere passion truer drawn
 Than word could paint.” “Emilia, morrow’s dawn
 Shall test the skill that claims my maiden’s hand,
 And on divan the grandest of the grand,
 Shall witness power of him to fall or stand.”
 “Sir Henri’s dead !—” “No word to prove the truth.”
 “And yet I feel—” “He was a reckless youth ;
 But every knight that manned the maddened race,
 Had wild excitement pictured on his face.
 The fleeing Vale was many a rod ahead,
 A moment checked the steed that madly sped,
 Dismounted quick ;—and freedom once regained,
 My flying roan might every nerve have strained,
 And following instinct madly ta’en his flight,
 And quick outstripped the warrior, stallion, knight.
 The Tourney on, and tested skill afoot,
 The Vale is there, or never more shall look
 My eye on fair Emilia,—never sue
 For heart and hand she ever held so true.”
 “I’d love thee more, tho’ all a borrowed hope
 Than had you named him dead, and I to grope
 In vagueness.” “Lady ’Milia, never fear,
 To-morrow’s sun shall dry thy vainest tear,
 And Lacy there, or e’en a matchless Vale,
 Shall name thee bride ! No more shall love assail.”
 “Again my thanks,” and recking not the smile
 That faintly curled his nether lip, the style
 Of word, of phrase, of look, she calmly paused.
 ’Twas empty word that hopeful feeling caused.
 A villain bold that plotted for a crown,
 ’Twas love of gain that deepened there in frown ;
 But later on a softer look assumed
 Its place, and scenes where gayest flowers bloomed
 Were painted there in loveliest word and phrase,
 And half forgetting woe, the softened rays
 Of Phœbus wooed a face of hopeful calm,
 And less of dread, of fear, of vain alarm.

XII.

“Emilia, since your mind is freer found,
 A simple song when boyhood’s joys were round,
 Half won my love, seems drawn for you and me.
 The Tiger-Lily then its name ; and beauty,
 And love, and joy, and hope, and hate, and woe,
 Were true imagined,—softly came,—did go ;
 ’Tis short, ’tis sweet ; the lilies bloom and blow.”

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

TIGER-LILY.

1.

I gave the tiger-lily then,
 And she blushed out again, again.
 I said, as soft as falling leaf,
 Of all my loves thou art the chief.
 I 'rayed her brow with many a flower,
 And gaily fell the hour on hour.

But love, oh, love !
 Thou art a god,
 And reign above
 With golden rod.

2.

We trod the fields of flowery May
 When Flora's shrine was fresh and gay,
 And love, and life, and sweetness there,
 Seemed love and life of ether air,
 And flighty bird, and laughing rill,
 Seemed more a dream than thing of will.

But oh, my maid,
 When Love's the god,
 The softest shade
 Is sometimes flawed.

3.

He came across the meadows green,
 A shapeless form, a hateful mien.
 He stood beside her at the bars,
 The night came on and shone the stars.
 I loved her not, I hated him,
 And fell the hours like shadows grim.

Oh, love, oh, love !
 Why wert thou made ?
 Thy reign's above,
 Why here to fade ?

4.

The Lily 'rayed his snowy breast
 A flower and weed they were at best.
 She knew it not, but I the whole,
 And daggers rankled in my soul.
 She loved him for his pretty form,
 Out which the soul had died and gone.

Oh, foolish maid !
 Oh, Cupid's tool !
 You best had stayed
 Tho' I a fool !

5.

He left her in the winter eve,
 He left her there that did believe,
 She wept, a lily lowly bowed,
 And I so cold, and hard, and proud,
 With hate for love, his treacherous art,
 Then pressed her closer to my heart.
 Oh varied love!
 Oh mystic thing ;
 Thy home's above,—
 Why here to sting ?

6.

SONG.

The Lily's gone, my bonnie Will,
 But you and I are one,
 His step was like the dancing rill
 That sparkles in the sun ;
 His laugh was like the rippling wave
 That throws a yellow foam,
 But tempts to deep and watery grave
 Beneath the coral dome.

7.

He oped my eyes that wore a shade
 As dark as charnel gloom,
 And tho' his form in flowers was 'rayed,
 They wore a tomb-like bloom ;
 His glance of love was like his heart
 That beat a Cupid's tune,
 A-like a mad enchantress art
 That steals the rose of June.

8.

Forgive, forgive your simple maid,
 Her simple heart or neither,
 'Twas she to blame, and she that strayed
 From love that ne'er deceived her!
 The lily's gone, but here's my hand
 Inflect of all his feigning,
 As once it was when Cupid's band
 Thro' Eden eves was reigning.

XIII.

"And not my claim a worthy one?
 And ever truer love begun?—
 This Henri Vale a newer love,
 But vainly has Emilia strove.
 The Henri gone, and Lacy then
 Shall take the place no knight has ta'en!"

"Twere vain to argue love affairs,
 They spring like life, have hopes, despairs.
 'Tis time shall paint my lover true,
 'Tis time shall clear the darker view,
 'Tis time shall prove him true or false,
 'Tis time alone that never halts,
 Time makes the hero, lover, knight,
 The king, the queen, the laureled wight,
 The god, the sage, the warrior, chief,
 The love, the woe, the hope, the grief,
 The priest, the bride, the husband, saint,
 The bard, the maid, the youth to faint,—
 Discovered stars, and rivers, lands,—
 The mystic things 'tis time commands,
 It gives us empires yet to be,
 The land of serfdom,—liberty;
 The storm, the war, the famine, drouth,
 The truth, the lie, the guess, the doubt;
 The golden age, the Eden homes,
 The Empress climes, the fallen Romes,
 • The buried cities of the past,
 And judgment Day, the greatest, last!"
 "And Lacy's love to 'Milia's wed,
 Tho' Vale a living knight or dead."
 "To-morrow'll name the husband,—bride!
 To-morrow'll mark the knight that died,
 For Lacy's word has said the knight
 Shall wield the arm 'mid Tourney dight,
 And he alone to tell the tale
 That marks the fate of Henri Vale."
 "Were skilled thy arms as words to spar,
 Emilia's name, a rising star,
 Should dazzle all, a Vale outshine,
 And Lacy's fame to past confine.
 But yet adieu, for pressing cares,
 Momentous things, and love's despairs,
 Are claiming now my time, my thought—"
 "Then 'Milia's love is nothing,—naught?"
 "For you alone I fly in haste,
 For you alone the Vale is faced;
 Emilia's name that mans the soul
 For victory, life, or death,
 Emilia Beauty's name has stole,
 And thicked the warrior's breath.
 For her I fly to name the knights,
 The steeds, the warriors, weapons, wights,
 The kind of arms, the axe, the spear,
 The ladies where and how appear,

The plot of groundwhere tourney moot
 Shall test the strength of rivaling knights,
 And darts and spears shall flying shoot,
 With deathful aim in matchless fights,
 To-morrow's sun shall light the hero to his bride
 To-morrow's noon shall show the death the knight has died,
 To-morrow's eve shall dusk the Tourney's bloody field,
 To-morrow's night hold balm for him that did not yield;
 And fair Emilia made the Queen of Beauty's fair,
 Shall bear the wreath and crown the Lacy?—Vale?—and share
 The tributes paid by matron, warrior, chief, and maid,
 And hold the highest place that ever Beauty 'rayed.'

XIV.

And there alone in dreadings of the morrow,
 A sweeter peace she softly then did borrow,
 Yet magic words and bold De Lacy gone,
 A newer woe in newer hope did dawn,
 And straying there from room to larger room,
 No surcease came to less her Henri's doom,
 And yet a something often sadly felt
 When peace and hope are fainting, softly melt,
 Lent wish to her to ken the coming morn,
 And claim the secret Henri dead, and gone?
 And aimless there she wandered all alone,
 Without its mate true love would never own
 Another heart. A sweetness in the calm
 That love shall find when shorn of vain alarm.

XV.

The day was waning. Ever love that died
 When life is sure, and she a promised bride?
 But hark! there comes a sound as music floating there!
 A lover sings aloud, his love is peerless fair,
 He paints a picture of a Peri of the dawn,
 And never maiden lady fairer, fairer born!
 Her eyes the stars that shimmer soft athwart the sky,
 And while she lives true love shall never, never die.
 The accents floated softly to the casement pane,
 Where wond'ring beauty lowly, sweetly breathed a name!
 "My Henri's voice? Alive! alive to win the fray!
 Emilia now shall calmer wait the Tourney Day!"
 And breathless there as rigid statue marble bound,
 Entranced she stood. Her heart that gave the only sound.

EVELEEN.

Her voice was like the hush of eve,
 Her face the hae of morning,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

A soul of hope that could not grieve,
 A starlight in the dawning;
 Her smile was soft as lily sighs,
 The sobbings of the cresses,
 The stars outshone her mellow eyes,
 And gold her silken tresses.

A heart to melt for needy alms,
 A hand where hope was blooming,
 A little Eden fraught of charms,
 A star-bespangled glooming;
 A flower that wantons in the breeze,
 A tender golden flower,
 A siren from the emerald seas,
 A siren maid's her power.

Sweet Eveleen, pure Eveleen,
 The rainbow in its glory
 Has not the hues that ray thy een,
 Has not so varied story;
 Has not the richness of thy smile,
 The softness of thy beauty,
 Thou art unlect and free from guile,
 And know'st thy fullest duty.

Thou hast a hope for every heart,
 'Thou Plato queen of heaven,
 A perfect soul is all thy art,
 Immaculate was given;
 Thou art Diana's self in life,
 'Thou Cupid's fleckless maiden,
 No tinge thy face of empty strife,
 'Thou art not sorrow laden.

The thoughts shall rise at glance of thee,
 All passion cease at mention,
 Thou star of morn and maid of beauty,
 With gods in soft convention;
 Thou rainbow maid and star of eve,
 'Thou flower in perfect sweetness,
 The loveliest rose shall bowing grieve
 And cater for thy meekness.

The gods shall sigh and queens of air
 Shall bow from highest glory,
 For thou art queen of fairest fair,
 And queen of Plato's story;

The queen of love, the queen of hope,
The queen of every nation,
The queen that every eye shall ope
With love and adoration.

Fair Eveleen, queen Eveleen,
Thou soul of love and beauty,
Sweet Eveleen, dear Eveleen,
A-loving you a duty ;
A-loving you the purest thing,—
And fame and fleckless glory,
Attend thy walks and amorous cling
Like Calvary's beauteous story.

Thou art the second here of earth,
Another spotless Mary,
Thy home is here, but heaven thy birth,
Thou maiden soft and chary ;
Thou art Diana fairer made,
And more in chime of numbers,
And tho' my queen should live to fade,
Thou'll live beyond her slumbers.

XVI.

The song has died, and 'Milia's maid
Finds there a moveless form. Dismayed,
She turns at first in quest of aid ;
A frighted shriek escapes her tongue,
But bolder grown, she paused,—has clung
In helpless sympathy. Moves the form,
And half arising,—“Is he gone?”
“Her mind is wandering. Lives again
The past. Yes, madly o'er the plain
There dashes hero, knights, and swain ;
Thy lover's gone—” “Some water, please ;
My mouth is parched. How still!—No breeze!
What means it all?—Why helpless here?—
'Tis Lacy?—Vale?—The knights appear ;
They fight,—are gone,—a voice,—a song!—
I faint, and Eveleen!—Belong
These things to life? I live,—yet dream ;
A steed,—a song,—a brook,—a stream
As madly whirling as my thought ;
A sterner power my senses caught!—
Recovered!—Letta bathes my brow.
O where are Vales?—De Lacys now?”
Lady Graville were Lacy's aid—”
“No, never, never! Letta, maid,

Your arm, and lord nor knight shall come
 To aid me. Softer couch than stone
 That love were else than what it is,
 Yet mine a sweeter far than his.
 I wander. Letta, hear my tale,
 A moment past sang Henri Vale—"

"Alive!—and Lacy?—" "Naught of him,
 A lord, but yet a shadow grim.
 I left you,—slowly wandered here,
 From hall to room. The sky was clear,—
 Ascended slow the tower, and tiring,
 I wandered here, and half desiring
 To hear the truth tho' death the tale,
 I vainly looked, and planned. No Vale!
 The moments dragged. An hour was fled,—
 And did he live?—did breathe?—was dead?—
 A thousand things came flitting fast,
 And half despaired, I rose. At last
 A song came floating softly here,
 I started, gasped; the helpless tear
 Was trickling down, of joy, or woe,
 I recked not. Dream?—I ne'er may know,
 But Henri's voice in sweetest song
 Did softly sound; and faint, less strong,
 I swooned. 'Tis all a tangled dream,
 A swollen brook, a mountain stream,
 Where debris mingling whirl together,
 And wildly turning in and out,
 The human mind a ray, a doubt;
 'Tis done. 'Tis gone. No power shall sever
 True love from love tho' knight be dead!
 A Lacy lives, I living, wed
 Him on the morrow. Word is given,
 No other knight so madly striven,
 No other knight to match his skill,
 If Vale be dead he hath his will!"

"Have hope, my lady, yet may Vale
 Arise, the Lacy's arm assail."
 "Oh vain the hope. The song my fancy,
 And woe it were did soft entrance me;
 But yet, but yet, the doubt unsolved
 May prove itself, and be resolved
 To living Vale in morrow's dawn,
 As knight and chief come bravely on,
 And chiefest there in Tourney 'ray,
 Rise matchless o'er the knights in fray.
 I picture now the morrow's dawn,
 The troubadour's bold pæan, song,

The lute, the harp, the dissonant din
As knights and warriors rushing in,
The wild commotion, nodding plumes,
The castle back that grandly looms,
The mailed chiefs, the knights, the steeds,
The swaying throng, a heart that bleeds,
The fearless chiefs for life or death,
A madness surging with their breath,—
The test, the fray, the dying,—dead!—
The picture darks!—a sound!—a tread!"

"Emilia, day is waning fast,"
And coming close, his eye he cast
Direct upon the maiden's face,
As there her love or woe to trace.

"Father, yes, the day is fading, fading,
With love nor hope its fleeing aiding."
"Thy paleness now will vanish then—"
"E'en paler where are fighting men."
"Thy promise given, night shall fade
And finding yet a wedless maid
Shall teach her heart to-morrow's eve,
Nor single love to weep, to grieve,
But Lacy reigning matchless knight,
Shall claim his own ere deepened night
Proclaim the flight of gladsome day,
And knight and warriors in array."

"Sir Henri dead, and Lacy—" "Thine
The promise given, wish is mine,
And yet if Sir de Vale shall claim
A living right the bride to name,
Nor word, nor look, nor act of mine,
Shall ever prove I sigh,—repine,
Tho' Lacy more than Conrad dead
Has closer my affections wed,
His valor, prowess, matchless skill,
Might strengthened force that sways my will,
And, too, my age more easily won,
Were vainer now to name him son.
The Vale is manly, bold, and brave,
His death will fill a hero's grave!
I ill could reck a Dardale lord
Should go behind his given word,
So Vale or Lacy, mine the hand
To give him welcome where he stand,
And give my daughter, freely give,
While love with love shall clasping live!"

"I thank thee, tho' I ill could see
The right to check love's liberty;

But such the style, the way, the form,
 And knightly deed and act were gone
 If love to life had ne'er been born,
 For love is king of warrior's heart,
 It mans his breast, and knighthood's art—
 It makes the hero, knight, the brave,
 The bard, the sonnet, song,—the grave,
 The fame, the name, the chiseled stone,
 The sigh, the tear, the wail, the moan,
 The Raphael art in magic skill,
 The riveless poem, power, will,
 The higher life, the lowly heart,
 The skill and magic of all art ;
 It makes the sway of empire's rod,
 It makes my Lacy serf or god,
 It pictured forth the loveliest scenes,
 Is matchless king of lovers' dreams,
 It paints my Henri perfect born,
 For love is blind the poets say."
 "Then Vale of all his beauty shorn,
 If love be gone and is away?"
 "A judge to name my thoughts' reply,
 'Twere loveliest found to 'Milia's eye,
 And yet his beauty quick might die,
 Should love take wings and cageless fly."
 "Enough. We dine. The morn is fled;
 I would thy Henri were not dead,
 For I, and more than any knight,
 Would see them face;—the tested fight
 Proclaim which there the matchless right
 To name Emilia wedded maid,
 And test and fray forever fade.
 But come. My arm shall aid thy step;
 All yestere'en's woe is gone;—forget;—
 The future now shall claim our thought,
 And memory faint where knights have fought."

Name not the power that held its sway
 While bard and verse no severing ray,
 While bard and verse as one with one,
 The glowing beauties 'neath the sun,
 Enraptured sky the dome of both,
 Till bard and verse be vainly loath
 To part, to live in other haunts,
 Tho' fairer scene, more beauteous fonts,
 To him, to her who sees the verse
 A barren field where notes rehearse

An empty tale of vanished years,
Where hearts and flowers in shedded tears,
Made mountains seem the little flecks
That marked the tale, to years the specks
That darked, that spotted other lives,
To them the binding power of gyves
Yet they alone to find the bulk
An outline dark, a wreckèd hulk
Against the sky where waters rave
And sing no song but mouldered grave.
The Lacy fought, and all to them!—
Shall heartless one the tale condemn?—
And Henri meet him face to face!—
Shall tameless ear no living trace
Of beauty, boldness, matchless skill,
On Tourney-ground, where chief his will,
In flight, to death? Away, away!
The sun shall sparkle bright, e'en gay,
The varied beauties twined around,
Shall raise the soul. The hoofs resound,
And on, and on, yet madly flies,
The morn is spread across the skies,
And Nature's beauty fills the soul
Of poet rapt, and oceans roll
Between, yet vain to less the view,
As fresh the scene as tho' the dew
Undried by sun was there to tell
The living life, the breasts that swell
In Beauty's fray, and reaching claim
The maid, the hero born to fame,
The common fact, the dullest phase,
The heavenly beauty there that lays
Its finger on the coarsest thing,—
And birds of Faery brighter wing?
The tale its faults, its beauties, yet
To bard the fault is Beauty's debt,
For bound in softest fancy's hue
The faults and beauties sparkle thro';
And passion gone, the voiceful Muse,
The faults and beauties soft transfuse.
'Twas various mood that shaped the tale,
A varied host did there assail,
A judgment finer than of man
To pluck the weeds that wildly ran,
And twined themselves with flowers rare;
And yet if weeds and flowers fair
Were not together mingled there,
The verse less true tho' fairer found,

And Paradise where joys confound,
A darkened vale, a gloomful scene;
The tale a joy that once had been;
For flowers unflect of weedy vine,
A sunless haunt, a darkened mine.
The days that rarest seem to me
Are days where rains have left their beauty.
One scene of love that Eden knew,
A living death across the blue.
'Tis light and shade that shape the joys
That fill the hearts of laughing boys;
'Tis light and shade that paint the views
That brighter shine thro' darkened hues;
'Tis light and shade more beauties claim
Than light alone where Edens reign;
For light and shade in beauty vie,
And tempt the rarest thought, the eye
That vainly looked for Beauty's charm,
Where flowers alone the deathly calm
To deck. Away! 'Tis light and shade
The rarest joys have vying made;
And he who'd trace the routes of life,
And find no light and shade at strife,
Were sooner leap the castle wall,
Where Shade has spread his darkened pall,
Where Light has won the princely seat,
And both as darkly, brightly meet.
Emilia's life a sunshine ray,
And naught to fleck the firelight gay,
Her tale no interest, shorn of charm,
Where all were peace, no vain alarm,
No struggling lovers in the fray,
No Tourney marked for morning ray.
The Henri came; he loved the maid;
They ramble there by hawthorn shade,
Unchanging, changeless! Noble sire
Has named them one The priest is there;
No woe, no strife. A castle home;
A wide expanse where love may roam;
A mountain rill; a laughing brook;
A modest shepherd bowed on crook
Shall see them there as twin with twin,
And naught of what there might have been,
But is! The tale were dead. No art,
Or magic from the poet's heart,
To paint the scene to please the eye
That has no kinship, wordless sigh.
But ah, but ah! 'tis varied life.

And light and shade at once in strife
Make glowing scenes. The tale is rife,
And varying man finds varying tale,
Where woes and joys in masks assail.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE FOURTH.

"The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sang of Border chivalry."—Scott.

Move on, my Pen! the goal is reached!
And who that ever bard impeached,
Has loathed the rhyme that won a view
From misty past, and painted true
Or false, as Nature's muse has named
Him rhymster, poet? An hour was claimed
To paint a phase of vanished life,
Where lover, warrior, in the strife,
Made Glory rise in proud array,
And crown the field with Victory!
Made love and country theme of right,
And named the hero in the fight,
O magic Past! thy honored shade
Is but the Now thro' time displayed,
With little change of general phase,
With little difference in the ways
That named the years when Now was naught,
And time no second time had wrought.
Thy spirit bolder, manned the field
And heroes born to die, not yield,
Met face to face as brave a foe,
And foe and foeman's blood should flow,
Ere axe or blade should soil the dust
That bravery dyed, or master thrust.
'Twas valor then and valorous war,
'Twas bravery won, no other law,
And he that raised the axe or blade,
Grew hero there or fell to fade;
No accident of reaching gun,
Where luck and chance together won
Made battle theirs, but bravest skill,
And blood was rushing like the rill,
And warrior, hero, coward fell!
Ah! who such magic story tell?
A Homer paints his Past, his Now,
For poets ever humbly bow

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

To things that were, that passing go
 Shall will a tale of joy and woe.
 'Tis he should ken the sweep of time
 And picture truly in his rhyme
 The past, the present, scene on scene,
 The things that were, that once have been,
 Make Nature's laws, and Life's his guide,
 And woo them each as flowered bride,
 And he who paints the truest tale
 Is proof against old Time's assail;
 No hurried pen shall win the years
 That seem like mist thro' falling tears,
 Unless the Muse in ecstasy
 Shall half inspire her Bard of beauty!
 So much is said, so many write,
 That time and tide shall ever fight
 For but the chiefest brain, the thought
 Where Poesy's fancies finer caught,
 Have wrought in master song, and bold
 Have soared the highest mounts of old,
 And years on years on single work,*
 Have made it Bride! Oh, never shirk
 A duty, further, better law
 Has made of use. To say I saw
 A needless error in the line,
 But hurried on to fairer clime,
 The task more easy truce to time,
 And time shall show it in thy rhyme.
 Oh, soar again the Scottish mounts,
 And Memory chiefest in the reign,
 Paint blasted splendors in the brain,
 Where rill and mountain, gurgling founts,
 Where heroes, warriors in the strife
 Where war's alarms are potent, rife,
 Where builded field a battle tells,
 Where martial music proudly swells,
 Where Memory's hand shall fall the home,
 And Scotchmen o'er the Wall of Rome,
 In predatory warfare name
 The justness of their native claim,
 And fighting there in Indian wile
 Defy them all that would defile.
 From towering height with master sweep,
 Let all the glowing colors teach
 A lesson of a Nation's life,
 This field that marked an English strife,
 A Scottish victory, grounded arms,

* *Paradise Lost, Childe Harold, etc.*

A battle o'er, the wild alarms
That come as heirs to every land
New born to life, and hand in hand,
Make Nations perish, rise to fall,
Or fall to rise. There seems a thrall
O'er every clime when first the axe
Of Civilization rings. The facts,
And every nation's earliest stage
Stamps blood and woe on history's page.

Now far to north and west the islands loom,
Yet hold no tale of Scotland's years of doom,
The bold North Sea that sweeps upon the east
Is muttering yet tho' Scotia's wars have ceast,
And on the South her grandest enemy rears
Her bannered hills and towers, but Albion's tears
Are mingled now with Scottish peasant, lord,
And each and each are bound by severless cord.
The seventy years of bickerings, maddened strife,
Are history's themes, and there alone are rife;
And on the west Atlantic's waves are heard,
But red and fallow deer, the roe, and bird,
The rabbit, fox, the badger, timid hare,
Have heard no tale of ruin once was there.
The golden eagle, ptarmigan, and pheasant,
Are free to fly, for wars are gone, and pleasant
Farm-vales with kine and golden glowing corn
Are spread to view, and cities rear in morn
Their hundred turrets, towers, steeples, all;
And Lowlander now can cross the Romish wall,
The Highlands free from blood and jealous hate,
For time has made the warring factions mate,
Admits the peaceful song and love of dreams,
No blood to roil the wild and laughing streams,
For gone, are gone the generations there
That fought for home and country, and despair
No guest of scene that now enchants the eye,
The vales and dales that bask beneath the sky—
My God! the poet's Muse is draped in shrouds!
A gloom has spread across the starless clouds!
And Queen America bowed in woe and tears
Laments assassin's blow, where grim appears
The fell destroyer, Death! and spreads his gloom
Across the skies, where lately flowerets' bloom
Was sweet o'er mountain, hill and dale, and Peace
In meek-eyed beauty, gave to woe release,
And greatest hour since Nation saw her birth
Rose, crowning her the Haven of all the earth!

The Russian murderer taught his dastard tale,*
 And Nations lent their tears, and rose a wail
 For headless Empire; scarce the tale was gone,
 When Treachery, pale-eyed with the faded morn,
 Rose dark and grim, and Nation's honored Chief
 Fell bleeding! Fifty millions in their grief
 Are bow'd low in tears; but bleeding hearts
 Have sent their stranger tears, and Glory starts
 In proudest love that universal rose
 A kindred wail for bleeding Chief! his woes!
 Our Country, poised between a Hope,—a Fear,
 Nations are bending low above thy bier!
 And broadest world has risen a kindred friend,
 And o'er thy woe the arching bow does bend.
 Thy grandest Day found Chieftain bathed in blood!
 And all the past seemed rushing like a flood
 Across the land, and muffled was the drum,
 And reverent tread. A wail above the hum,
 A holiday quick lost in blackest gloom,
 And hearts as one amid the national doom!
 Ah, Scotland! little recked the wedless Muse
 That Tale should find its end in death-cold dews,
 And all thy woes that name the living past,
 Should, crushed in one, rise grim upon the blast,
 And bow a Nation low in vainest tears,
 As pale-faced horse in startled Day appears!
 But faretheewell, my Scotia! other hands
 Have told thy tales, and twined the matchless bands
 About thy name! and stranger Muse in grief
 Must mourn in native tear for murdered Chief!

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

And memory's knights and pictures of the brain,
 Have won the mastery, reign in matchless reign;
 The chief, the knight, the hero, god, and brave,
 Are living 'gan tho' fact shall point their grave;
 Anachronism has borrowed, present, past,
 The knights may reign, and once again, their last,
 For later bard may start a searching Taine
 To paint his errors, Knighthood's ended reign,
 And hold to gaze of public, far and near,
 But fleshless knights that mime when they appear.

* The Murderer of the Czar.

The manners gone that naught but Genius claims,
 For mighty verse, and mighty brain that reigns,
 Where perished style, and manners; all are gone,
 And none but Scotts to shout "On! Stanleys, on!"
 And Faust an Epic where the truest gods,
 But he of lesser genius, brains, the odds
 Are such, he best would pick from modern page
 And leave the dead ephemeral things; his age
 Make glowing seem, in easy, softest phrase,
 And win the quickest fame. The master's ways
 Are seldom felt till Homers, Miltons die,
 And dullards stare where masters once did fly.
 A fame and name were least of all my knightly verse,
 'Tis love that sways, and tireless brain that does rehearse,
 Three minds alone that watch my weakly soaring muse,
 'Tis they that claim a claim where lesser minds refuse;
 But love of Poesy true, whate'er the world may say,
 Has caused the Whites, the Keats to sing the deathless lay.
 A poet's purse is ever sign of genius true,
 The modest muse the only maid that flowers strew;
 But greatest genius greatest patience knows,
 And poetry's balm shall sweet the poet's woes,
 E'en time and tide are naught where love shall reign,
 And master genius mans the poet's brain,
 And Christabels shall know a lengthened gloom,
 E'en Miltons' verse in silence live and bloom.
 The years are gone since She and I were wed,
 And many a friend finds place among the dead;
 But still nor month nor year has quenched my love,
 The stars are shining e'en as bright above,
 The birds as free are winging thro' the air,
 The clouds have come and gone,* a sky more fair†
 Is arching o'er my native land. A milder power
 Has swayed; and never nation brighter hour.
 Political stars have risen in the halls of fame,
 And heroes, poets died that claim a deathless name,
 New systems risen, fallen; old styles once again
 Reclaim a place among the new, and living reign;
 The town has grown, the Nation won a broader sway,
 The Stars and Stripes are floating yet. The poet's lay
 Is marked of peace. But wars are ringing o'er the sea,
 Drouth, famine, woe; and power crushing Liberty:—
 And yet my fame and name are wandering in the dark;—
 But on! my Muse! my thoughts are soaring with the lark!
 The knightly past has balmed my tameless soul,
 And Cæsars', Pompeys' chariots golden roll,

* The Nation's financial and other troubles. † Reference is had to the wholesome reign of President Hayes.

The pageant, feast, the pæan loud and long,
 The carnival, tourney, maids of matchless song,
 The thousand things that love and memory claim,
 An everlasting sweetness in the brain.
 The scholar's rule, the critic's rigid law,
 Who spoil the charm with heavy rule and saw,
 Would dull the charm of all poetic art,
 And paint a muse that never won the heart.
 And fair Emilia bards alone to love thee,
 Thou art as pure as stars that shine above thee,
 And could my muse paint you a fairer muse,
 The night should go, the ugly dream refuse;
 But yet the morrow hold a softer view,
 And yet the morrow paint a fairer blue,
 The morrow make thee bride of matchless knight,
 The morrow—Ah! and faster fades the light.
 The twilight shades in vying beauty play;
 The sun has sunk. 'Tis night, and Luna's ray
 Makes golden bars on 'Milia's nightly couch.
 A sleeping statue chiseled fair. I vouch:
 'Twas not the sleep of calmest dreams,
 For knights, and woes, and loves, in surging streams,
 Were sweeping there. A hush as death, the tomb;
 The pale cold rays of Luna bathed the room,
 The draperied couch shone faintly o'er the face,
 Where care and woe their lines did darkly trace,
 And love in misery matchless there in reign,
 Won bitter slumber. Breath and sob complain.
 She moves. Her eyes are staring thro' the night.
 She sees, but recks nor sleep. The mellow moonlight
 Is gloomed. A cloud has veiled her marble face.
 The night grows dark. A sound,—a voice,—no trace
 Of living presence save the sleeping maid,
 Yet slumber there in binding trance has stayed.

LADY EMILIA'S DREAM.

"Awake, my Emilia! the night's waning fast,
 The morning is dawning, the knights in the blast!
 Awake to the summons of Henri de Vale,
 Who cometh in strength with the star on his mail,
 The light on his brow, and the nod of his plume
 Shall make the De Lacy go down to his doom!
 Awake! and awake! or the lark of the morn
 Shall sing his loud lay, and thy Henri be gone!
 Awake! and awake! for the morrow's fair bride
 Shall win her true love in the blood-mingled tide.
 And the hero that sped in the wind of the morn
 Rise chiefest of chiefs in the Tournament dawn!

The Conrad lies sleeping in cold sodden grave,
 The years have been flying like sweep of the wave,
 My 'Milia from youth has arisen to power,
 And not her fair rainbow to gloom in an hour!
 The Henri came marching at head of his clan,
 To meet the Gravilles that e'er fought as they ran;
 The son of the father shall come with his sway,
 And love is the weapon the warriors shall slay.
 The feud that our fathers e'er named in their hate,
 Is thing of the past, and true lovers may mate!
 I come not to conquer the home of your sire,
 Or dig from the grave what should ever be there,
 But to win my true love with the sway of my skill,
 And name thee my bride, and the queen of my will!
 When the Conrad was named as the clay of the earth,
 Another and fairer grown brave from his birth,
 As bold in his arm and as great in his skill,
 Was chiefest of chiefs, undisputed in will,
 And reigning the king in the heart of thy sire,
 He bade me defiance, and all who'd aspire.
 We met in the fray by the moss-covered stone,
 'Twas Lacy nor I that would utter a groan;
 But came the wild sire on the mad-flying steed,
 The fray was abandoned, no more should we bleed.
 They pressed on my front, and they pressed on my back,
 Hurra for De Lacy, and mad on the track,
 His stallion and I like the sweep of the flood
 Were dashing and whirling, while faster the blood
 From wounds of his sword-blade was dying my cloak,
 And wilder the stallion, and madder he broke,
 Till fainting from strain and the loss of my blood,
 I fell from the steed, while his flight thro' the mud
 Fell dazed on my eye; and the warriors rushed hence,
 Nor sight of my form, for the bushes were dense.
 The light faded out, and the—warriors!—my sense
 Was gone, and the eye of the sun in the sky
 Was shining as bright as no warriors did fly,
 Or knight on the grass was awaiting to—die?
 But I live, my Emilia! to meet on the morrow
 The knight of the castle no sorrow does borrow,
 And the set of the sun in the glow of the even,
 Shall name you a bride, and as freely as given
 Your heart will respond, for the fray of the morning
 Shall crown thy Sir Henri the chief of the dawning;
 But yet, my Emilia, the night's fading fast,
 Awake from thy slumbers, and out in the blast!
 The steed is awaiting, and flight! and away!
 And savage De Lacy stands matchless in sway.

But the wish of thy heart in the fray of the morning,
 That Henri and Lacy should meet in the dawning,
 Is sacred as love to the heart of the lover
 When promise is given, and none are above her.
 The night and the morning in meeting are wed,
 The flight of thy Henri else Henri lies dead;
 So, adieu, my Emilia! in sweetness of slumber,
 Thy Henri's away ere the shackle shall cumber!
 A kiss in thy dreams ere thy Henri shall part!
 A kiss that springs lightly as love to the heart!
 And away from your dreams like the dew of the morn,
 The bubble that rises but sooner is gone!"

II.

And her eyes staring wildly, she broke from the dream,
 And rang thro' the castle the cry and the scream.
 The maid from her slumber (that lighter was none,
 For love in her breast did not wail, did not moan),
 Awoke with a start, and a mantle near by
 Was chief of her clothing as wild she did fly.
 "Oh, Lady Emilia!" and shook like a leaf
 The menial's form in her woe and her grief,
 As there in the room of the dream-wedded maid
 She paused, and she stared, was alarmed and afraid.
 "Oh, Letta, I have dreamed a horrid dream,
 My thoughts were flying wildly as a stream,
 I saw the Henri plainly thro' the gloom,
 He gave the past, the present, morrow's doom.
 'Twas but a dream, but ever painter made
 Could limn so true in beauty faultless 'rayed?
 And ever poet's matchless song and verse
 So sweetly, softly maiden's love rehearse?
 A dream, and yet the sweep of all my life,
 A dream; the knights were warring there in strife."
 "A paleness on thy cheek, and but a dream?—
 And I was dreaming, else a horrid scream—"
 "I cried aloud so perfect seemed the scene,
 But quell thy fear and show more modest mien
 Ere lord and knight shall enter here in haste,
 And not a dream or woe would there be traced
 On face of mine or semblance on your own,
 Else dagger-thrust—the cry—the parting groan;
 For Lacy's wrath would know no bounds if here
 He felt the Vale had come and gone—did clear
 The castle moat, and safety marked his way,
 As now he speeds him thro' the dawn of day—
 But hark! a heavy footfall sounds without!
 A knock! oh, Letta! move thee quick about,

As thou wert frightened now instead of I,
 As you it were that gave the larmèd cry!—
 Oh, father!—Lacy!—maid is frightened sore!
 I cried in dream, she bursts the creaking door!—
 She rushes here, half clothed, and wild of mien,
 And startled cries, a loud, a piercing scream,
 Brakes from her lips. But past. She's calmer now.
 Poor Letta, wilt my story disallow?"

"No, Lady, Letta heard thy startled scream;
 But—" "Startled?" "Then it was my horrid dream.
 I heard thy voice, and half awake I came.
 I see no reason thou shouldst bear the blame."
 "About that Vale I hold no doubt." "In truth,
 Her dreams are ever of that valorous youth;
 And who to blame her, Lord Graville? I love:
 No power of heart, of earth, of skies above,
 To guide a dream in other channel. I.
 My lord, would soothly see his knightly eye
 In fixedness soft melting to her gaze.
 No wish have I to name her bride if frays
 Shall crown the Henri victor in the field,
 And Lacy there is forced his bays to yield.
 The dreams of love are ever past the solving,
 'Tis then the thoughts and mind are wild revolving:—
 But come, my lord, the Tourney-day is breaking;
 The Gala dawned, the lords and ladies waking,
 Shall dream no dream but Victory there adorning
 The chiefest wight in 'Rora's fairest morning."

"A word, Emilia, may I hope the dreaming
 Has won no paleness. Axe and spear are gleaming,
 The buckler, helm, and corselet, greaves,—and you
 Outshone! Oh, never, 'Milia. Eyes of blue
 Are sparkling, and the hue of health has graced thee,
 And none of Beauty's train have e'er replaced thee.
 The Queen of Tourney! Chief among the maids!
 My pride no shock. And when the even fades,
 The Henri or the Lacy names thee bride,
 And tears of joy will flow in mingled tide."

"I thank thee for thy wisely proffered words,
 And 'Milia's heart as light as song of birds,
 And Lacy there stands Victor in the ring,
 And ne'er Emilia to his love shall fling
 The glove of hate; so, father, rest assured
 Whichever conquers,—has the best endured,
 Shall win my hand, and no dissenting voice
 Shall rise to mar the scene where all rejoice."

III.

The bell rang wild upon the air,
 Proclaiming o'er the castled land,
 That warriors come, and maidens fair,
 To ken the fray for Beauty's hand;
 And warders, heralds, went abroad,
 And faster, faster flew the news,
 The knight to come, the haughty lord,
 And knightless knights that would refuse.
 The morn was bright and clear as aye,
 And cloudless there the arching sky,
 And never fairer Gala day
 Held lord or knight a memory.
 The Henri brave had won a fame
 In all the border land,
 And many a knight would soothly claim
 Him master of her hand;
 But Lacy bold and Conrad brave,
 Had won a deathless fame,
 And many a warrior in his grave,
 That Beauty's hand did claim,
 Was sleeping now, for either's blade
 Had opened many a grave,
 And many a laureled name did fade,—
 And flowers o'er it wave.
 An open test to any wight
 Who'd dare the Lacy's blade,
 To warrior bold, and valorous knight,
 To any loved the maid;
 And lord, or youth, or courtier proud,
 Or warder, herald bold,
 Or any knight that mocked the shroud
 That nerveless limbs enfold.
 The blade of Lacy, axe, or spear,
 On horse, on ground, on foot,
 Should test the skill where they appear
 Who'd prove the tourney-moot.
 If but a test, then life were safe,
 But once the Beauty's hand
 Was held the game, and in good faith,
 Beware the Lacy's brand!

1.

"Oh would you see the gala-day
 That marks our border land,
 Then hie thee quick, and then away
 And fetch thy border brand,
 And fetch thy border brand.

2.

"The Lacy's here as bold as aye
With victory in his een,
And when the queen shall dark the day
He's king of all, I ween,
He's king of all, I ween.

3.

"Oh come ye one, oh come ye all,
And come ye with a will,
The Henri or the Lacy'll fall,
And each from lack of skill,
And each from lack of skill.

4.

"But Henri's dead they say, they say,
And yet a doubt, I trow,
He fled the roan away, away,
To death no man can know,
To death no man can know.

5.

"But dead and gone the fray goes on,
And Lacy worsts them all,
And he who's chiefest of the morn
Has Beauty in his thrall,
Has Beauty in his thrall.

6.

"I thrum the lute, and strike the lyre,
And fire my hero on,
My voice shall rise in notes of fire
Until the hero's born,
Until the hero's born.

7.

"My Lacy met the Conrad brave
And laid him in the dust,
The flowers bloom above his grave,
His blade has gathered rust,
His blade has gathered rust.

8.

"If Henri lives he'll dye the sod
With blood he ill can spare,
'Tis Lacy chief of axe or rod,
'Tis Lacy claims the Fair,
'Tis Lacy claims the Fair.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

9.

"But haste thee now, the bell has rung,
 Castellan out of breath;
 The heralds gone, the troubadour's sung,
 The fray 'tis life or death,
 The fray 'tis life or death!"

10.

"Oh come ye one, oh come ye all,
 Oh come ye blithe and gay,
 'Tis Lacy or the Knight shall fall,
 Or bear the prize away,
 Or bear the prize away."

11.

"The day is on, it won't be long
 Ere crowds are gathered here,
 The lute is strung, the pæan song
 Is bold upon the ear,
 Is bold upon the ear."

12.

"From moated bridge to castle tower
 The banners flaunt the breeze,
 The din, the majesty of power,
 Are soft upon the trees,
 Are soft upon the trees."

13.

"The tree, the rock, the donjon-tower,
 The high, the low, the place of power,
 Are filling fast, are filling fast,
 And thro' the blast, and thro' the blast,
 The castle bell has rung its last,
 The castle bell has rung its last."

IV.

And he that loves the border tale,
 And knighted chiefs that fight in mail,
 And vanished Tourney's Knighthood's days,
 And foolish poets' lovelorn lays,
 And scenes that Memory's hand shall paint,
 Where struggling chiefs and warriors faint,
 And valor names the knight alone
 Where truest bravery ever shone,
 And maids were won with matchless skill,
 And chief alone to name his will,
 Nor reaching gun nor felt nor known,
 But valor all claimed Beauty's own,

Shall list the tale where masters reign,
 And native song from native brain,
 A thousand joys has scattered round
 In sweet profusion o'er the ground,
 And live for aye the Minstrel's tale,*
 And knights and warriors clad in mail.
 If seneschal, and harder; names
 A native tongue in art reclaims,
 Have found no place within my verse,
 'Twere smoother numbers would rehearse.
 The Indian words, and jagged names
 That many a poet ever claims,
 My Goldsmith shunned, my deathless Burns,
 And every bard that smoothness yearns.
 'Twere easy thing for poet's brain
 To roll like boulders words of fame;
 But he who'd win the critic and the world,
 Should couch his verse in language where unfurled
 Are banners that shall claim the Beauty's eye,
 The swain's, the scholar's, poet's. Verse to fly
 The higher thought in language pure and terse,
 Where Beauty reigns supreme o'er Beauty's verse.
 The Proclamation far and near had gone,
 And never shone a fairer Tourney morn.
 The borderer, knight, and Highland chief,
 The maid of love, and woe, and grief;
 The mailed chief on barded steed,
 The warrior bold to claim the meed
 Of public's wild and loud applause,
 The knight that knew the Tourney laws
 By heart. The bard, the lover, youth;
 The holy seer and man of truth;
 And some in mail, in courtly dress,
 In beauty, maidens that confess
 The god of Love's unswerving reign;
 The courtier, lord, were in the train;
 A various view as one could see,
 And shimmering gold, and maids of beauty
 The burnished shield, the helmet barred,
 The knighted chiefs all silver starred,
 The wimpled, and the beavered face,
 And Chivalry there its lines did trace;
 The cap-a-pied wight, and champion brave.
 And many a plume did nodding wave.
 The straying jowler, hunting beagle,
 The helmèd hat with flying eagle;

*Scott.

Castellan, minstrel, singing bard;
 The flying banners flowered, starred;
 The page, the squire, the yeoman, all;
 Retainers, heralds, warders. Fall
 Within the crowd the strong, the brave,
 The knight, the courser. Banners wave;
 The hum of many voices. Horns
 And trumpets. Ballad-monger scorns
 Not there to sing his pæan loud;
 The high, the low, the haughty, proud;
 All, all seemed there; but chief in reign,
 The fairest maid that ever swain,
 Or knight, or chief bowed humbly to,
 'Neath starlit dome in even's dew.

v.

Emilia, Queen of Beauty and of Song,
 To her as Queen the Tourney did belong,
 To her the every eye was yearning turned,
 And many a warrior's heart hath madly burned
 For lesser maid in charm of face and heart,
 For lesser maid where Eros winged his dart,
 And lives were one no lesser god could part;
 And placed on high above the surging throng,
 Where floated lute, and lyre, and pæan song,
 She marked the face and form of coming knight;
 But ah, but ah, no Henri met her sight!
 "Oh, was he dead?" Ambition there was won,
 But sorely, sorely fell the scene. The sun
 Rose high and clomb the tallest castle tower.
 The glancing mail and shield, the throne of power,
 Reflected bright the dazzling rays.
 The ring is formed. The trumpet brays;
 The heralds, warders, chief of chiefs,
 Are prancing there. But grief of griefs,
 The forming mass, the trumpet notes,
 The banner there that softly floats;
 All, all to her a dreary sight.
 "My daughter!—paleness!—oh, so white!
 Thy Henri'll come, and chiefest here,
 Win fame with axe, or sword, or spear.
 The Tourney yet is not of death,
 No warriors fight with heavy breath,
 'Tis joust, and test that name the hour
 Till valorous knight shall meet the power
 The Lacy owns, but then a care!
 'Tis death, the coming knight, and where

To match De Lacy long in song
 As Bravery's chief?" The surging throng
 Is wilder grown. The Tourney on,
 Excitement, every calmness gone.
 In mockery fray two knights are met,
 And never warrior bolder yet.
 The spears are couched, the stallion flies;
 A heavy shock, but neither dyes
 The other's breast with darkened blood;
 But from his saddle to the sod
 The venturous knight is hurled. The cheers
 Are ringing loud, unborn of fears,
 For feudal arm and feudal fray,
 Are chiefest there, are all display.
 Another knight shall mount the steed,
 Another stallion madly freed,
 Shall teach a fear to softer breast,
 Tho' anger's wounds are not redressed.

VI.

The music floats, the prancing steeds
 Are wilder grown. The trampled weeds
 No deeper dye; 'tis sport, a tilt,
 No gushing wound, no reddened hilt,
 No blood that anger's haste has spilt.
 They meet!—a crash!—a wild huzza,
 From castle, tree, from near and far.
 The Queen of Beauty dreamy-eyed,
 No Henri's form has there descried,
 And wandering thoughts have won her brain,
 Tho' knights are there in maddened reign.
 A day-dream view. She sees the knights,
 The crowd, the steeds, the flags, the flights;
 She hears the wild huzza, the lute,
 The trumpet, drum. Graville, pale, mute,
 She sees. The flashing eye. The sweep
 Of horse 'gainst horse, the shock, the leap;
 She sees the knights on foot, their helmets,
 Their shields,—the braver overwhelms;
 The armor donned, and then replaced
 By cloak, the mailless form is traced;
 The swords are crossed, and lightning stroke
 Falls rapid; ringing sounds have broke
 Upon the ear, the flashing blades,
 The tireless hand.—A mist it fades,
 Her eye an empty look. A song
 Is floating, sounds a heavy gong,
 Till voice, and tone, and prophet's word

Rang boldly, every heart was stirred.
 A mailed knight with beaver drawn,
 On barded steed came sweeping on!
 His mail of blue no warrior knew,
 Nor charger on whose back he flew,
 Nor anything about the knight,
 Who mail-clad, steel-clad, handsome dight,
 Sang loudly pæan notes of fire,
 As any, all, were challenged there!

VII.

SONG.

“I come not to conquer the home of your sire,
 Or dig from the grave what should ever be there,
 But to win the fair Queen with the sway of my skill,
 And name her my bride and the choice of my will;
 And Lacy the king in the breast of thy sire,
 He bade me defiance, and all who’d aspire,
 And no morrow shall dawn o’er his pain or his woe,
 For the blood of his breast in the Tourney shall flow,
 And warriors and maids that have sighed at his skill,
 Shall bend like the willow, the form cold and still,
 And the tears of their eyes, and the sighs of their heart,
 Shall be o’er the glory that rose but to part.
 The Conrad he conquered in years that are gone,
 And his skill and his valor rose chief with the dawn.
 The fray with the axe, and the spear, and the blade,
 Gave him name, gave him fame, that the years do not fade.
 But Tourney is on when the might of his sway
 Shall fade like the star in the dawn of the day,
 And victor unknown shall retire from the view
 Of the sire of the maid if the knight clad in blue
 Shall feel not his eye in its pride and its glory
 In kindliness fixed, and age old and hoary,
 Shall give not his hand to the victor in waiting,
 But name the alliance but fatal in mating!
 I challenge the Lacy to mortal combat,
 And never than Lacy a bolder knight sat;
 Tho’ Conrad lies sleeping in cold sodden ground,
 With naught of the Tourney nor warrior knights round,
 But the bird of the air or the sigh of the wind,
 Yet lives there a knight in whose valor shall find
 The star of his glory fast sinking in gloom,
 And the Lacy the Conrad shall be in his doom!
 They smile on his glory of Lacy in death,
 They weep and they wail, but the dew of their breath
 Is chill as the sweat that shall cover the dead
 When Lacy, his glory and victory are fled,

And the light of the morn e'en as mellow and fair
 Shall shine on the dead, but no Lacy is there ;
 And the sigh of the wind and the song of the bird,
 Are soft on the morn, but no Lacy has heard !"
 And loudest huzzas on the morning were breaking,
 The hills and the mountains in echoes awaking.

VIII.

But coldly calm, imperative arose
 The Lord Graville: "And are ye cowards, foes!
 This bold-songed knight and all defiant here!
 Up, up! and mount for fame, and love; and cheer
 The Lacy, ever matchless found, and teach
 The stranger knight more civil word and speech!"
 Sir Maynard, ever first in border raid,
 The theme of verse, and never far dismayed,
 Bold sprang to horse, and charged upon the knight,
 Who couched his lance, and spurring as for flight,
 As bravely met the knight as any chief
 Could wish. A shock, and Maynard came to grief.
 A loud huzza, as rolling in the dust
 The angry Maynard, never more to trust
 The mystic knight. A first, a second there,
 Has met the warrior. Hope against despair;
 But now a loud, a deafening sound, and Lord
 De Lacy, prancing wildly o'er the sod,
 Enclad in darkest mail, bold dashes thro'
 The ring, and face to face with knight of blue,
 Thunders: "The Tourney's not of blood, and yet
 The Lacy many a braver knight has met!
 'Tis Queen of Beauty's hand, and life or death!
 Sir Knight, and brave, darest breathe above thy breath?"
 The answer came; but cheer, and wild applause,
 And louder yet: "Come on ye Chief of Outlaws!"
 Commingled, drowned the words. "Our Lacy's won
 The bravest Conrad. Ever fray begun
 That vanquished Sir de Lacy dyed in blood;
 'Twere children's play that marked the fray of wood!"

IX.

All, all the scene she saw, the rallying heard,
 The speech, the cheer, the hot, the angry word.
 She gazes, 'tis the empty sight of dreams!
 The knights are met! The dark mail, blue mail gleams.
 Applause, and cheers, and voices strike her ear.
 "On, on! De Lacy! Teach thy border spear
 A deathly art, and pierce the silken mail
 Of him who dares the Lacy's life assail!"

They charge ; a jar ; a heavy shock ; a hush ;
 A deathly calm. 'Twas harmless. 'Gan they rush ;
 The steeds are foaming. Statues stood the throng,
 And wonder grew. And who so matchless strong ?
 The Lacy pants, shows signs of sudden fear,
 But crash ! and broken falls the Lacy's spear !
 Another tougher, bolder made, for foe
 Seems stronger found. The reddened blood does flow ;
 'Tis Lacy's ! No, the knight that fights in blue !
 "Up, up ! my bowing plumes, the fray renew !
 On, on ! Sir Knight ! on, on ! my Lacy, too !
 And never Tourney-fray more matched and true."

X.

The music floated. Drowned with cheer and cry,
 Its melody heard nor felt. The stallions fly,
 A heavier crash, and tumbling to the ground,
 The maddened Sir de Lacy up doth bound.
 "And who Sir Knight that hurls the Lacy down ?"
 But cheers, applause, the angry accents drown !
 The drum, the trumpet, fainter harp and lute,
 In dissonance wild jarring. Silent, mute,
 The angry Lord Graville. Nor word, nor sound ;
 'Twas wonder, fear his form and accents bound.
 "Unhorsed by accident, for never knight
 So bold a deed !" the Lacy cried. The flight
 Of free-reined steed, the cheers, the wilder cries,
 The mad commotion. Wilder yet he flies.
 "Dismount, and battle-axe shall win the field,
 And never a Sir de Lacy yet shall yield !"
 And quick as thought, yet silent, calm, as brave,
 He leaped the ground, and never choice did crave.
 The crowd are cheering. Wildness rampant there.
 The flashing sun, the castle, maidens fair ;
 The hurrying heralds, warders, courtiers, knight ;
 The banners flaunting blue, and gold, and white ;
 The champing steed, the straying dog, the flash
 Of spear, of shield, of greaves. The heavy crash ;
 The minstrel, bard, the lute, the harp. The cry :
 "On, on ! De Lacy ! Never fairer sky
 To meet a foe !" In mingled sound, and view,
 Are breaking, flashing there. The Knight in Blue
 Is rushing now ! The Lacy meets him bold.
 The crowd are still, the lute, the harp. Behold !
 They meet ! and heavy axes ring the air.
 The mystic knight is brave, but signs despair !
 He staggers ! falls ?—No, never ! Braver yet,
 The cheers loud ringing Lacy lord is met !

The blows are heavy, helmets are cleft in twain,
 The Lacy falls! A rush. The knights restrain
 The maddened crowd. But Lacy gains his feet.
 "Again, Sir Knight, the Lacy's force shall meet
 Thy mightier force. On horse, on ground, with spear,
 With axe, thy strength has won. The crowd shall cheer,
 A louder, madder cheer, ere Lacy's blood
 Shall dye the sod where he and Valor stood!"
 And now the cheer, the noise, the shout, the din,
 The music soft, voluptuous; hill and linn
 In echoes sound, resounds the noise. Emilia,
 And pallid white, sits calm, and never stir
 Of handkerchief, hand, of flag, of axe, of spear,
 But chains her eye where seen a sparkling tear,
 As love, as dread, as doubt, as hope 'gainst hope,
 Had won their mingled reign. While there to grope
 In dark of gloom, she silent sat, and yet
 Her face has changed ere knights again are met.
 A deathly pallor, hectic flush, and fixed
 Her trembling eye as one unnerved, transfixed,
 Upon the form of mystic Knight. She starts!—
 But sounds the trumpet. "Thine the art of arts,
 Sir Knight; and were the Vale alive—were here!
 With sword, with axe, with mace, the border spear,
 I'd prove that Valor's Chief is living yet!
 For never braver knight has Lacy met!
 And Conrad less in prowess, less in strength,
 E'en Lacy feared his sword, but length to length,
 He fought the trysting-fray, and Lord Graville,—
 A moment later Lacy's form was still!"
 Surprise and cheers commingled now. "And I,
 Sir Lacy, give thy word so false, the lie!"
 And Lord Graville from thronèd power arose,
 "And he's a knave, and ranks among my foes
 Who palters nonsense thus!" "Ah, Lord Graville,
 You little reck the strength, the power, the skill,
 Of Henri Vale!—But come! They shout I pause
 To rest!—Sir Knight, again the right of laws
 That names the weapons. Third, and aye! the last
 Shall be in mailless garb with sword!" A blast
 From trumpet. Heralds rush about. The crowd
 Is madly cheering. Rings the bell aloud.
 The third and last of feudal tourney frays;
 The third and last! The sun in fiery blaze
 Is pouring there. From sod and velvet seat
 The courtiers, maids, have risen now, and meet
 In glance the flashing eye. The third—the last,
 And blood, and death!—The day, the night is past,

And who the victor?—Rings the Pæan now!—
 Emilia, ah, a lily pale does bow!
 And Lord Graville?—A paleness on his brow!

SONG.

1.

“Come ye one, come ye all, for the third and the last,
 No corslet, no helmet, is now in the blast;
 The fray in the wood by the moss-covered stone,
 The fray with the Conrad all bravely alone;
 The fray of the past, and present and all,
 The fray of the frays, but a braver shall fall,
 A braver of deed, and a wilder of skill,
 And the blood shall be gushing, and flow like the rill,
 And the moans of the maids, and the matrons, and fair,
 Shall rise on the wind, and the crowd in despair,
 Shall rush like the stallion that dashes the plain
 When the battle is o’er, and the dying and slain
 Are piled like the hills in their life and their death,
 Where havoc has swept them with sweep of a breath,
 And the woe of all woes seems as thick in the blast
 As the cries of the living when life breathes its last.

2.

“The Queen of the Tourney in Beauty and Glory
 Shall reign with her sire who is old, gray and hoary,
 And he who was victor in frays without number,
 Shall rise in his might as in death shall he slumber.
 The rapier, sword in its magical sway,
 Shall flash in the morn and be crown of the day,
 And he who is master of sword as of spear,
 The Lacy shall lay on his last resting bier!
 They meet,—and the stallions are mad in their sway;
 They meet,—and the riders are wild in the fray;
 They meet,—and the helms are now cloven in twain;
 Unhorsed is the Lacy, but not of the slain!
 The crowd is loud cheering, yet Lacy is there,
 As brave as a hero e’er fought for the fair,
 And wrath in his step, and the movements of hate,
 He leaps to his feet, but is matchless to mate,
 The mystic Sir Knight who is grim as a fate.

3.

“The chargers withdrawn, with the axe and the shield,
 The Knight and the Lacy. But neither shall yield?—
 They meet like the warriors that fought in the past
 When Glory and Valor had known not their last,
 And the ring of the axe and the dissonant steel
 Broke loud on the air, and no warrior’s appeal

Was heard on the wind, and no quarter, no cry;
 For each in the action would conquer or die.
 The Lacy Achilles, and Hector, 'mayhap,
 The mystic Sir Knight with the blood in his track;
 Yet the axe and the shield shall there laurel the knight,
 Who Hector—Achilles shall stand in the fight.
 The axes are ringing, and Lacy is down,
 But hid 'neath the beaver, the pain and the frown,
 And wild in his ire, his demands are the sword,
 Tho' death be his master, and wasted his blood.

4.

"Come ye one, come ye all, for the third and the last
 Shall picture the hero whose glory is past,
 And roses and bays, and the laurels around
 Shall shine on the Victor by Beauty's hand bound,
 And the cheers of the crowd, and the words of Graville
 Shall fall on his ear, while his sway and his skill,
 Shall sound in the song, and be wafted on high,
 While the conquered lies bleeding, and groanings shall die,
 And the maids and the matrons shall weep and shall wail,
 And the warriors all staring shall shake in their mail,
 And the earth and the sky shall be filled with the woe
 Of the dying,—the dead, and the warrior laid low:
 But Queen of the Houris shall rise on the throne
 And welcome the hero that conquered alone,
 And the tones of the maiden shall fall on his ear
 As soft as the dew or the flower-shed tear,
 And sweet be the morrow for husband and bride,
 And joys without number shall flow in the tide!"

XI.

The trumpet sounds, and boldly Lacy cries:
 "In mailless garb, and warrior lives or dies!"
 And maddened there he hurls the helmet down,
 And deafening are the cries, his accents drown.
 The corselet madly torn from reeking breast,
 A moment more and mailless knight confest!
 "And now my visored hero bare thy face!
 'Tis Lacy's blade would give thee resting place!
 'Tis Lacy's chiefest weapon wins the day,
 And proves him more than Hector in the fray!"
 The crowd is moving;—cheers;—a wildness there,
 And who the Knight? Does Sir de Lacy dare
 Meet face to face the man of master skill,
 And fear no death? A knight in goaded will
 A moment pauses, then a sweeping glance,
 The warriors, maidens, all, seem bound in trance,

Then mystic Knight as calm, as cool, before
 The fastened gaze, did trace the grassy floor,
 And, "Ladies, warriors, he of matchless skill,
 Has fought me thrice—the fourth—the last shall spill
 His blood or mine! The glove is boldly flung!
 The challenge, music on my ear has rung—"
 "Bare! bare! Disclose! and time the rest shall tell!"
 The various cry from hundred throats, and fell
 The eyes upon the moveless form. A space,
 And axe, and shield, are flung, but Knight, no trace.
 A deathless silence—falls the plume—the helm!—
 The cheers,—the cries,—the shouts, the crowds o'erwhelm
 For warrior brave that stood in glittering mail,
 Was there revealed and, stood Sir Henri Vale!

XII.

The cry, the shout, the deafening din rang loud.
 "Emilia faints!" resounds in accents proud.
 "The Lacy staggers! Live the matchless Vale!"
 "And now, my Lacy, wilt thy Chief assail?"
 And saw Emilia Vale in gaudy gold,
 With dark and richest velvet fold on fold,
 And started, fainted; 'gan she hears the cries!
 A flash! 'Tis gone! She opes her tear-dewed eyes!
 The father bends above her form. "My child,
 My child, art faint? And oh—" In accents wild,
 "The fray! the fray!"—The Lord Graville: "And on,
 Sir Lacy!—Henri Vale!—and thou art lorn.
 The Lacy now shall fight in goaded madness!"
 All eyes are fixed. A half-prevailing sadness
 O'ershadows fair Emilia's face, for now
 Is life and death! Shall Lacy disavow
 The matchless prowess, skill of Henri Vale,
 And fearless there in mightiness prevail?

XIII.

The trumpets sound. The crowd is silent now,
 And softest lyre is heard. Does Lacy cow?
 Ah, never, never! Goaded madness there,
 And boldly gives the angered stare for stare.
 Two eyes are met that flash the hate of hate;
 Two foes are met that matchless are to mate;
 Two forms are drawn where power and strength are claimed;
 Two swords are crossed, and maddened eye has flamed;
 The word, the sign, and sword-blows cut the air;
 The word, the sign, and rivals fighting there,
 Are madly wroth, are madly seeking life,
 And death of highest noon shall end the strife.

XIV.

The Lord Graville in wonder, doubt's amaze,
Is fixed and staring. "Last of matchless frays!
And who the Victor! Lacy of the dead?"
He asks. The crowd is pressing.—Soul is fled?
No, silent there as shackled slave, Emilia,
And pallid, cold,—and not a lash does stir!
Her gaze as fixed as pictured heroine!
She hears the horns, the crowd, the sharpened din!
'Tis Henri now and not the mystic Knight!
Shall Lacy find a better skill, or flight
Be culmination, consummation!—Oh!
To know the end, the fray, the all, her woe!
She sees the knights. The cheers are ringing now!
Her father's words: "And Lacy faltering bow?
No, never! On, my Lacy!—on, my Vale!
'Tis madly, madly there the knights assail!
How matchless brave! Oh truly balanced skill!—
My choice with either wins!" The cries are shrill.
"Thy guard! thy guard! the Henri's naked blade
Has pierced thy breast!"—"The Henri's sword is stayed!"
"Ah, splendid, Lacy!"—"Guard! thy guard! Sir Vale!"
"The Lacy's blade has found a sheath! The Tale
Is o'er! No! no! the Henri's magic parry
Has saved him. Lacy's blade death seems to carry.
Huzza! huzza! the blood is flowing, flowing!
Two eyes in angry hate are madly glowing!
They feint, they meet, the blades are crashing now!
The knights are cheering, maidens weeping. Bow,
Lady Emilia. No! The death-thrust made
And love shall leap thy cheek! But yet arrayed
The dauntless Lacy in his magic power,—
And Henri Vale!—his plumes o'er Lacy's lower!
Excitement's reign marks Lacy's blows. The Vale
A calmness reckless souls shall know. The wail
Of maids, the warriors' cheers commingled there;
And ever stouter heart?—a stouter dare?
The Lord Graville excited now. "And claim
The laurels now, my Lacy!—Vale!—The slain
Are themes of song, the living chiefest fame!
On, on! Sir Henri! 'Milia has thy name!—
And on, Sir Lacy!—art thy angers tame?"
And rising there he cheered them on. They meet!
'Tis Desperation veils the brow! Ah, sweet
The name of Victory! Aye, 'tis death or fame;
A lasting gloom,—a living, laureled name!
They parry, thrust, and forward move, and back.
They thrust, they pierce, and blood shall trail the track!

"Tis o'er!" and cheers rang loud upon the air!
 'Tis done!—'tis death!—'tis Lacy's silent there!
 The crowd is rushing wildly, steeds are flying!—
 'Tis Lacy's last! The laureled knight is dying!
 Leaves Glory in the Victor's crown! Graville:
 "And welcome, thrice I welcome! Have thy will;
 The Maid is thine!" And moveless there the crowd,
 In hush as death, saw gray-haired Lord, and proud,
 Place fair Emilia's hand in Henri's palm,
 And ended thus the fray, the wild alarm.

"And Henri, as the Trysting-spot I scan,
 The gray moss-covered stone, the breezes fan,
 The bird-notes sound, the brooklet sings as yore,
 The unbidden tear will flow." "'Tis gone! No more!
 Thy father long is dead. De Lacy's name
 Is half forgot; and Memory all to claim
 The scenes of Knighthood's magic reign. The sun
 Is smiling in the west. Our lives begun
 When youth and beauty marked our form. 'Tis past.
 No more the sound of war-drums on the blast;
 No more a Lacy—Henri meet as one.
 'Tis gone, 'tis past, 'tis done, forever done."
 And bowed with sweet and bitter memories, turn
 They back, retrace the path thro' wood and fern.

L'EN-VOY.

My reader lost in Knightly charm,
 Adieu! A word the least of harm,
 Yet full of something sad, half sweet,
 And said when lovers part. We meet,
 Are gone. Adieu the lingering word,
 The last on lip, the last that's heard;
 And sweetest Fancy's softest Lay
 Is thine. We met; a night, a day.
 And oceans sweep between. 'The bard
 Forgot, and others golden starred,
 Have blocked the view. But such is fame,
 A bauble, but a poet's claim!
 And now a second, last adieu,
 May lady win her lover true,
 And lover win his maid,
 And stars that shine in bed of blue
 Shine not their love to fade!

"And you, my naughty Mabel, art the maid,
 And I the Henri! E'en is waning fast,
 Our farmer-homes the less than castle grand;

But come." "A pretty tale, John Elmer." "You
To judge, not I. The world alone shall say,
Not single critic. Fame's a venturous game."

"Oh, Memory! sweet and sad thy reign did borrow
Sweetness and sadness.—Yet away.—Thy speed,
Wild Master! Louder cries are breaking now!
The chaise is turned! Good heavens! my Mabel Martin!
Oh, Mabel, are you hurt?" "John Elmer!
And not among the dead! 'Twere joy to die—"
"No! no! my Mabel Martin. Live and be
My bride!" Her injuries slight, a wedding day
Soon dawned, and Mabel Martin took the name
That parent's heart had thought to be of fame.



THE FALLEN MAPLES.

Lament, lament, ye poet's all,
My maple trees are dead,
By vandal hands at mammon's call,
And all their fragrance fled ;
Twice three there were in stately grace
Beside my prison wall,
But vacant now their lovely place,
For money made them fall.

Oh shame ! oh shame ! that nature's beauty
Should sacrifice be made,
And basely seem a woodman's duty
To rob their mellow shade,
That Phœbus-god might shimmer there,
Tho' bird should never call ;
But ah my trees once fresh and fair,
'Twas money made you fall !

'Tis winter time, and snows are round,
No birds to carol here,
But when the grass shall grace the ground,
And they shall re-appear,
How sad the thrush, the blackbird's note,
The robin in her call,
How sad the note from many a throat
Where money caused their fall.

Oh, Money ! Money ! why should you
So curse my fragrant shade ?
Will lucre's gain the joy renew
My maples sweetly made ?
Look now with me on vacant spot,
And tell me if with all,
Their beauty should have been forgot,
And money cause their fall.

The spring will come, and flowers bloom,
The poet's time return,
And then my trees more true your doom
Will show in eyes that learn
How sweet your shade 'neath Phœbus' rays,
When noontide bird shall call,
And men shall smoke and boys shall play
Where money caused your fall.

The bridge of sighs that spans the mills,
With laughing river near,
No more shall be the haunt that fills
My heart with homely cheer,
For gone the trees that met my view,
While, stolen moments all,
I gazed in sky where hue on hue
Saw money cause their fall.

No prison grim or palace grand
Made bridge a bridge of sighs,
'Twas longing here where skies expand,
And mountains grimly rise,
For nature's walks and meadows green,
Where redbreast sweetly call,
But come not near my maple scene,
For money caused their fall.

Three weepers left to mark the place
Where once were greenly growing
My maple trees with shadeful face,
With numbers softly flowing
From many a throat of lively cheer,
Or songful birds a-calling,
From spray to spray in notes so clear,
Ere vandal axe was falling.

Man's duller brain has robbed the yard
Of more than half its glory,
And weeping maid and weeping bard
Shall tell the doleful story;
And trio trees shall stand in gloom,
And waving over all,
Proclaim their fate, their early doom,
How money caused their fall.

When songful bird in spring shall come
To court my maple shade,
Will not their merriest song be dumb?
And all their wild notes fade?

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And nest of brush, ah will it be
 Among my maples tall?
 Will e'er again it grace the tree
 That money caused to fall?

Will mother-bird dare fix her nest
 In maples weeping there?
 On crooked spray tho' verdure drest
 The scene as rich and rare,
 And tempting made the mellow shade
 To lark, to thrush, and all,
 And feel these trees may never fade,
 Or money cause their fall?

The snowbird's song in requiem note
 In 'Rora's sheening glory,
 Descends my ear from saddened throat
 And mournful sings the story
 But ah the songs in winter's reign,
 Or springtime softer falling,
 Cannot restore to me again
 What money's been despoiling!

IN THE DELL.

I.

In the dell the flowers are blooming,
 O'er the stream the blossoms hang;
 And the bees are humming sweetly
 Where the songsters lately sang.

II.

Flowers are blooming by the stream-side,
 Lilies nod against the breeze;
 And a perfect shower of flowers
 Hang in beauty from the trees.

III.

Grasses line the winding water,
 Cherry-blossoms nod above;
 Making just a merry tryst-shade
 For a maid to fall in love.

IV.

There reflected from the mirror,
 Made from out the glassy stream,



IN THE DELL.

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**

Shine the weeds and flowers together,
Like some fairy's tangled dream.

V.

Bees are all about the flowerets,
Bees are winging o'er the tide;
Here is where a lovely poet
Should encrown his lovelier bride.

VI.

Just above the glassy water
See that slowly winging bee,
And the backward reaching darkness
O'er the water 'neath the tree.

VII.

What a rare and lovely picture,
What a cool and precious scene;
Trees and bees and sparkling water,
With the grasses growing green!

VIII.

Here with book and rarest culture,
In the mellow twilight hour,
What a lovely little Eden
For a reader's rarest bower!

IX.

With the cool airs all about you,
And the murmur of the tide;
And the over-arching treetops
Hanging o'er the waters wide.

I KNEW NOT WHY.

I loved her then, I knew not why;
'Twas easiest thing to love and sigh,
Angel her form and stars her eye,
A maid of realms that have no shade,
Where twinkling stars and waters played
With amorous thing of thought,
And smiling love and perfect maid
In other's arms were caught.

We danced the mazy dance of love,
That came of chance down from above,
Defying the world and warful Jove,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And battle's din and woes of war ;
 For love the king with greater law,
 Was master of the hour,
 And heeded not the parson's saw
 That fell with potent power.

Tho' "love and life were all a dream,"
 We 'rayed our boat with garlands green,
 And sweetly sailed the honeyed stream,
 That wound as wild as natural brook,
 A shepherd's thoughts upon his crook,
 Ambition's flights the while,
 A varied mirror where to look
 For beauty's matchless smile.

The earth, the air, the sea, the sky,
 The dells "where breezes pause and die,"
 And perfect love might harmless lie,
 Soft sailed our love in ship of dreams,
 No helm did need, for waveless streams
 Were charmed by Cupid's art,
 And silvery routes in moonlight sheens
 Before the prow did part.

Our ship sailed on the glassy sea,
 As grand a ship as ship could be ;
 The crew was gone and love was free,
 And love and life were on the deck,
 Not any shade the ray to fleck,
 Or doubt with curseful vow ;
 And Cupid there a rosy speck,
 Stood dancing on the prow.

SONG OF EROS.

Eros the steersman of the ship,
 With laughter in his looks,
 Smiled at the moon, its nether lip
 That arched in mellow crooks,
 And in a voice of rosy calm :
 'As sure as hornéd moon,
 The maid shall be an endless charm,
 And lure you to your doom.

"The priest will come with reverend smile
 And tie you in a knot,
 And all the earth shall be the while
 A mist, a thing forgot ;

Your steps will fall on downy beds,
And streets of sanded gold,
And pass your days like flower that sheds
Its dew upon the wold.

"Your mind shall be the Cupid then
To ray or gloom your sky,
The years will go, and scenes of men
Shall pass before your eye;
But love as sweet as ever found
Shall come at beck of will,
And wreath your lives in garlands round
That grace the muses' hill.

"The earth shall take the hue of love,
And Eden be your home,
If mind shall be of light above
That rays the heavenly dome."
And when the Harp of Life was swept
With soft and tremulous hands,
The living truth upon us crept,
And fell in golden sands.

A PRAYER FOR THE NATION.

Mother Mary, soft and sweetly,
Hear, oh hear my evening prayer,
Accents soft and accents meekly
Praying for thy guardian care.

Ours is now a mighty nation,
Born of blood, and war, and strife;
In thy love and adoration
Crown us with the crown of life.

Hear my prayer as one who prayeth
From the heart and heart alone;
Where the higher feeling swayeth,
And the light of God has shone.

Teach our nation in her glory
Higher thoughts and higher aims
That the annals of her story
Shine with time's immortal names.

May the parties in their powers
Hold their country and their God
Dearer than the laurel flowers
Blooming but to deck a lord.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Crown with wisdom hands that guide us,
And the love that sways the world,
That no power shall e'er divide us,—
Raze the Stars and Stripes unfurled.

Shed the peace that comes of praying
In a language of the heart,
And the nation's name arraying
With a glory shorn of art.

May our ruler in his power
Rule in love and rule in peace,
That the emblem olive flower
'Ray his brow, the nation's Chief!

May the Senate in its greatness
Win the plaudits of the land,
Reigning there in wisdom mateless,—
Wielding power with humblest hand.

May the people of the nation
Teach the men that hold the helm,
Honest aim shall win ovation,
Not the frauds that overwhelm.

Give us peace if we're deserving,
Give us love that wins a crown;
Give us strength in truth unswerving,—
Shed thy choicest blessing down.

Mother Mary, soft and sweetly,
Hear, oh hear my evening prayer,
Accents soft and accents meekly
Praying for thy guardian care.

ROBERT BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

1.

Thou reader of the classic muse,
Wilt turn aside the tale peruse,
That darks with woe my pages?
Then hie with me 'neath hawthorn shade,
Where minstrel bards have sweeter played
In far remoter ages,
And soft I'll sing my Scottish lay
As moves the world along,
And take you where the moonbeams play,
And waters chime in song,
By purling streams and dewy meads,
Where sheperds play their oaton reeds,
And life glides smoothly on.

2.

Oh list the tale so woeful sweet,
So woeful sweet and tender,
Of maid and youth that once did meet
With love their choice defender;
" 'Mid banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,"
In sweetest love they wandered,
The birds sang then in softest croon,
While love the lovers pondered.

3.

Now hand in hand o'er bank and brae,
Where purling Doon gave back the ray,
And sweetest bird of softest lay
Piped on the bush, on neighboring spray,
Slow roamed this youth and blue-eyed maid,
In evening's soft advancing shade,
In sweetest love that ever strayed
From heart to heart that will not fade.

4.

The moon fell soft upon their love,
And nestled maid as snowy dove,
And lowly beat their hearts,

His love shone soft from azure eyes,
 And hers in way that ever tries
 In sweetly woeful arts,
 "The birds sang love on every spray,"
 As soft they tripped along,
 No nightingale in sweetest lay
 E'er sang so merry song.

5.

'Twas poet's dream in even's air,
 So soft a tale they told,
 And modest maid so sweet and fair,
 The lover soft did fold;
 Nor damp nor dew the lovers knew
 As sped the hour away,
 But many were the kisses true
 That broke on bank and brae.

6.

The scene was one of many spent
 'Neath tree and bush and hawthorn bent,
 And ne'er was love more truly sent,
 And ne'er were hearts more truly blent
 As on that time the god of love
 With bow so artless bent,
 Winged from his string the gem above
 That gave them such content.

7.

No scenes that true were made for love
 But wandered bard with lovely muse,
 No angel in the sky above
 Had wish the love-scene to refuse;
 'Twas Doon or Ayr or pebbled brook,
 That took their fancy as they roamed,
 Or 'neath some tree with arching crook,
 While waters sweet a-low them foamed.

8.

And now by brookside's cooling shade
 The lovers met at last,
 And sweetly then the moonbeams played
 Where sighing stream went past;
 And now my maid of later love,
 No scene was e'er so sad, so sweet,
 And stars that shone so pale above
 Seemed glad the lovers here did meet.

9.

On either side the winding brook
 Stood Highland maid and lover,

And in their hand the golden Book
Was held with golden cover;
'Twas second Sunday in sweet May
When flowers were gaily blooming,
And never seemed a sadder day
'Neath braes so grandly looming.

10.

Their vows were sweet yet sadly tender
As laved their hands the limpid stream;
'Twas Ayrshire bard that would defend her,—
She was his sweet poetic dream!
Holding the Bible still between them,
And reaching o'er the mimic tide,
She felt no power that came between them
Would make her less than Robert's bride.

11.

"Oh, Mary! Mary! Highland Mary!
Now soon you'll be my wedded bride,
Love'll ever guard you, Highland Mary,
While Robert lingers by your side!"
And sweet the answer, gentle reader,
That Highland maid did answer there,
For he could ever sweetly lead her,
Tho' she were "fair and faultless fair."

12.

The bibles then were passed between,
The lovers softly sighing.
And never was more solemn scene
Then this one slowly dying;
For there to say their last adieu
Had met these lovers tender,
The stars shone soft in bed of blue,
But nothing could transcend her.

13.

Their words were sweet yet sadly tender
As by the brook they broke apart,
But lover-blessings did attend her,
Altho' they well-nigh broke her heart;
And there, my reader, by the stream-tide,
Where sighing trees o'erhung the shore,
He parted with his Highland dream-bride,
His Highland dream-bride evermore!

14.

The sacred marriage was deferred,
The summer sped away,

But still there sang no sweeter bird
 Than Ayrshire bard of lay;
 But Mary's home was Highland
 Above the Lowland braes,
 Though sweeter was her Highland,
 'Twas Lowland claimed her gaze.

15.

But Martinmas not far away,
 Sweet Highland lass would make her stay
 As dairy-maid in Glasgow home,
 And there in seeming all alone,
 Await her parents' last reply
 As time moved slow along,
 Tho' dimmed the tear her sweet blue eye,
 And stilled her heartfelt song.

16.

Her brother now would soon away
 Where Greenock waves were playing,
 And Highland maid of Lowland lay,
 Would hie where love was staying;
 For strange parental law
 Had kept the two apart,
 And love's more artless war
 Could never melt their heart.

17.

But Highland maid from Firth of Clyde
 Would see her Robert by her side,
 She was his sweet, his promised bride,
 And never had their troth denied,
 Altho' their lives were forced apart
 By cruel law of earth,
 And broken was her hoping heart,
 And stilled her artless mirth.

18.

A fever came; her brother died,
 But Mary e'er was by his side
 As though she were his wedded bride,
 And could not see the truth denied;
 And there as high the fever burned
 She calmly sat that sacred hour,
 Tho' sadly then for love she yearned
 Even in presence of that Power.

19.

But oh, my maid, of sweet Dunoon!
 Thy Robert more shall see thee not,

No more shall grove beneath the moon
 E'er be thy happy trysting-spot;
 For soon, too soon thy day will be
 Hid in eternal night,
 And the bard Robert shall be free
 To wed where'er he like!

20.

This tender nurse the fever took,
 And drooped as drooped her brother,
 A few short days and Ayrshire brook
 The dirge soft sang her lover;
 And now nor earth nor loved scene fair
 Could patience teach this lover,
 And loud he wailed by winding Ayr,
 Around dear scenes did hover!

FLAT ROCK.

We strayed beside the merry stream
 Where lily pale was growing,
 My love and I as in a dream,
 Our hearts with joy o'erflowing;
 And as we traced the dewy way
 'Neath blackbirds gaily flying,
 We learned a tale old Truth will say,
 That love is never dying.

From steep to steep, from hill to hill,
 In even softly roaming,
 We tripped along where many a rill
 To river-side was going;
 But as we strayed in even's balm,
 Where oars were softly plying,
 We could but feel in nature's charm,
 That love is never dying.

We clomb the hill where name on name
 In roughest beauty showing,
 Told well that love in truest flame
 In sculptured name was flowing;
 For love will make a sculptor's son
 Of many a swain that's sighing,
 And though the lines as crooked run,
 Prove love is never dying.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

This meeting-stone of lovers dead,
 Shone mellow in the gloaming,
 This trysting-rock where love had pled
 While stream a-low was foaming;
 And proved as e'er to maiden fair,
 Or lover fondly sighing,
 That though their lives were full of care,
 True love is never dying.

As side by side on famous stone,
 We sat in even's glooming
 And looked as love may look alone,
 And saw the village looming,
 We felt that where the churchtop spire
 Against the sky was lying,
 Sweet Eros-god might strike his lyre
 To notes of love undying.

'Twas western light that kenned of love,
 And Luna sweetly shining,
 Was witness fair this turtle-dove
 In lovers most confining,
 Had ruled the world since moon arose,
 And proved 'neath cloudlets flying,
 That though the land were full of woes,
 True love is never dying.

Tho' Highland maid with love had strayed
 'Mid banks and braes a-looming,
 'Twas Luna made and soft arrayed
 The tryst where love was blooming;
 'Neath Luna's orb more tales are told
 By swain or courtiers sighing,
 Than Sol-god knows in rays of gold,
 But love is never dying.

While there we sat the moon clomb high
 As in that ancient rhyming,*
 But moon and star and dappled sky,
 Seemed love in sweetest chiming,
 And proving o'er and o'er again,
 Tho' empires low were lying,
 When once 'tis love to lord or swain,
 It's never, never dying.

These thoughts of love went thro' my brain,
 As evening shadows fainting,
 Left moonlight pale in silent reign,
 A Raphael's mellow painting;

* *The Ancient Mariner.*

And as the town all silent lay,
 With dusky night-birds flying,
 I felt young love the mightiest sway,
 And never, never dying.

And those that state that love to hate
 In hearts is frequent turning,
 Find single love without its mate,
 And not the love of yearning;
 Go look in Burns and songs of Moore,
 And there in patient trying,
 Scan page on page and o'er and o'er,
 Find truest love that's dying.

For oh, my maid! when once true love
 Your maiden sleep is stealing,
 No charm of earth or sky above,
 Can rob you of the feeling;
 The bard that sings of changing love,
 In liking has been sighing,
 And cannot know this pearl above
 Is never, never dying.

Oh magi, sage, oh lord and page,
 In any clime tho' living,
 If love you've felt like honest sage,
 Please tell me if in giving,
 The god of love could take it back,
 And cure you of your sighing;—
 He wings the dart, but ah does lack
 The power to make it dying!

A line to those that do not know,
 It is the sweetest feeling,
 A line to those that feel no woe,
 'Tis oft the robber stealing
 Your peace of mind, your joy of heart,
 With grieving, laughing, crying;
 A line to those that bear the dart,
 True love is never dying.

The years are flown and I may moan
 Beside the willows weeping,
 For there in death's eternal home
 My darling's lowly sleeping;
 But fairest maid and lover true,
 My heart for her is sighing,
 For time my love does e'er renew,
 And proves it never dying.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Oh why does man think love will fade,
 And vanish with the morning!
 Is this the love of virgin maid?
 The love of manhood dawning?
 Is this the love that Eden saw?
 No, no! my maid a-sighing,
 'Twas truest love, a heavenly law,
 And's never, never dying!

SUGAR RIVER.

Flow on sweet stream, the lilies bloom
 And nod above thy wave,
 The tangled mosses shed a gloom
 As faces o'er a grave;
 The flowers are sweet upon thy banks
 As flowers above the dead,
 Thy twirling sprays the willow danks
 That bows o'er sweetness fled.

The brown bird, thrush is singing there
 As o'er a fledgling lost,
 And yet a scene that love might share,
 A soul that's tempest tost;
 A scene as sweet as May days knew,
 Now sere and autumn hues,
 And memory paints the vanished view
 As life that death has dewed.

The hills are high upon thy shores,
 The sun is loitering there,
 The stream that steals a melody pours
 Of other scenes as fair.
 The rose that blooms blooms o'er a grave
 Of cousin roses dead,
 For life and death are wave with wave,
 They mingle, part, and wed.

And yet thy waters sing as yore,
 Thy tone as free and light,
 Tho' brush and tree should bow the shore
 For thing beyond the sight.
 His boat has bowed thy yellow wave,
 Another wave has come,
 The boat is there, the willowed grave
 Has told another home.

His hands are crossed behind his back,
He pauses, turning oft,
His foot has pressed the sanded track,
Another once as soft.
The flowers of May are sweet around,
The song of bird and stream;
A slab is white above his mound,
Unnatural starlights gleam.

Their walks had been as twin with twin,
A cultured mind had wed,
And never flower, phase or whim,
But reason reason led;
For highest culture culture claims,
And scholars native born,
Nature in all her various reigns
Had charmed them eve and morn.

The river's banks had known their tread,
The birds had known their voice,
The lower passions never led,
For culture culture's choice.
The worm had turned their step aside
A lesser mind had crushed,
Their tones as soft as woo a bride,
The tone a babe has hushed.

The world had jarred upon their mind,
A harshness in its tone;
'Twas here alone the thought could find
A melody bards may own.
The glistening path where weeds had clung,
And tumbled brushes lay,
Was hidden now, but yet there rung
Tones of an autumned May.

Yet flow, sweet stream, thy chime has won
A thousand memories,
Thy wave that breaks the lingering sun,
Thy flower that blooms and dies.
'Twas here they walked, the crowd had smiled
Such oddness in their ways,
And yet the rosebud undefiled,
Their naturalness displays.

The trifling curve of flower and stem
Had won their wedded thought,
Shall harsher ones such bards condemn
Where Nature truer taught?

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

The greatest minds see smallest things,
A bud a thousand tales,
A myriad beauty magic clings,
A lesser eye it veils.

And thought-wed by thy winding stream,
Companion wandered far,
The sun has gone, the world, a gleam
Is soft from signal star.
The tide is sluggish at his feet,
The night is silent there,
As life and death the shadows meet,
Thy stones are cold and bare.

The stream is there, the path, the hill,
The tree, the bush, the sky,
And yet a statue white and still
In marvelous melody,
Nor sees nor path, nor hill, nor stream,
The moon that rides the wave,
But dimly through a tangled dream
A willow curtained grave!

BENEATH THE MAPLES.

"May I come in, my pretty maid,
And pass an hour beneath the shade?"
"Oh yes, fond sir, the day is hot,
And 'neath the maples is the spot
To cool the brow and soothe the mind,
If such the gentleman would find."
"It is indeed, for tho' my heart
At every maiden elf should start,
I still may say, and all too true,
I never wooed beneath the blue."
"Ah ha, a score and ten, or more,
Of merry years have left their store
Upon your brow, and if a maid
To living truth her homage paid,
She might prefer to guess it true
That you are more than thirty-two."
"You guess the riddle, I am old;
But never marriage bell has told
That e'er I wed a maid or lass,
Tho' many a one did come and pass!"

"And do you think, for such is true,
That somewhere 'neath the bended blue
A maid is shaped, and all for you?"

"A prophetess, my little maid;
And yet I know I'm half afraid
That such has been, and is to be;
But love is such a god to flee,
That many a youth has fished in vain
In trying to catch the little swain."
"The pretty elf is never caught
By him who seeks where he is not,
For love is wayward, comes to light
Where least you hoped to find the wight."

"Yes, thirty-two, but ten have gone
Since bells rang out our wedding morn,
And you remember 'neath the shade
How day's respects to e'en were paid,
And how the night came stealing on,
And fell a voice: 'As I am born!
My Lucy's playing Cupid pranks,
While flowers are blooming on the banks.'
You stole away but love had found you,
With rosy garlands there he bound you."
"Yes, Lucy, and the earth was changed,
And I was so, so disarranged,
That sleep wed love, and love wed sleep,
And, acrobats, did madly leap
Across my pillow thro' the night—"
"Till came the priest and made it right!"
And rosebud mouth like petaled cup,
For one more kiss was there held up.
And so, my reader, please take care
How 'neath the shade you linger there,
For love is like the fire-fly spark
That dazzles in the night,
He comes upon you in the dark,
And binds you ere the light.

AMERICA.

Clime of valor and of worth,
Clime where Freedom found her birth,
Clime of glory and of right,
Thine the shores that glad the sight,
Thine the land from sea to sea
Claiming natal Liberty.

Thine the realm no serfdom knows,
Land of justice and repose,
Thine the sword undyed of blood,
Thine the soil where heroes stood,
Fought for home and native land,
Fought and died a valorous band.

Thine the soil where proudly rose
Flag of Freedom o'er her foes,
Valor won the bloody field,
Death alone that made them yield,
Few in number, yet they won,
Fame has named them one by one.

Years have mouldered in the dust
Soldier, gun, and sword of rust,
Steed and rider, cannon, all;
Vainly, vainly did they fall?
Years have gone, their fame as bright,
Tarnished not by spot or blight.

Struck for right and not for fame,
Heroes' bays that twine their name,
Heroes' graves that hold their clay,
Time has swept, and e'en decay;
Vainly, vainly o'er their tomb,
Flowers there that freshly bloom.

Theirs the glory and the fame,
We the heirs that love their name,

We that love the land they won,
We that "nobly, nobly done!
Heroes born and heroes died!
Death has laid them side by side."

Widows, fathers, mothers gone,
Freedom's Nation then was born,
Freedom's Flag that proudly waves,
Floats above their hallowed graves,
Waves o'er homes of peace and joy,
Waves, and man shall not destroy.

Ages yet may fleck the bow,
Deep in tides that come and go
Hurl the shrines above the dead,
But till life and death be wed,
Never, never from the heart
Heroes', warriors' names shall part!

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

Hark! the sound of wild alarms!
Grim Secession reared in arms!
Mothers, daughters, orphans weep,
Fame like theirs can never sleep,
Heroes there Fort Sumpter reared,
Valorous hearts that proudly cheered.

Civil war the curse of time,
Darker woes no kingdom's clime,
Blood was shed that Peace might reign,
Loud the drum, the martial strain;
Kindred there 'gainst kindred foes,
Blood of blood that nobly flows.

March, march, the heavy tramp,
Tentless field, the broken camp,
Friends meet friends in death's array,
Cannon peal, the sword shall slay,
Man, and steed, and riders, all,
Fame like theirs shall never fail.

Months and years are in their flight,
Yet the brave more bravely fight,
Fields are red with shedded blood,
Stars and Stripes in Southern mud,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Foe and foeman one with one,
Which the Cause in right begun?

Heroes there, a Grant, a Lee,
Jackson, Hancock; majesty
There of power shall win the field,
Lee, not Grant, the brave to yield,
Grant, the hero of the war,
Peace restored, and order, law.

Right and Victory hand in hand,
Crowned with Freedom all the land,
Crowned the Grants but not the Lees,
Crowned the People with their liberties,
Made the Right and not the Wrong
Heroes' claim in poets' song.

Honor, glory, ever thine,
Names that live, that brightly shine,
Freedom's Banner floats to-day
O'er the homes of Liberty,
O'er the foe, the friend, the chief,
Sharers all of Nation's grief.

Sharers all of good that came
Thro' the dust, and smoke, and flame,
Thro' the bravest there that fell,
Hearts that throbbed, that heard the knell;
God of Wars thy reign is o'er,
Freedom binds the land once more.

ELLSWORTH.

Crown him, bay him, he in duty
Left the haunts of love and beauty,
Left a home where peace was reigning,
War, nor drum, nor martial training,
All was peace and quiet pleasure,
Love, the king, and choicest treasure.

War's alarms were loudly sounding
Heart of patriots madly bounding,
Songs of valor then were reigning,
Every eye was wildly straining,
Every tongue in martial numbers,
Roused the bravest from their slumbers.

Roused the hero, warrior, lover,
Stars and Stripes that float above her
Country, proudly led to battle,
Gun and musket, rifles rattle,
Noise and din, and wild commotion,
Hearts are surging like the ocean.

War and wars are in the nation,
Steeds are flying, high of station,
Join the ranks that march to glory,
March and march, but what their story?
Mad repulse, defeat, and rally,
Dead they lie in vale and valley!

Dead on hilltop, scorching mountain,
Blood that bubbles like the fountain,
Slave's and freeman's mingle flowing,
Warriors there their trumps are blowing,
Life and death are mingled madly,
Dying there, but ah, how sadly!

Battle rages, Ellsworth staggers,
Air is pierced by thousand daggers,
Muskets ringing, cannon roaring,
Never man a truce imploring,
Dead and dying, dead and dying,
Which is foe, the smoke defying.

Battle o'er, but wounds to prove him
Hero brave that all may love him,
Battle o'er, but valiant power
Tore the flag from rebel tower,
Crack!—the pistol rang out loudly,
Ellsworth fell, but proudly, proudly!

Rash the act, but flowers bay him,
Never rebels more shall slay him,
Tears were shed and songs were sung then,
Other pistols loudly rung then,
Peace to both, their mingled ashes
Soulless now to hoof that passes!

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

War is rampant, there to scan
Winding by the Occoquan,
Flag and cannon, steed and man,
Flag of beauty, face of tan,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Majesty there and grandeur all,
Who that marches there shall fall,
Fall and fall for country's cause?

Hark! the sound of marching feet,
Force with force shall bravely meet,
Force with force in battle's heat,
Cannon roar shall cannon greet,
Musket musket answer there,
Who to fall? the brave that dare,
Brave that fought and died for us!

Dowell leads the noble band,
Voices ring in wild command,
July winds have hotly fanned
Paling heroes where they stand,
Heroes such as Fame shall own,
Own where death has madly sown
Fields of blood with laureled dead.

Lines are drawn in battle 'ray,
Bravery theirs in every fray,
Bravery theirs that laureled clay
Sacred owns, and never day
Faded fames as bright as these,
Won in wars for Nation's liberties,
Liberties to-day our own.

"Fire!" rang loudly on the air,
Thousand guns broke silence there,
Thousand hearts in mad despair,
Thousand dead that death did dare.
"Charge!" and o'er the fields of dead,
Fields where dearest blood was shed,
Charged, and charged they on the foe.

"On! for justice, home, and right!
He that falls amid the fight,
Never juster saw the light,
Never scutcheon shone more bright,
Patriots' blood that nobly flows,
Patriots now that meet the foes,
Dead or dying, living, just!"

Drums are beating, battle rages,
Heroes there go down the ages,
History names them in her pages,
History bays them in her pages,

Fresh their names, and fresh their glory,
"Sung in song, and told in story,"
Told by father, son to son.

Battle lost, but Victory crowned them,
Victory's laurels proudly bound them,
War was over, dead around them,
Love and peace that now surround them,
Love and peace above the fallen,
Death razed column after column,
Warring foes are foes no longer.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Proudly 'neath the doméd sky
Shaft of Freedom rears on high,
Name of him who shaped her course,
Battles raging loud and hoarse,
Battles Independence won,
Named a Nation proud begun.

Shaft, thy names are those of fame,
He the hero nations claim,
He that owns a lasting place,
Loved of all, of every race,
Famed when fame but heroes won,
Valor faced the fatal gun.

Valor never equaled yet,
Odds against them, yet are met,
British foemen bite the dust,
He that held the noblest trust,
He that valor taught the brave,
Honored made the soldier's grave.

Seventy-Six! Ah, hallowed date!
He the soldier none shall mate;
We that love the Stripes and Stars,
Bay him hero of the wars,
Bay the Shaft that proudly names
Such as he that history claims.

Nations made their offerings free,
Storied stone from o'er the sea,
Rose the pile in grandeur, state,
Rose, and nations pause and wait,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Stone on stone shall rear the pile,
Age, nor time, nor wars defile.

Never shaft a truer fame,
Never truer soldier claim,
Time may fall to raze the stone;
Time may raze, and yet alone
He shall live as long as bloom
Lands that time holds yet their doom.

Valor won in worthy cause,
Valor changeless as the laws
Nature owns, can never fade,
Time alone such heroes made,
Time alone shall hold them all,
Last of time ere they shall fall.

Peace and love to heroes' ashes,
Stronger where the wild wave lashes,
Love and peace be with their shade,
Glory theirs that cannot fade,
Glory dearest blood has bought them,
Home and Right their bravery taught them.

THE BATTLE.

Rhub a dub, dub across the wold,
Rhub a dub, dub,
Rhub a dub, dub;
I see them marching brave and bold,
Rhub a dub, dub, my blood runs cold;
I hear the drum, the horn, the fife,
O madly, madly'll rage the strife,
A heavy woe's across the sky,
My laureled love!—O who shall die?
March, march, the trampling feet,
The battle shall come with its blood and its heat,
O maddening thought! O maddening thought!
My feelings on fire in a furnace are wrought,—
Rhub e did e dub,
Rhub e did e dub,
Rhub e did e, rhub e did e, dub, dub, dub;
And the settled tramp and the bray of the drum,
A dirge in my ear shall become, has become!
My lover will shine in the murderous fray,
My love that has armed him will arm him to-day,

He sees my form on the craggy height,
He waves his plumes where victory blooms,
Yet a gloom has palled like the pall of a night,
And an ocean is surging of a thousand tombs,
A thousand tombs on my maddening sight.
I seize the axe and the sword of fray,
The laureled sword for many a day,
A hero in heart as well as they,
And Joan of Arc my horn shall bray,
Sounding victory, victory, victory!

SONG.

"O maiden fair, O maiden fair!"
He sang, and he sang to me,
"My love your love will ever share,
And crown the field with victory!"
And he left me there in the barren air,
With a kiss and a sweet good-by,
And I in tears now curse the spears,
The hand that makes him die!

The sun is slanting o'er the bloodless wold,
The day is waning fold on fold,
And now from the side of a craggy mount,
As many spears as a maid may count,
An army is whirling in a cloud of dust,
The band, the foe, that spear and thrust
Shall mow as the grass that grows by the stream,
And to morrows that wake shall seem but a dream;
And madder the drum with the mingled fife,
The horn and the trump are mad in the strife,
Commotion, excitement, are wild on the wind,
And the whir and the rush like an army gone blind
Fall mad on my gaze, and the fiery blaze
Of the scorching sun pours down;
And rhub a dub, dub, and rhub a dub, dub,
The groans and the spear-shocks drown!

SONG.

"O maiden fair, O maiden fair!"
He sang, and he sang to me,
"My love your love will ever share,
And crown the field with victory!"
I win my spurs, and I win my fame,
And I claim you bride of brides,
A soldier-lover that soon shall claim
A bay where the battle bides;

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Have hope, have love, have peace of heart,
 Have faith in me, in me,
 The battle shall come, but never shall part
 My love from thee, from thee!"

And I stole like a ghost across the wold,
 A maid in love that was brave and bold,
 And from a browning height that beetled the field,
 I saw them fight, the foemen yield,
 I heard the trump that madly pealed,
 The drum, the drum, the bray of the drum,
 Rhub a dub, dub, a dirge has become;
 The fray was mad, and long, and hot,
 And many a hero fell dead on the spot,
 But my love has never, has never forgot!

I see them now like a dream in the years,
 But fresh as the dew my falling tears,
 The roar, the rush, the charge, the crash,
 The paling heroes that love made rash,
 The maddened steeds, the riders, all,
 A hero and soldier in one did fall,
 My lover was brave amid the fray,
 Rhub a dub, dub, they came to slay,
 O God! and they slew him where he stood!
 The battle raged on like an angry flood;
 Rhub e did e dub,
 Rhub e did e dub,
 Rhub e did e, rhub e did e, dub, dub, dub,
 Was knelling, is knelling like a knell from the tomb,
 And the rose on his breast had his blood in its bloom,
 And the gloom that settled like a cloud of the night,
 Fell over my love and the field of the fight,
 And a ghost on the wold with a nerveless frame,
 A song from his lips, from his dead lips came:

SONG.

"O maiden fair, O maiden fair!"
 He sang, and he sang to me,
 "My love your love will ever share,
 And crown the field with victory!
 Tho' severing death shall come between
 My love and the love of your heart,
 The stars that shine shall shine in your een,
 Tho' the battle shall bid us to part,
 A love that shall die with the flight of the soul
 Is the love of the fickle heart!"

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EVENING.

**And a gnome of the night I winged my flight,
While a deathly music played,
While a deathly music played!**

EVENING.

I.

**The lingering rays are falling down
In rarest beauty there ;
And o'er the fields the dear old Home
Is shining faultless fair.**

II.

**He rests his hand upon the rail
Beneath the grand old trees ;
And softly floats thro' twilight shades
The odor-laded breeze.**

III.

**He sees the cattle in the fields,
The homestead farther back ;
And memory wanders softly then
Along a hallowed track.**

IV.

**The track he loved in younger days,
When life was all a dream ;
And everything did sweetly go
As some old babbling stream.**

V.

**And fall the shadows softer down
Upon the field, the tree ;
Till thro' the shadows he has seen
The Future yet to be!**

THE BROKEN HOME.

DEDICATION: TO S. BABCOCK.

A poet's love has named thee here,
My honored critic, friend,
The Nine will bow above thy bier
When death and thee shall blend;
The years have gone since you and I
Were pilgrims one with one,
Our wealth was in the bended sky,
With work from sun to sun.

We loved the muses, all the scenes
Where Culture wrapt around
A hallowed garb, with starlight sheens,
And holy joys were found;
The morrow bade the morrow come
When Fame should crown the bard,
But all the future speechless, dumb,
A thing that Home had starred.

And e'en to-day the straining eye
May see the bended bow,
A fame and name across the sky
With flowerets all in blow;
But castles browng o'er the Rhine
Are fogbanks from afar,
The boat may flow on silvered Tyne,
And yet a hidden star.

But he whom nature clothes with fire,
The gift of native song,
Shall strike for love the Delphic lyre,
Tho' world may chide and wrong;
'Twas death alone that crowned my Keats,
My Milton great, sublime,

**A fameless bard that names and greets,
My friend, the rest to time.**

**Hope had twined her rosy wreath
Like a halo round their home,
Come with me, the rose and leaf
Show you beauty there that shone ;
He had wooed her bride of brides
Thro' the days and evens gone,
Peace and Joy like meeting tides,
Made one music thro' the dawn ;
Sacred love had shaped them one,
Blending like Aurora hues,
Come with me, the day is done,
Sacred hands their pathway strews
With the flowers of fleckless love,
Grown in gardens of the thought,
Where the rain-dews from above
Fall like incense on the spot.
Birds were singing lays of hope
Soft as Eden rose-vales knew,
Never wedded homescene ope
Brighter flowerets blushing thro' ;
Cottage twined with rosy wreaths
Showed no mortgage on its face,
Joy and Hope from bowered sheaths
Smiled their sweetness o'er the place ;
All around of cloudless peace
Wafted from the vales of light,
There where love-word finds release,
There an angel 'rayed in white ;
Come with me, you hear of bliss
Far across the cloudless blue,
Here on earth the twin-dales kiss,
That from this you shall construe ;
See the modest picture first
As upon a Raphael screen,
Homer Edens there of erst
God and goddess in the scene,
Bowered cottage at the foot
Of the cloud-kist topless hills,
Oak and hemlock's gnarled root,
Spring-fed, moss-lined mountain rills.
Acres few, but all the world
Unto those that shared them twin ;
Hear the brook that winding purled
Where thy youth-scenes grew thy kin,**

Song like this that sang for them,
 Sweeter made by baby chimes,
 Which no heart shall e'er condemn,
 Tho' the jars come in my rhymes;
 Fresh as dewdrops on the wold,
 Beaded gems among the grass,
 Opened rosebud fold on fold,
 Hear his coo-tones as you pass,
 Eyes as blue as farthest skies
 Hung across the hilltop beech,
 Looks that seemed not otherwise,
 Yet a depth beyond the reach
 Of divinest alchemy,
 Who might answer questions there
 Born in chambers where all beauty
 Wooed a place mid vacant stare;
 He that knit the soul to soul
 With the lily-threads of thought,
 Shaped the two a rounded whole,
 Beauteous-twined forget-me-not.
 Come with me, the Raphael screen
 Gave in miniature all as all,
 Now the parts that make the scene
 Claim us in the even's pall.
 Thro' the gate inviting swung
 As by touch of magic wand,
 Moved our form as marriage rung,
 Love with love in beauty dawned.
 See the sun behind the hill
 Painting pictures in the sky,
 This the scene that burst so still
 Like a ray-view of the eye;
 Wooing breezes fanned our path,
 Odeur-laded with the scent
 Of the flowerets from their bath
 Of the dews that heaven lent;
 There you see the tall sunflower,
 Hollyhock, the rose, and pink.
 Laughing snow-drops from their bower
 Where the fire-flies wing and sink;
 Dome of stars is spread above,
 Diamonds o'er a throned home,
 Coronet with crowning dove,
 More to them than sceptered Rome.
 Cottage rose upon the view
 As some architect divine
 From a rhythmic region drew
 All his magic of design.

See the cottage love has reared
From his castles in the air,
Here the brain-view has appeared,
Picture rounded full and fair;
Swings the door by Cupid hands,
Strongest guard their home shall need,
All about are woven bands
Woofed of hope and modest deed.
You shall see them in the prime
Of sweet even's hearthhome scene,
Cooing babe that rosy Time
Like a floweret flung between;
All the room with cleanly face,
Evening table cleared of food,
With a something o'er the place
That has won you ere you wooed.
Mellow shadows met and kissed
On the lamplight figured wall,
Not a baby-prank was missed
Like the stargems there did fall.
"Mine and thine and thine and mine,
Rosy link that makes the chain
Half and half, a whole divine,
With a rainbow in the brain."
Thus they talked across the hearth,
Making music in the mind,
"Sweetest floweret in his birth
Ever mother-heart shall find;"
And the answer soft and low,
Told in tone the conscious love
Welling from the heart where flow
Hopes of hopes that ever clove
Unto mother's heart of hearts,
Painting scenes where rosary dew
Freshen all the pictured arts,
Vying 'neath Elysian hues.
"Months have shaped the rounded year
From the feathered foot of Time,
Flower on flower in train appear,
Toning all to perfect chime."
"Yes, my wife, the year has gone
Like a love-view in a dream,
Doming all a dappled dawn,
Tho' the cares have come between."
"Cares are spices dropped among
Cloying joys that crowd the scene,
Birds are sweeter that have sung
Not too oft across the green."

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

"True, my wife, your word is law,
 Woman's patience is not mine,
 Man shall aim and quickly draw,
 Firing random like a rhyme;
 Somehow woman is a power,
 Very weakness gendering force,
 Eye, not Adam, in the Bower,
 Thro' the ages seems the source
 Of the Garden's biblic fame,
 Handed down from age to age,
 Like a love-tale in its claim,
 Never old across the page.
 What the earth without her sex,
 Man would sink among the weeds,
 She a moon with soft reflex
 In a sky of holy deeds."
 Thus they talked in random wise,
 While the babe unconscious grew
 Perfect beauty in their eyes,
 As no magic painter drew.
 O the love unconscious felt
 For the babe that links to earth,
 Who shall name it lavish dealt,
 Born in hearts, a holy birth!
 Heaven there as fairly shone
 As an earthly scene shall know,
 Music fell in softened tone,
 As from heavenly harps shall flow
 Like a rose in softest down
 Lay the hope that made them one,
 Never babe in all the town
 Such a seraph presence won.

Even fled before the night,
 Night before the crimson dawn,
 Till the day all lovely white,
 Lay o'er valley, hill, and lawn;
 Birds were singing, kine were lowing,
 Busy sounds rang in the day;
 Dews were fleeting, waters flowing,
 All the morn in bridal 'ray;
 Flowers springing, milkmaids singing,
 Nature laughter in her looks,
 Skylarks singing, joyous winging,
 Naiads scant-dressed in the brooks;
 Trees were budding, clouds were scudding,
 Odors fresh from Flora's grot,

Time was going, Phœbus flooding
All the scene so flowery wrought;
Dullards started from their slumbers,
Snails grew hurried in their pace,
Such a joyous spirit cumbers
All the scenes that interlace;
Married, wedded, wooed and winning,
Cupid shooting quivers random,
All a bride-hope in beginning,
Fell in train, and trippèd tandem;
And the home so sweetly twining
All the joys with downy feet,
Like an Eden was reclining,
Where the beauties woo and greet.
Sweet Aurora in her tresses
Shone across the weeping morn,
Every scene a love confesses
Wooring sweetly 'neath the dawn;
Care and Night together wedded
Took their tour adown the west,
Morning joys profusely shedded
Like a May-queen all had dressed;
Song and laughter thro' the valleys,
Smiles and sunshine on the hills,
Cupid there his love-maid rallies
Feeding sugar-casèd pills;
Faint ambition gathered spirit,
Moaning souls gave smile for smile,
Every hope that could endear it
Smiled upon the scene the while;
And the cottage like a painting,
Childhood pictured in the brain,
Seemed an Eden slowly fainting
From the fair Elysian plain;
Fainting, fainting till in chiming,
Shone the tree, the house, the barn,
Like some master poet's rhyming
Softly toned as mountain tarn,
Till to eyes of heavenly meaning
Like that home across the sky,
Seemed the cottage in its sheening,
Heaven on earth to raptured eye.
O such beauty! O such beauty!
O such loveliness of life!
That the Death-king in his duty
Turn such scenes to tears and strife!
Faith, O Faith! why art thou shaken?
Hands that limned the pictured sky

Hold a hope that is not taken
Tho' the earthly man shall die!
He that says my Shakespeare readeth
Greater than the crushless Word,
For a chaos madly pleadeth,
Lower thoughts alone that stirred.
Here a heaven like the heaven
Humble hearts have pictured true,
Faith that shines o'er "We are Seven,"
Tho' a child the picture drew;
He may see an earthly meaning
Why my mother's wreathed with death;
But that other faintly gleaming
Word of his may not confess.
Heaven is mine if I shall choose it,
Mind alone has builded here,
Haven havens where a music
Sounds akin of other sphere.
He that finds his life at ending
When the pale-faced steed is come,
Has no hope that hearts are blending
Earthly and a heavenly home.
One by one the starlights darken,
Hue by hue the halos fade,
Till a voice says: "Hearken, hearken!
Last of all in death are laid!
Yet the hearts that fondly cherished
Hopes that spanned beyond the tomb,
Find the earthly home is perished,
Yet a fairer one in bloom!"
And my cottage modest looking
Like a sceptered seraph's throne,
All a holiday is putting
O'er its face so flower-bestrown;
Yet I own thro' all its sheening,
Perfect hearts have painted more
Than upon the canvas gleaming,
Tho' you turn it o'er and o'er;
Holy calm in quiet breathing,
Looked from whole, and half, and part,
With a rainbow soft enwreathing
Care and woe, and love and heart.
Other hands might turn the flowers,
Other hearts make music there,
Yet the minutes growing hours,
Have a bulk of crownèd Care.
More the mind that made my Eden,,
Tho' the nature-scene was fair,

Liberty reigned and starred Freedom,
Beauty diademèd there.
See the picture lives have painted
Grown together one as one,
After-view has ever faded,
Less of brightness in the sun;
Yet 'tis natural, for the mind
Magic beauties ever drew,
Rearing castles brightly outlined,
Where the joy-gods shimmer thro'.
Castles never painter won
From his Raphael-thoughted brain,
For the picture was begun
Where the peerless artists reign;
And the morning throned in beauty,
Like some fairy eastern clime,
Reignèd there a queen of duty,
Scattering gems from every mine;
While the cottage softly looming
From a thousand beauties round,
E'en the rarest flower was blooming
From the seeming hallowed ground.
"Cocks had sung their earliest greeting"
To the bright effulgent morn,
And the myriad beauties meeting
Wove a garland o'er the dawn.
Now my picture in its meaning
Read you ere the tale is done,
House and barn, and fireside gleaming,
With a brightness of the sun.
See their love that gave a wedding
To the past of bridal years,
Linking link that now is shedding
Rainbow joys of pleasures' tears.
This is earth, and Heaven a painting,
Faith and Hope the artists true,
Earthly beauties slowly fainting
Let the brighter heaven through;
For the joy-scenes' nameless number
Bind us more to fleeting earth,
'Tis the cares that come and cumber
Teach us things of higher birth:
Thus this Eden I am painting
Halo-domed by brightest stars,
Shall be fainting, shall be fainting,
Death and wailing, funeral cars;
Woe and chaos, thorn and bramble,
Piteous cries across the night,

Life and Death shall sit and gamble
 Till the mother's cold and white;
 But, ah gracious reigning Power,
 As they kiss beside the hearth,
 Morning shows them not the hour
 That shall darken o'er their mirth;
 And we see them in the morning,
 Saying each to each adieu,
 Peace and love their lives adorning,
 Babe a floweret blushing thro';
 And good-by, good-by, they said it,
 Smiling Hope shone soft above,
 Every joy-view sweetly wed it,
 All the scene so roofed of love;
 Kisses pure as Love has cherished
 When the lips have met their first,
 In a cadence softly perished,
 Like the melodies bards rehearsed;
 Hope divided went and stayed,
 "Good-by, papa," sounded there,
 Mother o'er the fondling prayed,
 Each and each seemed flowerets fair:
 Thus the lesson morn on morning
 Taught a love as loyal true,
 Ever human mates adorning,
 Since pure Love had taught to woo;
 And a day alone should sever,
 Loved adieu and fond farewell,
 Rang out sweetly as forever
 Hope and Love would wedded dwell
 O'er these lives that taught us Heaven,
 Born of earth and mated love,
 As to them were truer given
 Joys Elysian born above:
 But a guest came there unbidden,
 And a form was whited laid
 In his arms that night had hidden,
 Tho' these arms had come and slayed;
 Nothing sudden but as slowly
 As a love shall steal to heart,
 And a voice that said, O lowly!
 "Come, the hour must bid thee part!"
 And returning, home returning,
 From a journey business led,
 Beaming with a haloed yearning,
 Bride of brides! he found her dead!
 O the anguish! O the anguish!
 O the heavy woe that weighed!

Now shall Faith in shadow languish!
Love that won her wedded maid!
O the moments shorn of beauty!
O the pall of bridal years!
Was it duty? was it duty?
Faith is shadowed in his tears.
Silence reigns, and flowers blooming
Cast their speaking shadows there,
Once the scene all rhymes assuming
Broke discordant on the air.
Vainest thing that love had joinèd
In the past when all was well,
In a language strangely coinèd,
With the moments rose and fell.
Thousand things his eye had slighted
When the music had not jarred,
Started now like ghosts affrighted,
Late that love had gemmed and starred;
Voices low that once had trifled,
Struck like daggers at his heart,
And the sobbings faintly stifled,
Hollow echoes seemed to start:
And he saw her in her beauty
White as lilies of the vale,
And the beauty, all her beauty,
Ne'er so sweetly did prevail.
Tears were flowing, vainly flowing,
On the white and placid face,
And the sunshine going, going,
Left a darkness o'er the place.
"And no word, no slightest token,
Lingering smile across the lips,
Broken, broken, sadly broken,
Death and silence on her lips!—
O my baby! O my darling!
O my rosy set in night!
Song of bird and rarest starling,
Come and fall, and sad unite!
Eyes of blue that find no meaning
Why thine all of all is shorn,
Hold me like a beauty gleaming
Far across the cloudless morn!
O that voice might grasp the reason
Yet to be upon thy tongue,
Voice and accent playing treason,
In a babel wildly rung;
Word with word tho' coming faintly,
Stealing solace from the gloom,

Angels standing pure and saintly,
 Bowing Hope across the tomb.
 Cries of thine shall not restore her,
 Moans of mine shall not avail,
 Tears and anthems vainly o'er her,
 All the soulless air assail.
 O my Lonie! fairest Lonie!
 O my fairest, rarest maid!
 Path of mine is hard and stony,
 Path of mine is danked of shade.
 O ye powers that reign above us,
 Why such beauty should ye mar?
 Does a higher reason love us,
 Making heaven from falling star?
 She is fairer with the fairest,
 Else my faith is dazed and lone,
 Death, perchance, may be the rarest
 Boon that doubting man may own.
 Who may say that love the glory
 Of the binding things of earth?
 Love the flower, and love the story,
 Love the things of kindred birth?
 What the purpose? what the meaning?
 Why should Death come heartless here?—
 Faith a halo, pally gleaming:
 "Death's a blessing and no peer!"
 Now he sees them weeping, weeping,
 Hears them wailing thro' the night,
 While his heart is keeping, keeping,
 Solemn time with moments' flight.
 Now he sees the babe of beauty,
 His babe, *her* babe!—O my God!
 Was it duty? was it duty?
 But a sob, O but a sob!
 Other hands are fondly caring
 For the hope that made them one,
 Yet the wide eyes are but staring,—
 Where? O where is mamma gone?
 Out from eye and face did fashion,
 Out from look, and form and mouth,
 Yet this death came not in passion,
 But as calm as from the south
 Winds o'er fields that are Elysian,
 Picturing peace, and calm, and love,
 Came he like a love-dream vision,
 Hung across the skies above.
 Now he sees her like a flower
 With the flowers across her breast,

Yet so silent in that hour,
With a silence that opprest ;
And the eye that beamed so brightly,
Not a quiver in the lash,
And her voice that came so lightly,—
O the waves that meet and dash !
As a dream the death-scene passes,
As entranced he wanders far,
As a ghost among the grasses,
As a ghost beneath the star.
All of earth seemed but a token
Of the joys that once had reigned,
Of the home and home-lives broken,
Of the death that came and claimed ;
And beside the grave-rose blooming,
Bends he hopeless with his child,
Talking sadly of the glooming
Stealing once so still and mild ;
And together thro' the even
In a calm that had a tone,
Thought of her a star of Heaven,
As a mother taken home.

BENEATH THE STARS.

The winds were coming from the west,
The stars were bright above,
The cloud-queen moon the hue confest,
The eye that spoke of love.
The picture on her face as plain
As though the thoughts within
Had struggled there thro' high disdain,
Thro' pride, and freak, and whim.

The lad was poor, and she was queen,
The prince, the courtier bowed,
And wandering there in stately mien,
The star-bespangled cloud
Made light and shade that named her love,
The forces met within,
The love and pride that madly strove
Her artist thought did limn.

Her horse had sprung in mad career,
A homely hand had saved

An honest hand that wiped the tear,
An honest voice that craved:
"Your pardon, lady," and was gone
The man, the voice, the sound,
Yet Eros-king had pierced her scorn,
And oped a healless wound.

Sir Wilbur Grey on tameless steed
Was sweeping o'er the moor,
Of all the chiefs he took the lead
That mime at fashion's door,
This haughty queen, proud Lady Train,
A wax-rose smile had won,
Sir Wilbur Grey a star did reign
That mocked the glowing sun.

And now as bard that struggles hard
With nameless thoughts within,
She wandered there; the night was starred,
Chameleon clouds between.
Her love and pride in mingled tide
Were surging in her breast,
"And shall I be the poor man's bride?"
The telltale blush confessed.

His voice was soft as rippling wave,
His beard a flowing stream,
His smile the flower above the grave
Where sweetness, sadness dream,
His phrases fresh as poet's verse,
His numbers full and round,
A seraph's voice that did rehearse,
A seraph's hand that bound.

A fairy dream on emerald isle,
Where blue with blue above,
The clouds in gay theatric pile,
The vault that roofed her love,
The dapper stars, the Eros moon,
The faintly bended dome,
The thoughts that flowers give in bloom,
The pansy decks the loam.

And yet the lad of voiceless love,
A stranger to her ways,
Unconscious cause, and hard she strove.
The starlights' dappled rays

Were on her face ; a whistling lad
Was crossing o'er the lea ;
And there with face upturned, and sad,
"Thy peace but gall to me."

The owl with tuwhit, and tuwhoo,
With eyes unearthly grim,
Had pierced her being thro' and thro',
Down from a gnarlèd limb.
The shadows shot their thousand eyes,
Godiva thrice she fled,
The requiem swan that sails and dies
The picture, pictures wed.

And rose the sun o'er topless hills,
The clouds were from the night,
And chimed her voice like waveless rills
That throw their emerald light ;
And never brighter world before,
And never lovelier view,
The prayer she prayed the first did pour,
The peace the first she knew.

Sir Wilbur Grey on tameless steed,
Is moving o'er the lea,
A whistling lad that crossed the meed,
"My gold for peace like thee ;"
And faintly 'neath the moor-met sky,
His steed and form are gone,
'Twas he that heaved the heavy sigh,
His face where passions storm.

Sweet Lady Train, sweet Lady Train,
A bride becomes to-night !
And Amos Day is there to claim
The flowery bride in white !
The venerable father bowed in years,
Has blessed his daughter's choice,
The endless bow shone thro' their tears
As one the guests rejoice.

The nuts, the cakes, the rosaried wine,
Had graced the jovial board,
And woven silver from the mine
Where sunlight never poured ;
The nuts had cracked with many a joke,
The wine had washed them down,

"And Amos Day a finer stroke
Than history tells the town!"

And thus the gibe, the joke, the jest,
Was sparkling like the wine,
The bridegroom blushed, the bride confest
The sallies in her eyne,
The father laughed like twenty years,
The mother grew a maid,
And thro' the laughter and the tears,
The bridegroom joke was played.

But hark! shrill cries are in the night
As when a fire is rung,
The guests are risen pale and white,
The doors are open flung!
An angered voice: "The maddened steed
Has turned things upside down!"
And Wilbur Grey, his anger freed,
Stood there with puzzled frown.

The bride has swooned!—He sleeks his beard,
A volume in his eye;
"A wedding feast!" and bold appeared
A bearded smile, and dry.
"She loved me first, she loved me last!
My riddle you shall read;
Throw down the dice, the die is cast,
Not heart of mine to bleed."

The hostler, servants, kitchen maid,
Are thick about his path,
A foray or a border raid
Is pictured in their wrath.
"Leave, leave my house, Sir Wilbur Grey!
The maid is now a bride,
'Twas she that bade you go or stay,
'Tis she should touch your pride."

"Your bridegroom brave has shown his heart
Excitement named his flight!"
And guest and father there did start;
The bride was deathly white!
"Sir Wilbur Grey, and why art come?"
"'Twas I that named you bride!
A queen you are of a prince's home!"—
And beard fell down his side!

The guests are startled, and the joke
Reigns there the joke of all;
"The steed that madly from me broke,
A jest within the hall;
Sir Wilbur Grey and Day are one,
'Twas one in both that strove,
The lad prevailed, no gold that won
Her thought, her heart, her love!"

LIFE IS SWEET, AND LIFE IS SAD.

Life is sweet, and life is sad,
As when a bard no longer sings,
The Muse of death around him clings,
And from the earth on seraph wings,
Soars his soul from good and bad.

Life is sad, and life is sweet,
As when that Dread on dusky wings
Takes from the heart the cherished things,
A babe that smiled its death-bell rings,
Ere the lips its lips could greet.

Life is sweet, and life is sad,
As when a ship sinks thro' the wave,
From smiling life to smileless grave,
No hand outstretched but His to save,
Hundred souls in fear gone mad.

Life is sad, and life is sweet,
As when a love meets love in tryst,
And ere the wedded bride is kissed,
The snake of woe has sadly hissed,
Jealous thought the thought to greet.

Life is sweet, and life is sad,
As when a youth in folly's way
From christian hearth has gone astray,
And blossoms fair are in decay,
And all, all the world seems bad.

Life is sad, and life is sweet,
As when a christ has won a cross
By self-restraint and friendship's loss,
And waves of life do madly toss,
Naught but thorns, and rain, and sleet.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Life is sweet, and life is sad,
As when the babe smiles in the man,
And arching bow in golden span
Shows prospect fair, but in a ban,
Curses all as joys gone mad.

Life is sad, and life is sweet,
From cradle-house to yawning grave,
For weak and strong, the shy and brave,
While joys and woes in bitter wave,
Flow together, flow and meet.

Life is sweet, and life is sad,
The joy-bell rings, the curfew tolls,
The laughter sounds, the dead-hearse rolls,
While wedded bride and cry of souls,
Mingle, mingle good and bad.

Life is sad, and life is sweet,
As when the flowers are o'er a grave,
The moonlight halos pally lave
A voiceless mound above a brave,
Soulless now where starlights meet.

Life is sweet, and life is sad,
As when a dawning mind is tombed,
The flowers of hope are blighted, gloomed,
That mystic Dread has darkly loomed,
Hearts are crushed that once were glad.

Life is sad and life is sweet,
As when a life in fruited prime
Has chimed like poets in their rhyme,
The thread has snapped, the broken chime
Jars, and jars like passion's heat.

Life is sweet, and life is sad,
The sun has shone, 'tis inky night,
There comes a moan, the e'en is bright,
The martin sings, in arrowy flight,
Time is taking, and shall add.

Life is sad, and life is sweet,
A babe is born, a father's mound
Is dark in night, there falls a sound
Of revelry, and mirth has drowned
Mourning souls that joyless meet.

Life is sweet, and life is sad,
'Tis merriest joy, 'tis darkest woe,
They mingle, mingle and they go,
A stream where cares and joys shall flow
To one great ending good or bad.

EVENING.

The queen of the clouds
All draped in her shrouds,
Was sailing in majesty,
The stars with their light,
The diamonds of night
A banner of beauty
Had woven.

The blue of the sky
With cloudlets did vie
As stars in a diadem ;
The zephyrs were soft
As dust that is doft
By lily or rose when
'Tis shaken.

The psalms of the sea
Moaned sad on the lea
As bell of the ocean,
When fog-clouds are dense,
The feelings intense
Have wrought the emotion
Of dying.

The waves from the lea
Seemed graves of the sea
Where millions were buried,
With slab nor a mound,
Where sea-mews' the sound,
And ocean's unvaried,
The requiem.

The hills of the night
Were lost in the light
That shrouded the mountain
The e'en was as still
As voice of the rill
That froze on the fountain
In winter.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

The hues of the cloud
In vying did shroud
The face of the star-queen,
A mellow shade fell
Like dusk of the well
Where sparkles in soft een
The water.

The maid of the night
All robed in her white,
Was bright from the cloud-view,
And rose o'er the sea,
The mount of the lea
In garments of star-blue
Bespangled.

And maid of the tide,
And queen of the bride,
She reigned in her glory,
The picture she drew
Where sparkled the dew,
Was sweet as the story
Of Calvary.

The stars of her train
In halos did reign
Like crown of the Saviour
Ascending the cloud
With mist for a shroud,
O'er sight of betrayer
In agony.

And Nature in prayer
Seemed lowly bowed there,
As conscious of glory
Of Father of all,
Where never did fall
Prayers from the young or the hoary
Unanswered.

The scene not to fade
For woe and a maid
Rose fleckless as morning;
The moon is away,
The god of the day,
Is king of the dawning
Now veiless.

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THE ROBIN IN THE PAIR.

And yet the pure scene
Is limned on the een,
The statue-maid praying;
An angel was there,
Tho' earthly and fair,
A heaven-light arraying
Her beauty.

THE ROBIN IN THE RAIN.

I.

Little robin redbreast
Singing in the rain,
Softly floats your joy-song
'Neath my window-pane.

II.

Sitting on the treetop,
Hardly knowing why,
Floats your merry carol
To the cloudy sky.

III.

Come from out the shower
To my cottage home,
And my hands will feed you,—
Never need you roam.

IV.

In the pelting rain-storm,
On the gnarlèd limb,
You're a foolish robin
With the sky so grim.

V.

Don't you feel the raindrops
Pelt you on the head
As you were a robin
That they thought was dead?

VI.

'Neath my eaves you carol,
Stretching out your neck,
Looking in the shower
Like a little speck.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

VII.

Yet your song is sweeter
 For the storm-clouds there,
 With your mien so tender,
 And your artless air.

VIII.

For the stronger contrast
 Makes you seem a bird,
 That on earth was never,
 Never, never heard.

IX.

Yet, sing as thou willest,
 For the wild-bird's song
 Seemeth born in heaven,
 And there does belong.

X.

So, my robin, carol
 As thy will shall say,
 And you're ever welcome
 With your pretty lay.

BY THE SEA.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter,
 The thoughts that arise in me.
 —Tennyson.

And rhyme-wed wondering by the sea,
 He scans the wedded waves,
 His thoughts of earth, eternity,
 And ocean's nameless graves;
 The waves have met the bended sky,
 The clouds are ships at sea,
 The maid of tides is sailing high,
 O'er cloud, and coast, and lea.

Against the sky the cliff, the hill,
 With glinting, shaggy sides,
 And all was still, and all was still,
 Save moaning of the tides;

The town lay silent in the night,
 A halo soft above,
 As distance blinds the straining sight,
 And lights and shades are wove.

As far as eye could reach before,
 A wave, wave, wave,
 And back, high reaching from the shore,
 The glinting starlights lave
 A tall-hilled town in puzzled art,
 Where ancient, modern reign,
 The past and present mingle, part,
 In many a freak of brain.

The art unfound to paint the view
 That shapes in poet's brain,
 The flower less sweet, the shedded dew,
 The scene where lilies reign.
 He saw the form below the wave,
 The hand that shaped his years,
 A mother mouldering in her grave,
 A prayer through mother's tears.

He saw the priest that made them one,
 The swain, the blushing bride,
 He saw a life so bright begun,
 A mystery of the tide;
 He saw the babe that blessed their lot,
 A new-star wedded love,
 And nameless ocean-cave his cot,
 The careless world above.

He saw a power beyond the sight,
 A halo-girdled throne,
 A mystic face that sheds the light
 From star nor sun has shone;
 He saw the first, the last, the all,
 A babe, a marble face,
 A sanded mound where curlews call,
 And flowers interlace.

He saw a hope beyond the grave,
 E'en sinners might reclaim,
 The swain and king a wave with wave,
 Distinction not of name;
 He saw the world a mighty stage
 That moulds the shapeless clay,
 The babe a gray-haired man in age,
 Reflections of that Ray.

His faith was faith that wins the light
 Where gloom is thick on gloom,
 To him a clearness in the sight
 That sees beyond the tomb;
 To him were death than life the best,
 The twilight through the dark,
 The form that sinks the glowing west,
 Where stars its outlines mark.

The tides were creeping up the shore,
 The waters angry there,
 But earthly eyes a light did pour
 That seraph shone, and fair;
 A halo rose above his head,
 The waters madly rave,
 The morn had dawned, the poet dead,
 Was washing with the wave.

The crowd that came the placid face
 Saw upturned on the wave,
 A calmness and a peace did trace,
 The requiem waters lave.
 "His heart was pure, he knew no wrong!"
 And tenderly away
 They bore him, while the mottled throng
 Turned back again to pray.

EMERSON.

But hark! that muffled funeral sound!
 It jars across the verse!
 And he the greatest, most profound!
 A tenant of the hearse!

What voice, what song shall name his fame,
 His great intrinsic worth,
 Who sculptured to the loftiest aim,
 Whose death is but his birth?

The great that die a lovelier life
 E'er picture from the tomb,
 'Tis then the hate, the jars, the strife,
 Shine lovely through the gloom!

And such of him! A seraph light
 Enshrouds his placid form,
 And where there seems the darkest night,
 A rainbow crowns the storm!

YE BARDS OF SONG.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.—Tennyson.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way.—Longfellow.

To-morrow is with God alone,
And man hath but to-day.—Whittier.

Now from the margin of the silent sea,
Take my last offering ere I cross to thee.—Holmes.

I sing of life, I sing of death,
The glories that have been,
The sobs are thickening in my breath,
The tomb thro' mist is grim;
And they have sung their songs of fame,
Their magic verse has rung,
The laurels twine about their name
As o'er a tomb have clung.

The years have gone with peace and wars,
The graves have marked the land,
'Tis here they turn their steps and pause,
There shines a beckoning hand;
And Youth and Age have met in thought,
The past, the present, all,
A lingering shred is vainly caught
Of things beyond recall.

I stand beneath the shadowed hill,
My foot is at the base,
A still small voice as hidden rill:
"A weary way you trace,
'Tis they alone that Nature marked
To sing the deathless verse,
That climb my side where shadows darked
The scholars that rehearse!"

Thro' shrouding mist their forms are faint
As smile before the gloom,
The paling flush that death shall paint
Where life has died in bloom;
And yet the eye their bended forms,
Their frosty locks discerns,
The marks are there of many storms,
A stricken world that yearns.

And can we spare them from the hearth,
The homes they cheered so long?
Companions of our joy and mirth,
Our love, our woe, our song!
Their lives have been of peace, of love,
A cultured world has bowed,
But thro' the starlights pale above,
The Muses bear a shroud!

They taught us patience, modest worth,
The simplest forms of truth,
Their numbers breathed a higher birth,
The hopes of glowing youth!
They led our thought by veiwless chain,
To realms of softer light,
'Twas they that soothed the harsh complain,
The anger flashing white.

We held our chats as with a friend
Who knows the laws of life,
And wisdom there did wisdom blend,
No anger in the strife;
We argued oft with many a line,
The shape, the style of verse,
Yet brightly, faintly there did shine
The numbers full or terse.

No star is rising in the sky
To fill their places—gone!
In vain, in vain the straining eye,
The wreath that might adorn!
You shall not go! the dappled dawn
Shall sing thy songs anew,
No stranger reign where fairer born,
To jar upon the view!

“And he was here!”—“And this the haunt!”
Ah, sacred to the heart!
We bow as at the cleansing font,
A holy calm does start!

And stranger harps to sing our songs?
 No,—no,—no!
 To them the right alone belongs,
 For them the tears shall flow!

Our love shall blunt the barb of death,
 Our hearts shall be the shield,
 Æolian gales shall fan the breath,
 The harp its tone shall yield,
 And spring-time bloom with many a flower,
 The pansy, rose, the pink,
 And love and hope in softest power,
 Shall weld the broken link!

 AN ELEGY.

Wake, O Muse! thy solemn numbers,
 As in harptones from the dead,
 And arouse the soul that slumbers,
 Ere the fleeting years are fled.

Things of beauty deathless swaying
 Worlds on worlds in art alone,
 Came of patience purely raying
 Many a brain till then unknown.

Never came in perfect glory
 Poet, poem, stone or fane,
 But a life could tell a story
 Full of patience, doubt, and pain.

Never a Gray wrote deathless numbers,
 Sad and solemn as the tomb,
 That could know were roused from slumbers
 Flowers of immortal bloom.

Find the mind where genius gleameth
 Brilliant, radiant and pure,
 Years on years of work it meaneth
 Thro' the dark, and dark obscure.

See those aged poets gracing*
 Either side Atlantic's roar,
 Naught of time their works defacing,
 But enhancing them the more.

* Longfellow and Tennyson.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Each in age with fame at zenith,
Full of glory and renown,
Showing work and work that meaneth
Strength to meet fate's baneful frown.

Lives and writings poesy gracing,
Pure and sweet of classic lore,
Twin-like numbers softly tracing
Routes of beauty to that Shore.

They were pearls as darkly hidden
As the form in jagged stone,
Ere the Powers-hand had bidden
Take thou shape, and Greek Slave shone.

Came that Babe a home adorning
Marked of God and heavenly birth,
'Twere the years that gave Him dawning
Into perfect bloom of earth.

See that child now calmly sleeping
As the form embalmed in death,
Years of patience will be fleeting
Ere the man his form confess.

Life is fraught of hope, of waiting,
Waiting, waiting for that time
When the cares and woes abating,
Blossoms a life in glorious prime.

Thus we live the soul preparing
For that life in death to come,
Where the Christ-born saints are sharing
Blessings of that heavenly Home.

That my muse in perfect tuning
Might enhance the goal of life,
Picture heaven through the glooming,
Which of Eden bloom is rife.

Patience, hope, my lesson teaching,
Aspiration of the heart,
Higher yet and higher reaching,
Till the hand of death shall part.

Things of earth are fair but fleeting,
Things of Life are staid and fast,
Heaven the goal your heart is seeking,
Ever heaven first and last.

Are thy flowers all in blooming
 Blooming, blooming for that day,
When the Light's athwart the glooming,
 Heaven and earth are passed away?

Breath by breath the hour is nearing,
 Breath by breath the years are gone,
Breath by breath the night is clearing,
 Breath by breath the Day is born.

Tribes of earth shall mourn His coming,
 Graves awake their sleeping dead,
Banished then all false assuming,
 'Neath the light no sun has shed.

He will come in power and glory,
 Brighter than the rolling sun;
Read the tale in golden Story,
 Win the goal that He has won.

Art thou ready and in waiting,
 All thy flowers shorn of weeds,
That the Knock shall find you waking
 Like the bride that Hymen leads?

O the voice of potent meaning!
 O the power that spans the tomb!
Were my numbers brighter gleaming!
 Were the flowers here in bloom!

Man, and child, and babe adorning
 Brightest scenes of passing earth,
O my hope the kenless morning
 'Ray you with immortal birth.

Ken the years now slowly meting
 Sand by sand your destined time,
Hear your heart now solemn beating
 Numbers not of earthly rhyme.

Life is like the rosy morning
 Stealing thro' the dappled east,
Like the holy marriage dawning,
 Like the golden wedding feast.

Calm and peaceful life is sleeping,
 Calm and peaceful as of death,
Souls are crushed and eyes are weeping,
 Heeded not that sweeping Breath.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Chance is but an idle fancy
Born of fainting hearts alone,
Satan saying, I'll entrance thee,
Glorify thee on a throne.

Ne'er accept the sad illusion
Luck alone can win a crown,
'Tis a sad, a mad delusion,
Fraught with woes that bear you down.

Luck and chance are twins of evil,
Shun and shun them as the asp,
Born of life and still coeval
Ever present first and last.

Therefore, ye that life encumbers,
Rouse the heart to higher things,
Ere the Power that soothes your slumbers
Sways the bell Eternity rings.

HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Harp of my native land, harp of my country,
Nature has crowned thee with myrtle and rose,
For more of the sweetness than greatness of poesy
Swelled in thy numbers now sunk to repose.
Native thy glory, and simple thy numbers,
Master-notes seldom resounding in skill,
Struck by the power that breaks not the slumbers
Binding the god of the Delphian hill.

Ages on ages have rolled not in glory,
Winning the master, his skill, and his art,
Yet there resounds in thy numbers a story
Frought with the love and the hope of the heart.
Time makes the master that rises in greatness,
High in the zenith of glory and fame,
Time gives to ages the bard that is mateless,
Wreathing his brow and enbalming his name.

Artless hands found thee in Eden dales hanging,
Sweet as the twilight that steals thro' the eve,
None of the warnotes in bitterness clanging,
Heard in the numbers that foreign harps breathe.

Sweetness alone is the god of thy numbers,
Beauty and loveliness queen of thy reign,
Adam and Eve ere awoke from their slumbers,
Reigning in purity of heart and of brain.

Nature's the goddess that makes the true poet,
Filling his soul with the sweetness of verse,
Reigning the queen who alone may bestow it,
Giving him numbers no art can rehearse.
Harp of my fatherland, nature has graced thee,
Giving thee rich tones a master can find,
Flowers and roses amid she has placed thee,
Garlands of beauty in loveliness twined.

Harp of my country, O sweetly thy numbers
Fell like the dewdrops that weep from the rose,
Stole to my soul like the maid of my slumbers,
Wooing me helpless from life and its woes.
Softly I swept you, and notes full of gladness
Fell on my heart like the love of the maid,
Nameless and fameless, but tinged with the sadness
Rising from organs by seraph hands played.

Clime of the glory and greatness of freedom,
Clime of the fallen illustrious dead,
Soldiers are mightier when country shall need them
Than the great bards who in harptones have bled,
Yet their proud numbers shall chime in the glory
Won on the field mid the roar of the gun,
'Raying the veteran in battles grown hoary,
Clothing with glories his valor has won.

Heroes have risen and died in their glory,
Soldiers have fought for their country and fame,
Clouds have arisen like death in thy story,
Glooming thy nation, thy freedom, and name;
Yet, O my Harp! in an Eden I found thee,
Crowned with the glory and greatness of earth,
Slavery a memory that shackled and bound thee,
Cursing thy nation so pure in its birth.

Harp of my native land, harp of my country,
Years have been going like rush of the flood,
Since first you arose in your might and your glory,
And sang a new nation all dabbled in blood!
Yet victory crowned you, and proudly there sounded
The fame of the heroes and warriors that fell,
Thy flag rose the emblem of freedom unbounded,
Thy country the haven where the oppressed might dwell.

You chimed with the drum and the martial note sounding,
Thy songs were of battles and warrings for right,
Justice, a halo, thy cause was surrounding,
Thy banner rose fleckless like star in the night.
Thy nation and freedom grew single in meaning,
Thy hearthstone the haven of hope and of worth,
The bow of the sky was immaculate gleaming,
With none of distinction for blood or for birth.

The Washingtons, Sumners, and Greeleys have perished,
The Websters and Clays are but dust of the grave,
Yet country has crowned them and memory has cherished
Their names and their fames, and yet proudly they wave
On the Banner of Freedom, and never their glory
To fade from the scroll while Columbia shall last,
And Time makes sublimer the gods of his story,
The trump of the angel sounds not on the blast.

May the good of all nations find place in thy country,
Conservative law till a better is found,
The wisdom of all ages time-proven and hoary,
The justice unshackled, unfettered, unbound!
The star of thy future rise bright o'er thy greatness,
With Onward thy motto till time is no more,
The Empress of nations enlaureled and mateless,
The Freedom of freedoms rise chief on thy shore.

Harp of my native land! Harp of my country!
Sadly I bid you a heartfelt adieu,
Ages may fall that shall darken your glory,
Fade your proud banner that floats in the blue!
Yet, O my Country! my Harp! and my Nation!
Proudly, O proudly, my blessing is made,
May you arise in your might and your station,
Winning the glories that time cannot fade!

THE LEGEND OF GAFTON.

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."
—"Peter Bell, a Tale."

I.

And the Legend of Gafton rose drear on the wind,
And the monks and the nuns in their beauty of mind,
Were telling the story in wildness of numbers,
To maid and to matron, while up from their slumbers,
The lords of the manors were startled with wailing.
Like war on the heath the tale was assailing
The ears of the high, and to those lowly faring,
In beauty and loveliness mingled and staring,
The whole seemed a fact, tho' the fact but a seeming,
A fragment strange born in wildness and dreaming,
And eloquence of speaker alone that could make it
A truth not a legend, and none there to break it
But speakers of beauty, and full of sweet poesy,
A charm or two added if telling the rosary
Could accent the word, and picture the meaning,
That hidden there seemed like a gem-star gleaming
From shell of an oyster or tree-gnarled nook,
A pebble sweet glimmering in soft mountain brook,
The love that heaves soft with the sigh of the maid,
The flower of flowers in beauty arrayed.

II.

And her hair was as dark as the tomb of the dead,
A maiden as fair as a mortal might wed,
And her accents as soft as the moan of the sea,
Joined legend to legend in loveliest beauty,
And the hearers declared in the voice of their soul,
"'Twere never a fairer the Legend had stole

From seeming absurdity, and beggared untruth,"
 As she told it to maid, to matron and youth;
 And circled her round the merry-sad band,
 For the wise and the simple were joined like a hand
 On the tomb of the dead by the willow-bound grave,
 A hand within hand as if sadly to crave
 A union with her who a flower of earth,
 Was struck in her beauty, her bloom, and her mirth,
 And laid with the dead that numbered the sod,
 The dust with its dust, but the soul with its God.

III.

A legend I told you, but a story in telling,
 Shall win or shall lose like the bell in its knelling,
 If tones are not clear, or clear in the ringing,
 If tones are the harp with its moss-garlands clinging,
 A dwarf or a beggar would take from the story,
 And legend or not legend were gone all its glory;
 For telling, the telling, shall name the true poet,
 All subjects of beauty shall seem far below it.

IV.

Evangeline sweet but a fragment of history,
 The language and telling to us is the mystery;
 But Nature the Queen shall give to her laureled
 A language and measure that never have quarreled;
 As natural as love the notes shall be sounded,
 As natural as life the notes shall be bounded
 By beauties that Nature long stored in her coffer,
 Till the Singer of Songs took up with her offer,
 And made her the Goddess of earth and of sky,
 Living for her, and for her living to die.

V.

'Twas late in the even, and the sounds of the Song,
 Had gathered a curious, a many-hued throng;
 And the faraway nunnery now deep in the night,
 Looked pale and looked gray in the paler moon light;
 And the notes of the owl came there with a boom,
 As sad as the bell that ringeth to doom,
 And the growl of the cur that traversed the street,
 As the cries of the gale when the vessels shall meet,
 And the thump of the wheel o'er the rattling pave,
 The groans of the dead that rose from the grave.

VI.

The passer-by trod but a ghost in the night,
 And the robes that he wore were robes all in white;

The house and the tree, and the neighboring field,
Took shapes of the dead that mimed and appealed,
And the sound of the leaf might waken the hour,
So unearthly the tale, the maid in her power.

VII.

The legend was old as the hills and the mountains,
But sparkled afresh like foam on the fountains,
At beck of the poet or rhyme-wedded maiden;
And beauty and wildness with beauty had laden
The Legend of Gafton, till the wise and the simple,
Had named it the truth, and the maid with the wimple,
Was tearful with pity, the sailor sun-browned
Caught at the teardrops that fell to the ground;
And the lords of the manors were sad in the face,
And a sadness unusual seemed hung o'er the place;
But the maid of the Legend with rosary in hand,
Like a darkened Madonna stood Queen of the land,
And the voice of the soul was the voice of her glory,
And added a charm to the magic-told story;
And once it was done, and the paling moonlight
Had kissed the high tower that pierced from the sight,
The skeptics believers, and the lowly in tears,
And a halo of glory in beauty appears,
O'er the head of the Songstress in May-views arrayed,
Enlaureled the Muse-Queen, the Bard's charming maid!

VIII.

The moon and the sky in beauty did vie,
And the stars shone out with a light in their eye,
As pure and as holy as the face o'er the dead
When late the grim Conqueror has been on his raid;
And the city that stretched away to the east
Lay silent and pulseless as a breathing that's ceast,
As the form of the fair when the god of the Deep
Has balmed her in death, eternal in sleep;
And monasteries and nunneries that stretched to the view,
Looked grim in the halo of the moon-wedded blue;
And the scene like the tomb seemed spreading afar,
And roofed by the moon and the sky and the star;
But silent as death in the chambers of life,
Save the voice of the nun which was never at strife,
So sweet and so charming, so modulent there,
So rhythmic and soft, ah! ever a fair
Like the Muse of the Bard in his Edens of air!

IX.

An age ago back, three centuries or more,
When the "light not found on sea or on shore,"

Was then far away and hid in a gloom,
 Where never a flower or a weed in its bloom,
 Where never the Bible had power to sway,
 As the Bible that breathes o'er the cradle to-day!
 And the Night of all nights hung there like a pall,
 O'er cradle and father and mother and all,
 And things of the earth and things of the sky
 Were Goddess and God, and if ever to die,
 To these were the prayers breathed mingled with wail,
 A bigot-like reign with gods and with Baal,
 With never a Being that reigned in the air,
 A Spirit of life here, there, everywhere!

X.

And thus did the Legend so beautifully told
 Win heart of the maid and the lordling grown old,
 The high and the low and the fair and the gay,
 All gathered there like the flowers of May.

XI.

The nun chose the even, for stories of faith,
 Where death and where ghost, the Gorgan and wraith,
 Were mingled, commingled and mixed in the tale
 Found credence more easy, and a maiden so pale
 Seemed paler and paler in the twilight of gloom,
 And the shadows that danced seemed the shadows of doom;
 And the light of the sky, and the dark of the earth,
 The fittest of fittest for gnomes in their birth;
 For the mind in a fury, unnatural and wild,
 A credence would have of a four years' child,
 And a story half told of a witch and a death
 But little were needed to dry up the breath.
 And shiver the frame like an ocean-wrecked ship,
 With nor moon of the cloud, nor star-kist lip;
 So the hour of even was chosen of her,
 Where breeze nor a tree nor a leaflet did stir,
 And the sounds were as hollow as the voice in the prayer
 When the Spirit of God nor the feelings were there,
 And the shadows like witches were mad in their pranks,
 And thousand of skeletons in a shackling that clanks.

XII.

Like the sound of the bell when passes the dead,
 Like the wail of the widow where the spirit has fled,
 Like the moan of the sea when down to their doom
 The father and mother, and the flowerets in bloom
 Have gone in the storm, and ocean a child,
 Is weeping and wailing, and tossing, and wild,

As life of the wave now deep in the grave
Were kin of his kin, and the waters might lave,
Vainly, ah vainly! the place where they sank,
No vestige of life, the ship, nor a plank;
But ripple of waters that soft in their wail,
Seemed "dead and gone, dead and gone, this is their tale!"

XIII.

The sky was as fair as Beauty's soft cheek,
And the moon sailed as classic as face of the Greek,
And the calm of a christian at worship and ease,
An angel-boy babe at prayers on his knees,
The lover that smiles on the face of his bride,
No calmer than sky or the move of the tide;
But stole there like death a storm in the wind,
The eye of the moon with cloudlets was blind,
The heavens wept as child o'er late broken toy,
A father that death-dews have shaped to a boy;
And the face of the sky was as black as the night,
And the thunder was roaring, and flashed on the sight
The forks of the lightning, and the sea met the sky,
While havoc and ruin seemed maddening by,
Till cannon of storm rang loud on the ear,
And the waves of the ocean stood menacing sheer,
Till lost was the ship in the trough of the sea,
Down, down to the bottom of the wide, wide sea!

XIV.

As mournful as these the voice of the nun
Wailed out on the air when the Legend begun,
And the tear in the eye, and the hue on the cheek,
Were kin of the picture where christian shall speak
To those of the sheepfold, the high and the low,
And a language true born in beauty does flow.

XV.

And never the earth so fresh and so fair!
And Spring had burst like a bud everywhere!
And the flowers of Flora in rainbows had vied,
And the fall of the springtime was soft as the tide
That laps the grand shore where the waters have died;
And laughing and gay as the brides on their way
To crown the fair maiden the Queen of the May,
The Spring had come in with scent and with bloom
With joy and with balm, no hint of the doom
The story needs tell ere the wane of the moon;
They crowned her the maid of the rosy-tipt morn,
And many a sweet face shaped anger and scorn,

Fill fairly well known her virtues and heart,
 The anger and scorn were fashioned to art,
 That breathes from Madonnas of earth and of sky,
 A picture that paints a heaven-won beauty ;
 A scene where lilies and flowers in bloom
 Throw sweetness and joy o'er the dark mouldered tomb,
 And Paradise there Elysian and fair,
 Seemed won from the realms of sky and of air.

XVI.

The castle and nunneries and mountains around,
 Stretched far to the east, the west, and the sound
 Of battle and fray were yet on the ear,
 And the mountains rose there in majesty sheer,
 And the knights and the warriors had gone to the fray,
 And axes were ringing in dawn of the day ;
 O'erstrewn were the fields with the dead and the dying,
 And warrior and chief in their madness were flying,
 The steed and the stallion o'er the dead and the dying,
 O'er the dead and the dying, but heroes arose
 From fields of the dead, and the fray with its woes.
 And Malcolm the Brave enlaureled again,
 And the fair Maid of Gafton, the Bride of the main,
 Rose wed in the song of singers around,
 While the bays and the garlands in beauty were bound.

SONG.

1.

And Malcolm, great Malcolm at head of his clan,
 Met the foe on the heath and the moor,
 And heroes and warriors that fought in the van,
 O when can their glory be o'er !
 The Chief of Gleneffer rose grim at the head
 Of the foes as they marched o'er the vale,
 And the knights of Gleneffer fell there with the dead,
 Cleft through the helm or the mail !
 But the dead of great Malcolm were heaped in the pile
 That spread 'neath the eye of the maid,
 As Bride of the Sea no look could defile.
 She stood in her beauty arrayed.
 Her eye on the field when the battle was o'er,
 And axe nor a sabre arose,
 The fallen flag the sabre-blade tore
 That gleamed in the hand of the foes.

2.

They sing her proud beauty as sweet as the May,
 And crown her the Bride of the Sea,

And all that came prancing enlaureled and gay,
Shall bow to her magical beauty!
Great Malcolm the Conqueror of field and of wave,
Has claimed her the bride of all brides,
And many a warrior lies low in his grave,
While Malcolm to Victory rides!
Cuthbert and Darlney the chief of his foes,
Are silent 'neath flowerets above,
The moments were long, and heavy the blows
Where the chief and the chieftain chief strove;
And Hildred, the Bold, of the border-famed clan,
His blood to the Zephyrs was strewn,
And Hartley, the Swordsman, that fought as he ran,
Was dead 'mid the flowers of June!

3.

For Malcolm was proud of his skill and his art,
And tempted the high and the low
To a bout for the maid that wove o'er his heart
A flower-bespangled bow;
And came from the border and came from the sea,
The mountain, the hill, and the dale,
The knight and the chief, and the flower of chivalry,
All clad in their shimmering mail.
The Count of Gleneffer the first to the fray,
But the Count of Gleneffer arose
But to stagger to death ere the eve of the day,—
His grave where the wild-flower blows!
And Alfred, the Hind, his blood for the Chief
Ran useless as wars in the land;
The page of his history has blood on the leaf,
And Rust is guard of his brand!

4.

But a ship that sails o'er the mirrory sea,
Comes sailing and sailing and sailing,
Her wings like a bird's are spread in their beauty,
But nor signal-gun is hailing;
For the ship and the crew seem ancient as time
And the harbor a harbor of doubt,
But the baying of cannon across the brine
Like war in the sky blurted out
From the ports of her side as she rode o'er the wave
In the flush of the early-rayed morn,
And the shores were hid with the gay and the grave,
As on she came sailing, and on!
The flag of the Pirate rose high on the mast,
As the eye caught her hue and her style,

But a signal of peace waved high in the blast,
Yet Suspicion was there with a smile.

5.

The anchor fell down, and a boat came ashore
With the Chief of the pirate band,
And the words that he said no truce did implore
Of Malcolm, the King of the land.
The boat and the pebble have kissed by the bank
That skirted the tossing wave,
And the chains of her prow like a warning did clank
As the doom of the galley-slave;
And his voice was as sweet as the Siren of fate
That reigns o'er the realms of love,
And Malcolm, great Malcolm, shall find him his mate
By the sea, or the hill, or the grove;
And his dress was as rich as the garbs of the East,
His action as supple and light
As the man of the ring, the hind at the feast,
A chieftain in war-garb bedight.

6.

His long raven locks o'er his beauty fell down
Like the veil of a magical hue,
But the dark of his eye when flashed thro' a frown,
Of nothing of pity did sue;
And he leapt to the shore, and brief in a word:
"The Bride of the Sea shall be mine!
And the brook and the rill and the song of the bird,
Shall carry the tale o'er the brine!"
And the crowd stood aghast, but loud on the blast:
"Sir Malcolm shall meet thee alone!
The die of thy life in an hour will be cast,
And thy name and thy glory be flown!"
And there on the shore with the ship in the bay,
A hero and hero are met,
And their names and their skill are sung in the lay,
For who might bravery forget!

XVII.

And the night and the morning in beauty were wed,
But Malcolm the Brave and the Pirate were fled,
And the crowd in a wonder were scanning the shore
Where the light of great Sol in beauty did pour,
For the night was away, and the light of the day
Was soft on the flower, the brook and the spray;
But nothing of Malcolm, the Maid or the Chief,
Yet blood of the contest was fresh on the leaf.

XVIII.

As neither was conquered so neither might claim
The Bride of the Sea by the might of his reign,
And the even had closed with the morrow at dawn
To test o'er again the fray of the morn;
But the night and the morning were hardly at war
In light and in shade at force of her law,*
When the sailor, the chief, the bard and the page,
The young and the gay, the seer and the sage,
Were thick on the banks as a ship had gone down,
And bodies were swaying with waves as the town
Had heaved its wild breast for the dying and dead,
And ruffled the waves where the spirits had fled.

XIX.

But vainly, ah vainly, the search that they made!
And nothing but waters in beauty arrayed,
To answer the queries that rose to the breast,
And shaped into cries tho' there unredressed.

XX.

While the ship like the fog that rose from the sea,
Was craft of the mind in remembered beauty,
And the past but a dream if the tale were of one,
But the eyes of the many when the contest begun,
Were wild on the scene as the blood of the dead
Had dabbled the earth where the flowers were wed.
But a dream or a fact no warriors were there
To fight like a Titan for maid in despair,
And the mountains and hills that circled around,
The roar of the waters that hopelessly drowned
The sounds of the voice, were augur of none,
And pierced from the cloud the eye of the sun,
High risen above, for the day was begun.

XXI.

The freshness of morning was sweet in the air,
And birdlings and flowers seemed here, everywhere,
And the sigh of the zephyr was soft as the song
That mothers shall sing when their babes are late born;
And the flush of the morning on the cheek of the maid,
Fell sweet from the heaven and lovingly stayed;
And the scene in its beauty seemed wooing its bride,
And all to the song of the sweet laving tide;
And wherefore the blood of a hero to shed
Where Nature was 'rayed like a sweet flower bed!
Away! and away! 'tis the gloom of the night,
Where lilies and flowerets are dead with the blight,

* Nature.

And drear Desolation seems grimly around,
 With music nor cadence but discords the sound!
 Where woe and despair are wed in a gloom,
 And nothing seems there but the grave and the tomb;
 'Tis here that the blood of a hero should fall,
 For blood is too precious, is life, and is all,
 And he that shall raise the blade of the brave,
 Deserves but the laurels that twine o'er his grave;
 For never was hand that spilleth the blood
 In fray or in war, that ran like the flood,
 Fitter for glory than he who has stood
 In scorn of all war, and anger withstood;
 For War is a Murder that time makes a right,
 But never was juster tho' nations may write
 Its name on the page of their reign, and e'er own
 It one of the brotherhood where nations have grown
 To power and empire, and easy to war
 Are led by their jealousy, hatred, a law
 That caters to passions that reign in the mind,
 Where nothing of purity or beauty to find.

XXII.

And thus was as vain as a search in the dark
 For gold or a diamond, or a fashion of art,
 And morning was waning, and noon like a god
 Was stealing with time, and the tower with the rod
 In twelve golden notes was giving the hour,
 And the sun on the shaft that pierced from the tower,
 Was witness that time and time's keeper were right,
 As true as the compass that moves in the night;
 And the crowd that had tired as the hours grew on,
 Were all from the shore, and the place as forlorn
 As the field of the dead when the battle is o'er,
 And life to the hero no hand might restore.

XXIII.

But the Legend has gone, and the tale is as plain
 As a star once concealed, but now in its reign
 Makes light of the darkness that shaded its face,
 And crooked the search in beauty does trace
 The first and the last, the half and the whole,
 Where inception and close together may roll.

XXIV.

And thus might the reader be told in a line,
 Tho' voice be as mournful as song of the pine
 But the language of poesy has nothing in store
 But dallying like love on the sea-beaten shore,

A trick or two now, a fact now again,
A dallying, dallying, and teasing of pain,
A coming to terms, a mocking at truth,
In a word, the action of a maid to a youth,
Where Hymen shall reign like a god in the sky,
And the love that speaks out from the love-wedded eye,
Shall tell the truth half, yet doubting may go
Till the priest shall arrive with a balm for his woe.

XXV.

And the contest that raged on the edge of the sea
Disclosed but the powers of the chiefs in their beauty,
And love that was waiting for end of the fray,
Saw chief meet the chief in battle array,
Saw warriors that stood as twins to the crowd,
The plumage of both undaggled, unbowed,
Till sabres were hurled from hand of the braves,
And the flag of the Malcolm the Pirate chief waves,
O'er the heroes that heroes are heroes again,
For each is the master, and masters may reign,
Since each claims the other his equal in war,
And contest is o'er by equality's law;
Yet the morrow shall show them again in the fray;
But the shadows were fleeting, and the dawn of the day
Found chieftain and chieftain as mist of the bay;
And the crowd but the errand that takes to the mine
Where gold nor an opal shall flash on the eyne,
And back thro' the noon-hour they hied them away,
With warrior nor chieftain, the Maid of the fray.

XXVI.

But the accents of madness are wild on the gale,
And a voice of deep augur makes bold to assail
The ears of the lowly, the proud, and the gay,
With "Returning from stroll 'neath the moon's pale ray,
I saw the black ship on the breast of the wave,
As wedded to darkness as death to the grave,
And proud of my Malcolm in the fray of the morn,
I hasted along like a ghost in the dawn,
And soon in the roar of the ocean-beat shore,
A sight met my gaze where softly did pour
The rays of pale Luna, the Queen of the night,
Showing ship of the pirate now black on the sight;
And a sign on a road where one has gone two,
I motionless stood where the blue met the blue,
And down from the side of the moon-lavèd craft
Had slidden a boat, and the demons had laughed,
Else my mind in a fog, a gloomy spell rapt,
O'erwrought had become, and the wavelets snow-capt,

Seemed things of a world where motion was life,
 At war, in a jumble, and vainly at strife;
 And thousand of shapes were wrought of the wave,
 And the cries of the dead when the waters did lave
 The grand old shore that spread at my feet,
 And demons were there and seeming did meet.

XXVII.

"As cautious as thief thro' the portals of night,
 I stole by the shore in the moon's pale light,
 And hiding my form behind a high cleft,
 I turned to the right nor turned to the left,
 But steady before my eyes on the ship,
 I gazed with wonder, while the star near the lip
 Of the hornèd night Queen looked pale from the shroud
 Of my fair Lady's rays; but the breakers were loud,
 And the star-tented dome flew quick from my view,
 And naught but the ship on the wide watery blue.

XXVIII.

"The scream of the sea-mew, the flight of the bird,
 Was all save the waters the deep silence heard,
 And wrapt in my wonder like a sheet of the dead,
 I heard nor a sound, nor a word that was said;
 But the move of the boat was bold on my gaze,
 And now by the shore at its moorings may graze.
 There were three in the boat, and three on the shore
 Are stealing along where the waters may pour
 Their thunder in vain, and I like a shade
 Was close on their track, when, lo! a veiled maid
 Stole out from the shadows of a huge boulder there,
 And, wonders, my Malcolm! the maiden so fair,
 Was the Maid of the Sea with nor sign of despair!

XXIX

"My eyes were as large as a ghost there arrayed
 Had risen from death. No tender voice prayed,
 But the tones of a Beauty in a lover's sweet wail,
 Fell strange on my ear as when there assail
 The mind's mad voicings when graves are around,
 And the night like a tomb in silence profound
 Gives ear to the leaf that stirs on the ground."

XXX.

"My Malcolm may rival the great Pirate chief,
 And cause all the Malcolms to come to their grief,
 But the Maid of the wavelets that tumble to spray,
 Was sung a sweet song in the rise of the ray;

Such a song as a maid shall know on the day
 When Love comes a-peeping in battle array,
 With buckler and sword and quiver in trim,
 A fair maiden's heart in his picture may limn!
 So, adieu to the Malcolm, the Chief of the Sword,
 Thy bird is away, and loving, has soared!"

XXXI.

"Leonie! oh Leonie! is thy love so fair and true,
 That landed chief, that banded chief, can sail the watery blue,
 That landed chief, that banded chief, can love and find no mate,
 But wanders far like twirling star in early morn and late,
 That meets the chief, the pirate chief, upon the pebbly shore,
 And proves his skill a laughing rill that tempts her but the more
 To run away in even's ray like love that found its god,
 And chose the chief, the pirate chief, that sails the waters broad!
 Leonie! oh Leonie! a risk it is you run!
 The moon is bright with merry light it borrowed from the sun;
 But when the day is fresh and gay and we are out to sea,
 My cageless bird, my barless bird will crave her sacred liberty;
 But ship nor crew in even's dew can hold no haven shore,
 And weeping maid in love arrayed shall vainly, vainly 'plore
 For peace of heart that ne'er can start with Beauty lost in tears,
 The chiefest boon aneath the moon, the cadence of the spheres,
 And pirate chief in wedded grief shall tell the blue-eyed maid,
 That love's the best when once confest and ne'er has vainly strayed!"

XXXII.

"Oh Malta, my chief! the rose and the leaf
 Are mingled no more than the love
 That swells to my heart, the heart of my chief,
 The stars that shimmer above;
 And yet you would say in the death of the day,
 My love is a love in a mask,
 And as soon as the day will vanish away,
 Else prove in its name but a task."

XXXIII.

"Leonie, Leonie, my star-bespangled maid,
 And ever truest love that vainly, vainly strayed?
 But Cupid's blind and half inclined
 To make a sad mistake,
 And sometimes blooms and full assumes
 What maidens must not take
 For perfect love the god above
 Would cherish to the end,
 And twine it there with roses rare,
 Outblushing that will blend."

XXXIV.

"The venture's mine, my Malta brave,
And I alone to prove
That never flower above a grave
Is sadder than the love
That finds no mate but long does wait
Like nun in hues of black,
For nameless things that shape to hate,
And many a virtue lack."

XXXV.

"Then hie thee hence o'er the waters wide,
And pirate chief shall name thee bride!"

XXXVI.

"And there like a statue with dew on my garb,
As motionless now as Death with his barb
Had pierced to my life that sprang to my heart,
I stood in the shade while the lovers did part;
And the two rowed the boat, while the chief and his bride,
Went happily o'er the sweet laving tide;
And the blue of the sea kissed the blue of the sky,
In distance that gloomed in reach of the eye;
And the ship and the crew, and the pirate chief too,
Were lost to the sight on the wide watery blue."

XXXVII.

And the crowd were as statues in the vail of the night,
All staring and wearing a mien of affright,
While the nun of the Legend like a music that ceast,
Gave silence no voice, but sweetly released
The minds of the crowd from the tension of thought,
And stood like a picture by Titian hands wrought.

XXXVIII.

But yet the crowd in voices loud
Were pleading for the end,
But maiden there as fresh and fair
As flowers that blush and blend,
Now held her peace a-like a Greece
Once living, but is dead,
Now held her peace a-like a Greece
Where life the throne has fled,
And great emotion as the ocean,
Seemed heaving in her breast;
And if the night were glowing bright
Her features had confessed

An inner dread that darkly wed
To love and life in woe,
And every throb comes there to rob,
And cause the tears to flow,
And things the heart shall ever mark
Where maid has met a youth,
And love and life in mingled strife,
Have proved a bane in sooth,
And Cupid-god with flowered rod
Stands dancing on the throne,
With jeer and laugh that was but half
The maiden's bitter moan;
But moon of night, nor searching light,
Had pictured on her face
As sun of sky in fiery eye
Would limn and boldly trace;
So moon nor night, nor searching wight,
Nor any twinkling star,
Could paint the thought now vainly caught,
So seeming near and far;
But bowed she stood with wimpled hood,
A statue chiseled fair,
The mountains round as yet profound,
The sentinels circled there,
The bannered clouds, the Queen in shrouds,
Were high in domed blue,
And breezes soft that lilies doft,
A fragrance there did strew;
And yet the crowd as if endowed
With patience of a god,
Were calm and still as voiceless rill,
A grave with flowered sod;
But night grew on, and dappled dawn
Would soon blush o'er the place,
When tree nor brook nor Naiad, rook,
Such gloominess could trace,
And maid and tale would vain assail
The throng so charmed now,
For night alone in seeming moan,
With beauty could endow
The Legend there so sadly fair
With charms of reddest gold,
And make a word the rarest bird
That swam above the wold;
And thus should maid in night arrayed,
Quick paint the picture all,
For once the morn should gaily dawn,
The Legend's charm would fall.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

XXXIX.

But silence there as free from care
 As lover with his maid,
 A potent spell like funeral knell,
 A holy calmness laid
 Upon the old where wrinkles told
 The busy sweep of years;
 Upon the young where beauty clung
 'Mid laughter's joyous tears;
 Upon the maid in love arrayed,
 The youth of Cupid's wile;
 The high, the low, the queen, the beau,
 And never could revile
 A stranger tongue where sweetly clung
 The faith a christian claims,
 For wrinkled sage o'er classic page,
 And man of storied brains,
 The listening crowd no senate bowed
 To man of mighty tongue,
 But sweetly there the plain and fair
 As thoughtless there were flung,
 But ear of faith tho' but a wraith
 That shot athwart the gloom,
 And lent a charm the least of harm
 Where weeds and flowers in bloom,
 Made picture sweet that could but greet
 The thinking mind and all,
 For Faith was there with seraph air,
 And let her meekness fall
 Upon the nun whose Legend won
 The skeptic and the proud,
 For she the Muse like beaded dew
 Upon the lily bowed,
 Was full of beauty and her duty
 Painted poet's scenes,
 And but her art fresh from the heart
 In Poesy's laughing sheens,
 Was all she claimed where Genius reigned,
 And rose the king of all;
 And thus the say and not the lay
 In flowery garbs to fall,
 To win the mind where unconfined
 Artistic numbers reign,
 And choicest phrase in freshest bays
 Puts in a matchless claim.

XL.

And love and its mate with the hope of a child,
 Was sailing the sea o'er the waters wild,

But the chief of Gleneffer in the city of death,
 No rivalry now, and the winds with their breath
 Might sigh thro' the flowerets that waved o'er his tomb,
 And he nor the Darlney would rush to their doom;
 And Malcolm the Great, oh where was he laid!
 Had the chief of the sea in his bitterness slayed
 This noble, this chieftain in anger and hate;
 For the fray that he fought then arising his mate?
 But on they flew thro' the fog and the night,
 All under the eye of the paler moonlight,
 And the tale of great Malcolm rang out in the song,
 Of the Chief of the crew as the ship flew along.

XLI.

SONG.

And the even is bright as the bride in her white
 When the bell of the wedding is rung,
 And maidens are there all flowery bedight,
 The choral symphony sung;
 The stars with their flame in beauty proclaim
 The night is spread like a wing,
 Across the sky, where softly by
 The constellations sing;
 The hush of the hour proclaimeth the power
 Of potent god of night,
 And the sweetest time in any clime,
 Is arrayed in its starry light.

XLII.

And the chief with his bride across the tide
 Is hailing his haven home,
 And the maid in her white arrayed like the night
 To starrier climes has flown,
 For the chief in his grief seems buried afar
 In a tomb of the voiceless dead,
 With light of the night nor any star,
 No wold where the flowers are wed;
 For the fray of the morn came madly on,
 And again the chief met the chief,
 And the sword of great Malcolm that cut thro' the dawn,
 Was grim in my breast as a sheath!

XLIII.

And they took my corse with voices hoarse,
 And dragged it across the wold,
 To the yard where the bard the good and the starred,
 In searchless sleep were cold;

And Malcolm the chief with the rose and the leaf,
 Had twined my lily-white maid,
 And the bells were rung, the pæan sung,
 For Hymen had come and stayed.
 A wedding there! a burial here!
 Music, and solemn sound;
 A smile with smile, but never a tear
 For chieftain poppy bound.

XLIV.

And the fame of great Malcolm both far and wide,
 With merry morris rang,
 And hero then a hero's bride
 From merriest harpstring sang,
 But the chieftain proud from the Emerald Isle,
 Had heard of Malcolm's fame,
 And o'er the waters in doughty style
 The hero's bride to claim,
 He sailed one night all brave bedight,
 And "when uprose the sun,"
 He stood accoutred for the fight,
 Where late uprose the sun.

XLV.

We met by the waves that seemed but the graves
 Of nations of rhymeless dead.
 And the organ tone of the sea in its moan
 In volumed voice was wed
 To mightier things where proudly clings
 The loftier brain of man,
 And soundless sounds o'er deep profounds
 In grandest beauty ran,
 For hero's thought for acme fame
 Would cleave beyond the sight,
 And vaster, grander beauties claim
 Than spread across the light.

XLVI.

The swords were crossed, and scabbards bossed
 Made music in the soul
 Of him who proud, with love endowed,
 For hero that 'rays the Scroll,
 Feels all the love a poet knows
 When Nature crowns him Bard!
 And dullest thing to music flows,
 Is diademed and starred!
 And every heart at Malcolm's art,
 Was beating high with pride,

**And pirate there might vainly tear
The scabbard from his side.**

XLVII.

**Shy Victory rose, but rose in vain,
And rose a star to set,
And either showed a diadem
Where matchless beauties met;
And swords were tossed to bloodless sod,
And plumes were bowèd low;
'Twas each the other claimed a god,
And Victory spanned, a bow;
And cheers rang out, the song and shout,
For the fray had found its eve,
And pirate chief like autumned leaf,
O'er fallen pride did grieve!"**

XLVIII.

**"Oh, Malta, you know, the hind and roe
Would love their freedom the more,
Than golden den in the haunts of men
Upon a Lydian shore,
Where flowers and trees, and social ease
Shall cloy with endless calm,
And Man, an Idler, give his fees
For every little charm.
The first a love that stars above
Shall crown with endless peace,
The last a name where every claim:
O Death! be my release!"**

XLIX.

**"Leonie, oh Leonie!
Thy love is matchless true,
And never purer maiden
Aneath the starry blue!
And heart of mine shall smite me,
If ever fall a time
When all thy days with pirate chief
Shall fall from perfect chime;
But life of ours with wreck and spoil,
Shall teach thy heart a woe,
And all shall seem a tangled dream,
Where bitterest tears shall flow."**

L.

**"Then Leonie, then Leonie,
The Maid of the crested Sea,**

Shall lend thy life a softer way,
 And Conscience give its liberty,
 Thy hand restrain when mighty god
 Of the loud and searchless deep,
 Has stamped his rage upon the waves
 That deepest then may speak,
 And mingled nations hurl'd dead
 As freight upon the beach !"

LI.

"Thy words are solace to the soul,
 And forge a golden chain,
 For maiden presence in the world
 Unrivaled beauties claim,
 And but for woman's presence
 Among the haunts of life,
 A pirate's breast were peace
 To chaos there, and strife !—
 The crowd had gone, and Malcolm chief
 Was king among his friends,
 And blood that dyed the flowered leaf,
 A mimic foray lends,
 To mind of him who sailed the sea
 To test this matchless skill,
 And claim the bride in Beauty's pride,
 Ere Hymen had his will ;
 And thus a word in Malcolm's ear
 In the tongue of the pirate clan,
 Taught hour and time in even's prime
 Where mountain breezes fan,—
 And,—tender maid ! the Malcolm chief
 Is dead among the dew !
 His mound the maple autumn leaf
 Aneath the bannered blue !"

LII.

"Dead ! my Malta ?" "Yes, my maid ;
 We met in even's hour ;
 'Twas there I saw him palely laid
 'Mid weed, and leaf, and flower."
 "Ah then, my Malta, matchless thou !—
 And he a hero fell ?"
 "A hero fell ; and I that bow
 To marriage,—funeral knell !—
 The maid her wish ; wilt go or stay ?
 Wilt sail the waters wide ?
 Wilt fall upon thy knees and pray
 For turning of the tide ?"

"My love is love that finds its mate
 'Mid tangled dreams of life;
 My Malta, 'tis Leonie's fate!—
 "Then priest shall end the strife!"

LIII.

The ship sailed on like a thing of life,
 And paled the shore, the scene, and the strife,
 And many a song from the pirate crew
 Rang o'er the waters green and blue,
 And flap of the sail and the roar of the sea,
 In solemn sound 'neath heaven's canopy,
 Unnatural thoughts gave to the mind;
 And wailed like a dirge the ceaseless wind;
 The seldom bird, the receding shore,
 The bannered clouds, the starlights o'er,
 The mellow Queen in half array
 That against the even calmly lay,
 A scene where Beauty veiled in her woe
 Taught dread, and a fear, and the eye to flow;
 But yet the fair maid as calm as the love
 That blooms o'er a life in a vine-wreathed grove,
 No dread for the morrow now veiled in night,
 And the fairy bride maids all clad in their white,
 With armfuls of flowers,
 And smiles like the dawn,
 Seemed wreathing her bride
 Of the rosy-tipt morn;
 And the ship and the crew
 Like a cloud faded there,
 And Edens of beauty
 Seemed here, everywhere,
 And a Maid, like a mist,
 Seemed floating above,
 And the song from her lips
 Rang sweetly of love:

LIV.

SONG.

"Oh, my beauty, fresh and fair,
 With thy sunlight gemmèd hair,
 Skies of beauty, scenes of joy,
 Wait thy wedding where alloy
 Finds no vein in purest gold,
 Mossy banks and flowery wold,
 Scenes where love was never sold,
 Scenes of pleasure, choicest fruit,

Statue gossips bowèd mute ;
 All thy days shall rosy go,
 Streams and rivers sweetly flow,
 Honeyed zephyrs faintly blow ;
 All a scene that Eden knew
 Ere the Satan stalkèd through.
 Emerald Isle the Pirate's home ;
 Never fairy lady moan.
 Words are false, and words are true,
 Chieftain he that never blue,
 Wreckèd life and wreckèd crew,
 Saw a traitor, though his name
 Smirched and blacked by crime and shame,
 Reigns a fear o'er tangled wave.
 Malta! Malta! o'er thy grave,
 Love's proud warriors madly rave,
 Grave where Mercy laid her head,
 Callous grown fell weeping, dead!
 Up! my maid, the shadows go,
 Hold no tale of chieftain's woe ;
 Love has made him what he is,
 Love to claim him back, I wis,
 You the maid to soft his heart,
 Luna Queen shall light the dart,
 Swiftly flung from quivered side,
 Melting heart and naming bride.
 Pictures 'ray the vaulted sky,
 One a tale of misery!
 Met they by the laughing brook,
 Fairy wands in beauty strook
 Heart of her and heart of him,
 Volumed shadows started grim.
 Gone! and she a weeping maid,
 Gone! his comrades bowèd laid
 Hero's form in sunless grave,
 Gone! the tangled flowers wave!"

LV.

And dreamy maid,
 In love arrayed,
 Limned pictures strange and wild,
 And primal night
 Had taken flight
 In beauty undefiled,
 Ere all the thought
 So vainly caught,
 Had won a peaceful reign,
 And matin morn

Had woke the dawn
O'er mountain, sea, and plain.
The scene now fled
With Malcolm dead,
Had waked her wildest thought,
And light and shade
In beauty played
With weed, forget-me-not,
And Love the god,
Seemed but a fraud
That puzzled helpless maid,
But when the Night
With Morn bedight,
Was o'er the mountain laid,
The dream had gone,
And now came on
A sanity of mind,
And all the woes
Latona knows,
Were shackled and confined;
And vessel flew
Across the blue,
And wedding peals outrung,
And never morn
A merrier dawn,
And skylarks rose and sung,
And Nature all
In Beauty's thrall,
Was spread beneath the morn,
And misty mountains
Like the fountains,
Lay across the dawn.
The sky above,
The birds of love,
The thousand things around,
A mazy scene
In spanning een,
And ocean there profound,
In organ tone
Gave moan on moan,
Across the furrowed plain,
And Day the god
With silvered rod,
In majesty did reign.

LVI.

SONG.

"My Leonie maid, Leonie maid,

The morning has brought in sight
 My castle home in beauty arrayed
 Like a haven from out the night;
 It hides the east and wooes the west,
 A kiss from Phœbus' ray,
 As down he goes by e'en caressed
 Where Night comes up the way."
 "Oh Malta! Malta! the enchanted Isle,
 The Isle of my rosiest dream,
 'Tis there I'd reign tho' Cupid's wile
 Should tangle my lurèd een."
 "A dream come true, my chariest maid,
 And robber turnèd god,
 The Pirate Chief like the rose and the leaf,
 To wither above the sod;
 For Malta thine a plot did twine
 Like a network o'er thy life,
 And tears that flood the laughing eyne,
 Are Joy with Joy at strife.
 And amethyst by blue caressed,
 From India far away,
 Shall 'ray thy hand like a jewelled band,
 And diamonds from old Cathay;
 The agate from proud Scotia's cave,
 Shall sparkle in thy hair,
 Egyptian jasper with it crave
 To be forever there;
 Onyx, opal, jewels of rarest kind,
 Shall deck thy flowered store,
 And Cupid-god no more be blind
 Upon the Lydian shore!"

LVII.

"Le-ô-nie!—Le-ô-nie!
 A pretty maid to sleep!
 And dream of springs and blossomed things,
 And realms of the classic Greek!"

And poor Leonie
 Bares her laded eyes,
 The Legend's gone!
 The Pirate Chieftain dies!
 And Walter there
 That clasps her snowy waist,
 The Dream is gone!
 Its outlines faintly traced!

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

Dead! the blinding teardrops fall,
Weeping, wailing through the night;
Death has spread his funeral pall,
Martyred hero cold and white.

Mourning glooms the nation's face,
Bowed in universal grief,
Time nor teardrop can efface;
Death, alas, has turned a leaf.

All of hope that life could give,
All of prayers a people prayed,
Vain, ah vain, to make him live,
Vain as every offering made.

Yet our loss shall be our gain,
Sundered hearts thro' blood are one;
He has died, but not in vain,
God, thy will, thy will be done.

All the nations by his bier,
Bow a loving brotherhood,
While unconscious falls the tear,
Crowned and crownless, blood of blood.

He that sweeps the glowing years
With a master reach of sight,
Finds a purpose thro' the tears
Why my nation's palled in night.

Crown of stars has lost a gem,
Brightest diamond there that shone,
Broken now the diadem,—
Mother, thou to mourn alone?

Thine the babe that grew the man,
Crowned by nation over all,
Chief and leader in the van,
Nation mourns him in his fall.

Thine the grief? The millions bow
Meekly by thy aged form,
Weeping mother e'en as thou,
Thro' the shadow and the storm.

He the nation's babe has grown
In the days and weeks of doubt;
Mingled tears and hushed moan
Now the starlights all are out.

Thou that kept his purpose high,
Sharing every hope and aim,
Find the teardrops in the eye,
Thine and his, the martyred slain.

Thou the wife, his cherished bride,
Feel not death has taken all,
Tender children crowd thy side,
Starlights in the darkened pall.

Thousand hearts shall throb with thine,
In thy deep and hallowed woe,
He, the nation: "Thine and mine,
Let us join our hands and go.

"He was ours; he lived for all,
Mother, wife, must share our claim,
Never great man in his fall
But the teardrops wet his name."

Children, thou shalt take her hand,
Lead her gently from the tomb,
Grief will crush her tho' the land
Like a bride shall be in bloom.

She that saw him crowned of fame,
Proud of him that he was good,
Soothe her when she names his name,
By his bier has mutely stood.

Blow may crush her, yet to know
His dear children, wife and friends,
Shared her grief that coward's blow
Reared where Hope now hopeless bends.

Yet, ah yet, the scene is past,
Sad has rung the ritual verse,
Sprig and floweret have been cast
Grander far than bards rehearse.

Ours the offering meek and low
Unto him the nation chose,
That the verse might heal the woe,
Dry the tear that vainly flows.

Yet, ah yet, the hour came on,
Thro' the hope, the grief, the prayer,
And the starlights thro' the dawn
Smiled, but found no spirit there!

O the tears and wails above him!
O the beauty of his death!
O the blow to those that love him!
O the prayers beneath the breath!

Vain, ah vain, the anthems o'er him,
Vain, ah vain, all earthly aid,
All of life might not restore him,
All of life as soon should fade.

He has gone to realms of beauty,
Gone as warrior stricken brave,
Gone from love, and earth, and duty,
Gone as hero to his grave.

Ye that saw the nations kneel
Proudly by our honored chief,
Saw the teardrops slowly steal
From a more than pity's grief.

God be with thee! May the years
Blend as rainbow tints above,
Mentor seem the place ere tears
Fell upon thy home of love!

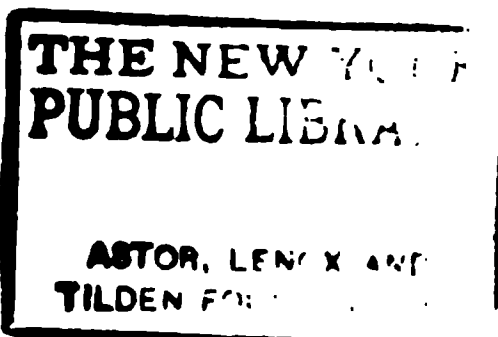
TAKE ME BACK TO MENTOR.

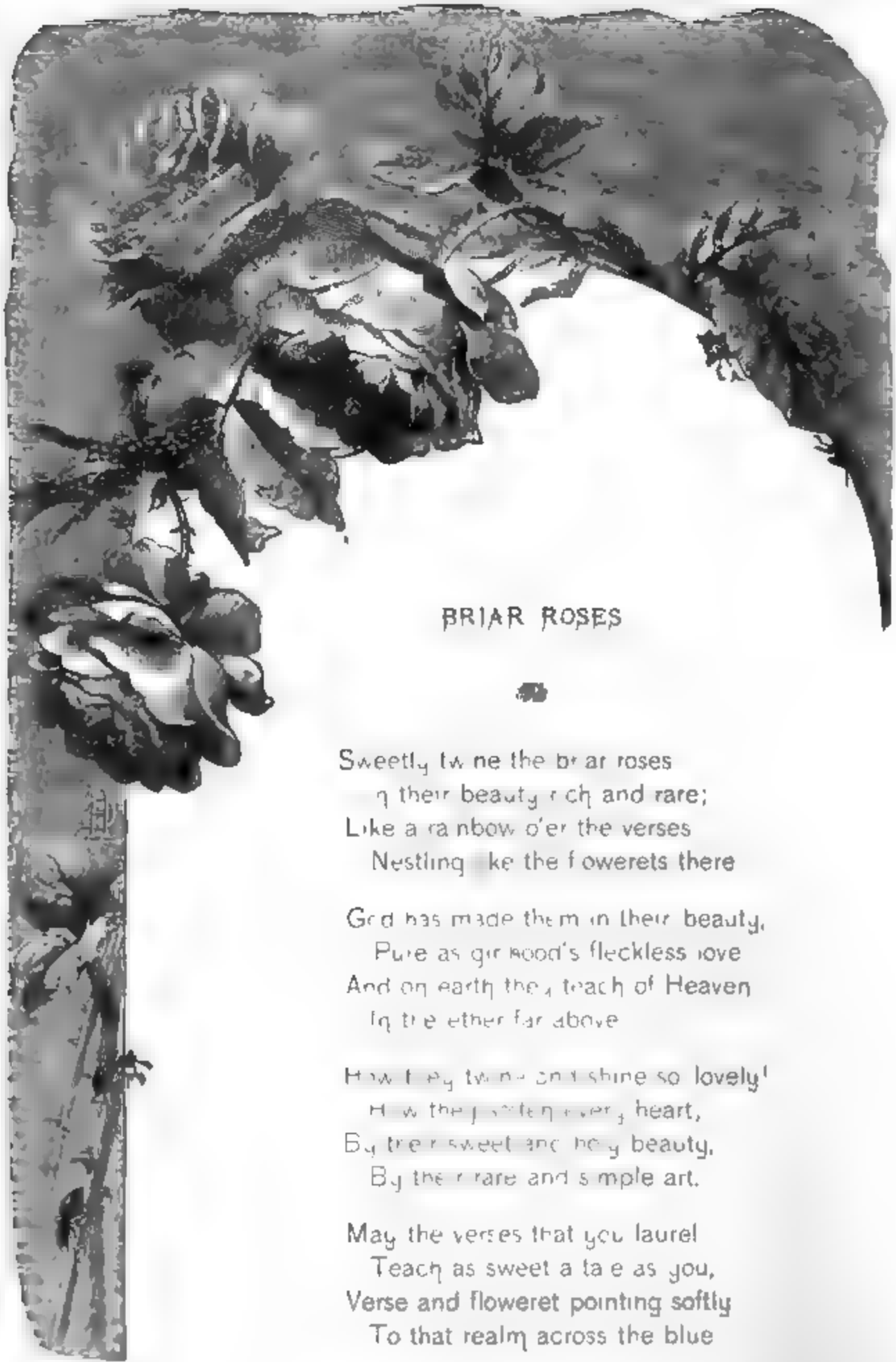
"Take me back to Mentor!"—There
By his bedside mute and still,
Once to him a bride as fair
As the floweret by the rill,
Stood she voiceless in her grief,
All the world a blank before;

"Life or Death upon the leaf,
 When the hours shall turn it o'er?"
 They were pale, and what of her?
 Paint, ye Muses, she that love
 Made the quivered eyelash stir,
 She that named the gods above
 Less than him she loved and lost,
 Grief like this is hers, not thine,
 Human breast is ocean tossed,
 What when Death shall read the line?
 "James!" and he that knew the name,
 Knew her not that gave it breath;
 Pause ye here that kindred claim,
 Whispers there: "It nears! 'Tis Death!"
 See her crushed. O nameless Woe!
 Know ye not of Pity's reign?
 God may lay the sufferer low,
 She to join the whitened train!
 "James!" alas, a vacant look,
 First to know now knew her not!
 Who that bending grief has shook,
 Paints no poem finer wrought?
 Hush! He wanders!—"All a dream.
 Take me back! oh take me back!
 Lawnfield farm-vales brightly gleam."
 Years shall echo: "Take me back!"

THERE'S A SONG IN THE FLOWERS.

There's a song in the flowers,
 And a laugh on the hill,
 And the rosy-tipt hours
 Are speeding to mill;
 Some carry pleasures,
 And some carry woes,
 And some are the treasures
 My Lady bestows;
 One is of sorrow,
 Another of joy,
 But sounds a good-morrow
 From girl and from boy;
 And some that are laden





BRIAR ROSES



Sweetly twine the briar roses
In their beauty rich and rare;
Like a rainbow o'er the verses
Nestling like the flowerets there

God has made them in their beauty,
Pure as girrhood's fleckless love
And on earth they teach of Heaven
In the ether far above

How they twine and shine so lovely!
How they soften every heart,
By their sweet and holy beauty,
By their rare and simple art.

May the verses that you laurel
Teach as sweet a tale as you,
Verse and floweret pointing softly
To that realm across the blue

Like a bent camel's back,
Yet Love and his maiden
Shall trip in the track;
The two shall commingle,
The good and the bad,
But the waifs of Kris Kringle
Shall smile and be glad;
For hope is a fountain
That springs in the dark,
Tho' bad seem a mountain,
Shall wing the high lark;
One hour is adorning
With love of the spring,
But comes a dark morning
With fleck on the wing;
The high and the lowly
Shall battle and war,
But a peace calm and holy
Shall teach them the law,
That love is a duty,
And spans like the bow
That arches in beauty
O'er life and its woe;
So, plain is my moral
As tale of the cross,
Tho' life be a quarrel
With gain and with loss;
The end shall be glory
To him in the fight
Whose life in the story
Was battle for right!

THE SUMMER IS GONE.

The Summer is gone from off the lawn,
And the flowers are lying dead,
And the flowers are lying dead;
The whirling clouds are in the sky,
The sky so cold and red;
And you and I that may not die
In the chill November blast,
Must watch and wait in lowly state,
While the whirling hours go past,
While the whirling hours go past;

We look to north, we look to south,
 And winter's in the blast,
 Its very frost is on the mouth,
 As if to say, your life is past
 When the sun shall go o'er the hills at last,
 For the frost of his breath will freeze the soul,
 Will freeze the soul, will freeze the soul,
 'Twas ever thus the death-king stole,
 In at the mouth and thro' the blood,
 A victim here, a victim there,
 Till nerve, and fiber, and vein,
 And the whirling thoughts across the brain,
 Were dead in the rage of a mad despair,
 That seethed and boiled like a tortured flood,
 Till crash! a shiver, a shock,
 And life and fear, and love and woe,
 Are fragments of broken rock,—
 Of strength, of power, of nervèd force,
 Of strength and power that end their course
 When the lightning steed of death shall go,
 When the lightning steed of death shall go,
 And the mightiest man is naught.

THE TEAR OF THE WEEPER.

The tear of the weeper
 Has gone with the morrow,
 For scythe of the reaper
 Our darling did borrow;
 He fell with the flowers
 When Autumn was golden,
 And left the fair bowers
 Where summers were olden.

His mound 'mong the grasses
 Was laureled with roses,
 And stranger that passes:
 "A flower that closes,
 And leaves a fond mother
 With heart full of sorrow,
 A sister or brother,
 That weeps with the morrow!"

And Fall crownèd Autumn,
And Winter came blowing,
But never forgotten
The mound in the snowing;
The minutes made hours,
And fled with the morrows,
But late in our bowers
The sorrow of sorrows.

A Raphael in painting
Found never the power
Where outline is fainting
With death in the bower;
The bosom may feel it,
A soul torn asunder,
But ne'er can reveal it
Till death shall encumber

The heart of the hearer
And plunge him in sorrow,
When nothing seems dearer,
And hoping can borrow
No solace to cheer him,
No balm with the morning,
When she that was near him
Is dead with the dawning.

Oh father! oh mother!
When death comes unbidden,
The heart of another,
Tho' friendship has bidden,
Can know not your sorrow,
Your loving, and hoping,
The woe with the morrow,
The longing, and groping.

Yet weep o'er thy darling,
But never complaining,
Weep, weep o'er thy darling,
But ever refraining
From branding the Power
That took him in beauty,
For Death has his hour,
And comes as a duty.

THE PLEASURES OF CULTURE.

DEDICATION: TO REV. DANIEL STEVENSON, D. D.

Pleasures of Culture unto thee
I dedicate in verse,
You strung the harp of rustic beauty,
And taught me to rehearse
The thousand 'rayèd thoughts that came
From other realms than ours,
And sent a wild poetic flame
That diademed the hours.

In chaos wild you saw the queen
Of Poesy's native song,
The maids that danced upon the green,
A rare unlettered throng;
You saw a future spread before
That artist Time should paint,
'Twas Faith that paints that other shore,
Thro' faith it shone as faint.

Yet in your eye the picture shone
Beyond and thro' your thought,
I caught it in your voice and tone,
Your finer fancy wrought;
We met but twice, yet never child
Was taught the surer way,
Alone, unlettered, undefiled,
Better than I—astray!

I stood with Chaos hand in hand,
I stood as one gone blind,
A whirling world across the land,
A darkness in the mind;

But you a beacon shone afar,
And ere the die was cast,
You rose a soft half hidden star,
A rainbow o'er the blast !

The gentle murmurs of the evening breeze
Were wooing softest songs in haunts of ease,
And all the scene of rural quiet round
Seemed mellowed by the joy-prevailing sound ;
And beauties won their Edens in the mind
In joyous train, and pleasures unconfined
Rose sweet on sweet, and wooed the cultured brain
To tenderest visions where the beauties reign
That Culture, Goddess of the human heart,
Soft steals from varied view where joyous start
A myriad band of pleasures, joys, delights,
The thousand things that thro' the starlit nights
True lovers trace, as hand in hand with Love
They turn the winding ways, and stars above
Their guardian lamps that light them on their way,
And shed a thousand love-songs in their ray.

The hour is quiet, all a calmness there
That won its reign from Culture's fairest fair,
And scenes on scenes in evening's twilight hue,
As softly steal as stars from out the blue,
And thoughts are wandering as the eye of love
While passioned word with passioned ear had strove ;
And he that found a lack of sculptor's art,
Finds sculptures there their magic joys impart ;
And pictures 'ray his room where none are found ;
The hours go by in rosy visions bound,
And past and present mingled varied scene,
The pictures, paintings, loves in dewy e'en,
Ere Homers, Dantes born to live and die,
But die no death beneath the vaulted sky ;
For culture claims the magic of the mind
Where Genius' living beauties are resigned.

With Memory's train and Fancy's laureled band,
Sweet Culture strays, each softly hand in hand,
And moments gone, and hours, and evening fled,
Yet each in rosy wreaths is loving wed ;
And statue-form as he in Abbey's walls,
A sightless eye, nor hears the curlew calls,
The martin's note, the thousand voiced eve
Where weed and floweret dewy-laded grieve,
The river's soft monotony to the breeze,
The sounds that greet the haunts of social ease,

And make a melody sweet as time has won
From Strauss, Beethoven brain, and once begun
The holy calm that reigns across the Vale,
Possesses all the heart, in tones assail
As witching sweet as Siren from the wave
That gently wooes the hero to his grave.

The babe that cried his cradle dirge to all,
Is painted o'er, and shadows, sunlights fall;
The milkmaid's song is heard in artless strain,
And horns seem nodding to the sweet refrain;
The latch is lifted, hands soft tanned and brown,
Are foaming pail with richest milk, and drown
The steps her heartfelt lay, she heeds not, hears;
Her eyes are filled, for Love will have his tears;
The sudden start, and there across the bars
Are met four eyes that glisten like the stars,
And leaning bashful 'gainst the crumbling rail,
An hour is stole, and yet the frothing pail
Is cheated, as the meek-eyed, motherly kine,
And Love shall echo there, "The maid is mine!"

The scene is gone, the haystack, lover, maid,
The farm, the house, the barn, in mist arrayed,
And rural scene where freshly ran the stream,
Are but the flitting shreds of Memory's dream;
And yet the thought that Culture clothed fair,
Was stealing through a life, a scene where care,
And love, and joy, were rivals in the view,
But freshened now by memory's balmy dew,
May teach a heart the devious route of life,
Where myriad forces mingled in the strife,
And faintest scenes come back in strongest shade,
In Beauty's garb and Fancy's hues arrayed.
The scene not known, unrealized, felt,
Till tears of love and friendship softly melt,
And storied brain to love and wisdom won,
Paints all the past with brightness of the sun.

The years were stealing, he that crowed a babe,
A blooming flower by Nature's hand arrayed,
And aimless looked at her that milked the kine,
In boyhood's days was picturing castled Rhine;
And later time shall find him at the bars,
And Love shall sail with doves to winged cars;
The pail shall froth, but never froth the brim,
While holiest peace shall sway on every limb:
And time shall fly as never flew before,
And yet the tale is telling o'er and o'er,
The e'en shall fall, and wondering farmer turn
To find his maid, and nether cheek shall burn,

As blushes there that tell of Cupid's reign,
 Confess the cause of such delay, and claim
 The throne despite the secret she would hide,
 Tho' fleeting time should laurel her a bride !

The rattling loom has struck his boyhood's ear,
 And rural view has vanished like the tear ;
 The stranger forces once so dapper felt,
 Were teaching half regrets that visions melt,
 And leave the sweetest scene of boyhood's reign,
 A faded view that shines across the brain ;
 And when no longer ball and bat are found
 The chiefest joys with Faery twined around,
 A half regret that youthhood's days are gone,
 Falls there upon his heart, and rosy morn
 Is black with clouds, and tears are in his eyes,
 And stars seem weeping from the domed skies ;
 The castles melt that browed above his Rhine,
 And stern Reality through his teardrops shine.

The winding stream that turned the busy mill,
 The tumbled bridge that arched the sedgy rill,
 The rambling town with houses placed by chance,
 Are memory's own, and there upon the glance,
 Shall seem as mist upon the mountain's top,
 And scene on scene shall be as woof and warp ;
 But time shall move, and he another scene
 Its magic hues shall throw across his dream,
 For castles tower in every turn of life,
 And some shall fall like those in ancient strife,
 While others firmer built shall wage a war
 With time, but time with never-swerving law,
 Shall win at last, and castles built in youth
 In crumbled ruins fall, like shafts untruth
 Has reared across the land to falsest gods,
 And ruled a time with golden starrèd rods ;
 But youthhood's castles reared above the plain,
 Fall only quicker than the one of brain.

The farm-vale house, the scent of new-mown hay,
 The winding lane, the owl and bird of lay,
 Are gone, the homestead verging on the grave,
 Has sheltered long a stranger band, a wave
 Of sad emotion sweeps across the soul
 As thro' the years his thoughts have vainly stole ;
 And tender mother, father gray in years,
 Have shed on fleeting earth their last, last tears ;
 And there a stranger, (dearest spot of earth !)
 Finds not the greeting smile, but crushing dearth
 Of all ! The heart is sick, the mind is crushed,
 A sad return where joy and mirth are hushed,

And every pansy, rose seems o'er a grave
 Of sweetest past, where flowerets once did wave.
 In city's streets, a dot among the crowd,
 His form is traced; the busy years have bowed
 An athlete's form, and gray has streaked his hair,
 And who that thought that gray would e'er be there!
 Ah Time that grays my babe in bended years,
 Thy sickle sweeps, and yet thou hast no tears!
 "Give back my youth!" his soul within him cries,
 "My early years!" and teardrops blind his eyes;
 "The little farm, the friendships past and gone,
 The paintless house where brothers, I was born;
 The mother, father. What shall be the end?
 The end?" And shadows there that meet and blend.
 He passes on, and war-drums sound alarm,
 And battles rage, and Nation once so calm,
 In wild commotion rushes thro' the land,
 And "Save thy mother, freedom! Valor's band!"
 And Bull Run sees her gasping there for life!
 His youth! his youth! and brave amid the strife
 The foe should feel his blade! and songs should tell:
 "Sweet Victory rose, but valorous hero fell!"
 The Sword of Right cut never-healèd wound,
 The usurping Foe in wakeless faint has swooned;
 The drum beat loud on Victory's bloody field,
 And he that rose a dread in shame did yield.
 As he who wanders thro' the vales of life,
 And good and bad has ever found at strife,
 The bended road is seen that ends but—where?
 And fingers cold have grasped him; there and there
 He turns and slow retraces all the route;
 The moon has sunk, and stars are darked and out,
 And sitting down in scenes of earliest days,
 The solemn tones are mingled with the lays,
 And Death a welcome guest that meets his gaze!
 In calmness won from sweet and storied past,
 From every clime where beauties' hues shall last,
 He sits at eve, and softest Culture's reign
 Makes pleasing scenes across his teeming brain;
 And friends are gone, and he that sits alone,
 Is not alone, but thousand friendships own
 A kindred tie, and find the kinship wooed
 By pleasing thought, in fancy's softest mood,
 And laughing train of fairy fays shall roam
 Athwart the mind, and each invited home,
 For Culture's art shall magic paint the weed,
 The veriest thing by bounteous sunlight freed,
 A thousand hues shall 'ray the pictured scene,

And many a joy shall start in starlight sheen ;
The Homer gods shall come in classic train,
Achilles start where Ilectors once were slain,
And Troy's dear Tale on wings of swiftest thought,
Shall fly above in magic beauties wrought ;
The ages grand of mythologic gods
Shall find a place, and cycles' mouldered sods
Give up their tale, the secrets rich with lore,
And waves send forth the mysteries of the shore.

The mighty minds so mellowed in the view,
Shall join the train in freshest morning dew ;
The Ariostos claim a kindred tear,
And thought shall paint as sweetly now were here
The far Italian bard, and voiceful reign
Ere ages fell in softly pleasing train,
And Petrarchs, Dantes own a share of fame
Where later bards have won a kindred claim,
And link the past with present 'rayed in youth,
And earliest glories shining here in truth ;
The Guidos, Raphaels, poesy's sister friends,
The Muses' lore in varied picture blends,
Or sculptured form that woos the matchless mind,
And teaches love the cultured heart shall find.

The rural scenes shall pleasing gain a share,
And sunless weed a tale shall picture there ;
For culture finds a charm where dullards pass,
And wins a varied tale from flower, grass ;
For smallest thing tho' Beauty has not 'rayed,
Has shown a purpose, mighty Power that swayed ;
And he that passes half across the mead,
Shall find a thousand tales by culture freed,
The faded flower with rose-blooms fled away,
Shall claim a thought and show a pleasing sway ;
The brambles catching at the skirts in hate,
The myriad hues in culture's train to mate,
The very dust that clouds beneath the feet,
Shall rise to claim where wisdom's fancies meet.

The books that 'ray his shelves, (no numerous friends!)
Shall rise companions. Each its wisdom lends,
And he that died ere Platos chastened earth,
Shall seem in life as vivid as at birth,
And half unconscious years have mouldered gone,
Sweet Culture claims them breathing with the morn,
And dream shall break and jar upon the soul
Where cultured thought their magic beauties stole ;
The master-pieces born of Beauty's sway,
Shall win the heart, and time shall sing a lay

Of sweetest years that seem in magic reign,
And thrall the soul as beauties here again.

The bard that sang the first of England's songs,
Shall find a kindred claim 'mid later throngs,
The Canterbury Tales shall seem as now,
The Tapster sing, the lover softly bow,
And present lost in rosy-tinted past,
The knightly steel shall sound across the blast,
And Chaucer sweetest singer of his time,
Stand here in life and sing again his rhyme,
The hours shall go, the world in teeming tide,
But Past shall woo the Present modest bride,
And cooing tones shall sound across the years,
And Now is lost and Culture smiles in tears;
The voices sound in Beauty's softest thought,
The glowing past in magic hues is caught,
And like a dream in childhood's happy day,
The many-hued tints shall come in sway,
And weave an Eden rosy 'rayed and fair,
With pansy, lilies, roses glowing there.

Decisive battles balmed by feathered Time,
Shall stir the blood, and sadly weave a rhyme
Where Victory rose and fell, and rose again,
And trumpets, war-drums sound, the charge of men,
Napoleons rise, and Waterloos their doom
Ring out again, a floweret cut in bloom.
We cry for France, or Knighthood's fading dream;
We join the ranks, and banners brightly gleam,
And England now shall claim the kindred tear,
Then Scotland rise, in plaid we madly cheer;
The Victor ever claims our nobler thought,
But finer fancy saddest teardrops caught
For him that fell, tho' justice not his cause,
For Pity shines above all lesser laws.

Like whirling clouds across the mellowed blue,
The thoughts have gone, but loveliest yet in hue,
And chaos minds in magic colors trace
The winding ways where beauties find a place;
For distance throws a glamour of delight
Across the myriad past where seems a night;
But softest Culture turns her magic eye,
And gloom is gone, and starlights in the sky;
The sad and sweet shall come in wedded train,
And varying beauties throw across the brain;
For morrows gone are dearer in their age,
And magic shine across the pictured page,
Divinely glow, and like a stealing moon,
A sweetness shed as flowers fresh in bloom;

And he that saw no beauties in the mind,
More beauties there than reaching eye shall find;
And friendships gone in mellow-tinted past,
As sweet again shall seem as when their last
Was conscious felt, and tears were in his eyes,
As he who lingers where the heart-maid dies.

The whirling fancies Culture 'rays a bride,
And amorous lover woos them to his side;
Pride and poverty and fashion may go
And bear the burden of their folly's woe;
The dapper lord that sinks all fame in dress;—
Away, away! the finer joys caress!
And mind that bowèd low to fashion's law,
Shall say that folly there was all he saw.
The higher mind in fancy's softer garb,
Shall trace, retrace the routes now golden starred;
For time has woven sweetly as the love
That matchless found its maid in realms above,
And fleeting things by beauty then unclaimed,
Are peerless now, and laureled, starred, and famed;
And flitting scenes that went so tamely by,
Elysian hues have ta'en to raptured eye;
The idle games that grew so tiresome then,
Like stars shall shine in Faery's diadem;
And soul enraptured in the mazy view
The fays of Eden matchless there shall strew;
The dullest thing now rosy 'rayed by time,
Shall catch the heart like some old poet's rhyme,
And all the morrows but the Now in past,
Shall sweeter seem where Time his mantle cast.
O hues of beauty! born in Culture's train,
Why fairer found when links are in the chain?
The brook that sang across the modest farm,
Sang then as now in Nature's matchless charm;
The kine that drank the freshly-pebbled stream,
E'en hold a charm across the winding dream,
And Eden fair of shrub and loaded tree,
The homestead seems, with never-dreamèd beauty.

O many-rayèd Muse! why steals the scene
In magic garb across the straining een?
Do time and tide e'er make the flitting now
A choicer boon with age upon its brow?
Ah me! ah me! the present e'er as sweet
Ere days were years with rosy-sandaled feet;
But fancy, memory, Culture, paint the scene
Like flowery bride with love-looks in her een,
And Heaven is there if ever Heaven reigned,
Where Virtue's garb by baseless man is stained.

The thoughts are changing as the bark canoe,
 In mazy scenes and pastures winding thro' ;
 The good, the bad, the dear, the vanished all,
 Yet start again at Culture's pleading call,
 And months and years in airy-flighted train
 Like fays of Faery flit across the brain.
 The Kalids love, and Conrads bare the breast,
 A Corsair life, but love is there confessed ;
 The gun that echoes thro' the starry night,
 Has won its mark, and life is dead and white ;
 The Juans teach a love enborn of earth,
 And woe-cries there sound not above the mirth.
 The scene is gone, and Avon's bard afoot,
 Shall steal along where starlights palely shoot ;
 The daisy pied, and violet blushing fair,
 Shall smile to see so sweet a poet there ;
 And Nature all shall waken at his tread,
 And "Sing me, ere I fall among the dead !
 And time shall go, and fresh as in the field
 My life shall be, and every fragrance yield !"
 Away, away, across the flowery main,
 For moments gone are linked with a chain
 Of rainbow tints that shine across the blue,
 And magic found in Beauty's balmy hue,
 Enchain the thought in viewless shackles there,
 Yet stronger found than ever chained Despair.

The vanish sports, the May-dance on the green,
 The maid the rustic youthhood crowned a queen ;
 The laughter loud, the rapture-feeling eye,
 The lover looks, the swelling breast, the sigh ;
 The matrons proud of charms their daughters wore ;
 The stealing e'en that fell so softly o'er :
 All, all are there by fancy's fairy spell ;
 Yet, Time : "Oh faretheewell, oh faretheewell !"

But ah, but ah, the luring scenes are there,
 And memory paints them in their mellowed air,
 And tho' the years shall bid them all adieu,
 The heart shall paint them e'en as brightly true.

See mother bent above the budding flower,
 Does Culture tear from Death the sacred hour ?
 Ah yes ! the scene as fresh as lilies fair
 That blush in life with half angelic air,
 And time and tide in rosy raptures bound,
 Are viewless made with fancy thrown around.
 The flower is blooming, tears have wet its face,
 'Tis there a mother's love the heart can trace ;
 But babe has budded to the harvest morn ;
 But, mother ! father !—babe !—The world moves on,

And teeming life shall jar upon the dream,
And show them wrecks upon the surging stream.

Though oft retracing mazy walks of life,
A flower plucking, marching to the strife,
Engaging 'gan in sports or laughter round,
Was ever mind so sweetly, sadly bound!
Was less than tale that love shall tell his maid,
Like tale to love its beauties ne'er can fade.
The sire that time has streaked with silvered gray,
Would own the past the mightiest joy to sway;
His memory gone for vainly passing now,
And vanished years seem shining o'er his brow;
Again he climbs the tree that held the nest
Of robin-bird where foliage fragrant dressed;
The butterfly so deftly tossed about,
Has shaped his chase, and faded starlights out,
Have shone again, and he the boyish king,
Seems sceptered there in memory's spangled wing;
He half upstarts as swims the swallow by;
He flies with fairy wing across the sky;
But ah, but ah, the flitting train are gone,
The world, the heartless world moves madly on,
And he is old, and thought that made him brave,
Has pictured living hues from out the grave.

To storied clime beyond the severless sea,
His mind has gone in visions wrapt in beauty;
The Colosseum spans before his eye,
And Rome, proud Rome shall rear beneath the sky,
Her thousand splendors freshly start to view,
And sweetly thrall thro' fancy's azure hue;
Arena with its hundred thousand throng,
Tho' life is there in fleeting shreds of song,
Is wild of cries as chieftain of the field
Lowers the hornèd head and heroes yield.

Thro' classic fields in Time's far misty hue,
His mind has gone, and lines as brightly true
As then were now, are painted softly there,
And distant scene in past shall seem more fair.
He strolls with gods, and maids of laughing e'en,
And brightly shines across the magic scene
A varied view in Beauty's garb arrayed,
And softest notes by girlish hands are played.
The magic splendors crowd upon his brain,
And bind him victim with a golden chain;
The Nations once that rose the kings of time,
Have risen there in Culture's luring rhyme,
And he is rapt as one who gazes far
And sees the past a bright, half hidden star;

The heroes once that turned the tide of war,
The Wellingtons, and Washingtons; in law
Of time have started there across the view,
And smallest pygmies all to giants grew.

O pleasing Past! that distance 'rayed a queen,
How brightly fresh thy views athwart the scene!
How clothed with beauties time alone shall win,
And teach of things that sweetly there have been!
If aught shall bind the mourner fast to earth,
'Tis lovely past where beauties find their birth!
A half regret that airy-footed time
Has tearless gone, and silver-evened prime
Has won the throne, and made the rosy past
The brightest vision, fairest, and the last;
For eve of life shall turn the yearning eye
To scenes where Time has said his sweet good-by;
And he whose life an artless flower grew,
With native beauty sweet across the view,
Shall turn at last and grasp the laded years
That brighter shine thro' Culture lost in tears;
The modest house that roofed the little home,
To him more beauties than a storied Rome;
The tottering step that told his father's tread,
The tottering years that name him with the dead.
All, all shall go, but lend a fleeting charm
That paints the past an ocean vast and calm.

The eve of life its rainbow tints has thrown
Across his brow like some old storied stone,
And he that left the meadow brook, the farm,
Turns once again to find their native charm;
And there with youthful fancy full in view,
He soft repaints the scene in colors true;
The home-vale song of bird and laughing stream
Sounds sweetly there thro' shreds of culture's dream;
He whistles loud, and wends his aimless way
Adown the cowlane at the eve of day;
The herd are lowing far across the field,
And watchdog bark has there discordant pealed;
'Tis youthhood's time of fairy castles found,
With magic beauties faintly twined around,
And never king that ruled the sceptered throne
A half of boyhood's rainbows there could own;
E'en fame, ambition, taught no vain alarm,
But varied view came there in varied charm.
In perfect health, and life a living song,
The hours went by in merry-footed throng;
No thought of cares that well upon the brain
When years are on, the past a fleeing train;

The simple Now so rosy 'rayed and fair
The only time that claimed a joy or care.

The hills are bent beneath the twilight skies;
The gurgling brook in distance softly dies;
The birds are still, and Nature bathed in balms
But half displays the sweetness of her charms,
And whistling lad behind the moving herd,
Has never a thought that ever future stirred,
Or mellowed past a claim across the years
With sacred touch to melt the heart to tears.

The years are fled, and time with frosty breath
Has whispered there of softly stealing Death,
And as a life turns once again to home
Where ever truest, dearest joy-lights shone,
So turned he then, and gray before the hearth,
A flower bent among the flowers of earth,
He calmly sits, and fancy pictures there
A home-scene once that seraph shone and fair;
He sees a farm with barn and gabled roof,
And lights and shades are woven in the woof;
The brook that sang thro' weed and rushy dell,
Sang sweet or sad in fancy's varying spell:
And all the past in visions rose to view;
The magic years in matchless beauties grew,
Till he that 'neath his three score years and ten
Was calm and still, for Death came there again!

DOON AND AYR.

Tho' Doon and Ayr may sing for aye
Of Burns and Highland Mary,
The god of Love has found his way
Where hope and freedom tarry;
The little nursling on the wing
Was found bewildered flying,
Columbia round the god did cling,
With laughing, teasing, crying.

He gave us freedom from the heights
Of sense and soundest reason,
And shone abroad a million lights
With love for every season;
We crowned him in the halls of men,
With bay and rarest flower,—
The Constitution is the brain,
The Nation's chiefest power.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And while we talk of laws of state,
And things too deep for singing,
Sweet love may woo, and win, and mate,
While marriage bells are ringing;
And Sugar River's liliated shore,
Shall be the evening ramble,
While love shall tell it o'er and o'er,
A god to war or gamble.

And while the dogs of law and strife
Are wrangling and debating,
Sweet Cupid sings: "My love, my life!
On native river mating,
We'll woo and win the fair-haired maid,
And never know a sorrow,
The lawyers and the law shall fade,
But love will have his morrow!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

And even thou art growing old,
Tho' laurels grace thy brow
As fresh as when thy harp of gold
First sang: "A Poet thou!"

We could not feel the hour of death
Would steal along the way,
And gentle as an infant's breath,
A voice and harp should stay.

E'en now we see thee young and fair,
Ambition on thy shield,
Our cherished and our noblest care,
While bells outrung and pealed.

And as we near thy storied home,
A welcome shines around,
But yet a something in its tone
Of age, and things profound.

We hear that throng on merry throng,
The wise, the grand, the gay,
No more in crowd shall move along
As in thy flowery May.

The Harp of Time has sung a Song
Not jarring with thy own,
The hours with thee have moved along
Till both are sober grown.

We read thy verse, and grim Decay
Nor glooms across thy page,
The scholar, bard, the bright, the gay,
Are there in youthful rage.

A fruited life in fruited prime,
Has halted by the way,
And life and rhyme in perfect chime,
Have painted perfect day.

O that some balm from magic Ind
Could fix thy Star of life,
A diamond of a poet's mind
Where death nor hate nor strife.

Oh years, oh years, that cannot last,
Oh spare our Poet now,
Tho' he that sang: "'Tis past, 'tis past!"
With youthhood on his brow,

Nor dreamed, nor felt the Hand of Time
Would gently reach across
The loves enborn of every clime,
And we, "our loss, our loss!"

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

How can I think you growing old,
When all the world seems young;
And yet the story plainly told
From life and verse has rung.

A sober tone has marked the lay
Your muse has caroled late,
But yet, ah yet, it has the sway
That comes to man's estate,

When Genius pure, and grand and calm,
Has mellowed through the years,
And o'er its life a golden charm,
As rainbow thro' the tears.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

I read the "Shay," the "One Hoss Shay,"
 And you seem laughing too;
 How are you old when such a lay
 Seems flashing thro' and thro'

Your graver smile, your sober face,
 Your life of honored years,
 Where wisdom's look the eye may trace,
 Tho' blurred by laughter's tears.

It cannot be, it shall not be,
 Thy hourglass is at fault,
 The virgin Spring in all her beauty
 Finds not thy pace to halt.

Thy youth is back, thy verse is young,
 Thy harp no broken string,
 Old Time has but a requiem sung
 Where youth is on the wing.

Go back, old Time, and learn the rule
 That adds a one to one,
 Or was it college, was it school,
 Where things were half way done?

Add now with me, "twice four are eight,
 A twenty with a five,
 Just thirty-three upon the slate
 As sure as you're alive!"

"Ah ha, ah ha, you figure so
 Because you love him yet,
 But years will come, and years will go,
 That Time cannot forget.

"You sum the sum as you would like
 To have it from the heart,
 But Father Time at last must strike,
 Tho' friend and poet part."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I little dreamed when by the stream
 I wandered in your verse,
 That age at last would cross my dream,
 And other lays rehearse.

But Time with dewy-sandaled feet,
Has gone as go the years,
And now the friends that fondly meet,
O'er others mourn in tears.

You sang our childhood's happy lay,
The barn and gabled roof,
Maud Mullers raked the new-mown hay,
With halting love aloof.

The Barefoot Boy was you and I,
With rich Hesperian fruit,
No voiced woes across the sky,
'Twas youth that made them mute.

We told the Bees, and told them o'er,
Old legends strange and grand,
A something of the light did pour
That lights that other land.

We loved your verse so sweetly toned,
So modest, meek and mild,
For Nature there her store had loaned
In beauty undefiled.

No stately phrase and pompous mode,
Were in thy poet songs,
But vernal springs, and kine that lowed,
And Nature's happy throngs.

The Byrons might go thundering down
In verse of stately move,
But discords there might haply drown
A home of perfect love.

Our Poe has gone, our Bryant grave,
But three are left to sing,
And may the flowers that o'er them wave,
E'er freshen with the spring!

Our Longfellow, and Whittier, Holmes,—
Ah who shall take their place!
An eye that e'en as vainly roams,
A sad, a thoughtful face.

But sing thy songs, no rival yet
Has thrown the gauntlet glove;
There is a charm that none forget
About the lives they love.

THE GREAT WHITE SHIP.

I see a ship with sail and mast,
A crowd embarking there,
It is as he whose lot is cast,
A voyage the brave may dare;
I see all nations of the earth,
The high, the proud, the grand,
The blue-blood lord of royal birth,
The meek and modest band.

I see the beggar clad in rags,
The maid with rosy smiles,
The miser with his loaded bags,
The babe from purer isles;
The banker proud and formal dressed,
The bride that late was wed,
A little nursling God caressed,
And numbered with the dead.

I see a graybeard man in years,
A longing in his look,
A broken mother bathed in tears,
The lovers of the Book;
A sea that never knew a calm,
A ship that knows no tide,
Nor day nor night with sails all white,
For money, love, or bride.

I see the man that ruled the state,
The judge that ruled the court,
The maid and youth that love did mate,
The scold of vile report;
"And I have hope beyond the tomb,
My every duty done,
As flowers that live and blush and bloom,
Beneath the golden sun.

"My hope has lived from day to day,
Has cheered from hour to hour,
A something tells me that a way
Is ope to perfect flower!"
And others talked. The beggar's plea:
"I've done the best I knew,
I had no ships upon the sea,
My roof the vaulted blue.

"I gave no mite, for none I had,
My feast a crust of bread,
I know the people called me bad,
And wished that I were dead."
The farmer: "Yes, I knew it best,
But early morn and eve,
I worked and worked, and work has blest,
My work I could not leave."

The lord of fashion told his tale,
For each had his excuse,
The little babe by death more pale,
No language did abuse;
And yet, O Heart! O human Heart!
E'en Hope is born of death,
The dearest friend from friend may part
As passing of a breath.

And yet the lowest, lowliest slave,
Shall have a hope beyond,
A something mystic from the grave
Has bound with holy bond;
All doctrines, tenets, rules, and laws,
All creeds of human kind,
Have ceased from strife, their petty wars
'Tis faith and hope that bind.

The Great White Ship may sail the tide,
Thro' day, and eve, and night,
But never yet a form that died,
But shed a rosier light!
The deepest darkness lends a ray,
'Tis God that claims us now,
E'en death may come with power to slay,
Yet Hope shall span the brow!

The Great White Ship shall ope the eye
Of creed-fed mortal man,
And every form beneath the sky,
Find faith and hope shall span

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Beyond the tomb, across the Sea,
 To brighter realms above,
 And every eye that could not see,
 E'en paint the Throne of Love.

Sail on, O Ship! with freight of dead!
 Sail on with faith and hope,
 'Tis I can see the form that bled,
 The portal standing ope;
 'Tis I that have a faith as vast
 As human heart can find,
 'Tis I that see a fruited past,
 A perished world behind.

And yet a something not of earth,
 Has told me all is well,
 That death is but a second birth,
 An earthly passing-bell!
 O Man! O Woman! born of dust!
 The Great White Ship is love!
 'Tis God the Helmsman you may trust,
 Tho' cloud and storm above!

WHERE TREES O'ERHANG THE STREAM.

I.

Where trees o'erhang the stream,
 And waters softly flow,
 How sweet it was to sit
 And watch the ripples go.

II.

The trees spread high above,
 The clouds were sailing there,
 The clouds were on the stream
 In shapes fantastic fair.

III.

We saw the faded boat
 Below us on the wave,
 The boatmen on the shore
 Where merry waters lave.

IV.

The flowers were at our feet,
 The flowers were at our back,
 The waters stretched before
 A broad and silvery track.



WHERE TREES O'ERHANG THE STREAM.

**THE NEW YORK
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**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**

V.

**And careless of the hours
We watched the waters flow,
Half hid amid the flowers
That wildly bloom and blow.**

VI.

**No thought of coming morrows,
No guess of days to be,
But waifs of fairy childhood
Our hearts were light and free.**

THE FRAY.

**I see them marching o'er the wold,
The drum no requiem note,
In poet's song the cannon rolled,
The banner proud did float.**

**I see the battle raging there,
The charge, the wild retreat,
The cannon's mouth the brave did dare,
'Mid shot, and shell, and heat.**

**I hear above the mingled din
The cry of "Victory, on!"
I see the kin go down with kin,
A brave 'mid battle born.**

**The steeds were mad, e'en madder yet
The warriors bronzed and brown;
Such bravery may the bard forget,
Tho' valor mowed them down?**

**They met, a force against a force,
That marched to do or die,
And sabre thrust and trumpet hoarse,
Appalled beneath the sky.**

**We see them now in serried rank,
"March, march!" he said;
A crash, a roar, and faces blank,
And heroes with the dead.**

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Their valor won them lasting fame,
A fame that rivals yet
The brightest won 'mid smoke and flame,
Where death and warriors met.

The fray was long, and fold on fold,
The day went sinking down,
Until in king-god's shimmering gold,
We saw them dead and brown.

We looked across the conquered field,
Confusion reigned around ;
"And thou art dead, but did not yield
Till icy death had bound.

"Thy glory long, resplendent yet,
Where other warriors fell,
A hero there a hero met,
'Mid din, and shock, and shell.

"Our wreaths are twined across thy brow,
Tho' laureled with the dead ;
We love our country, even thou
That bravely fought and bled."

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN.

The springs have gone from spring to spring,
And winter's cold to cold,
While many a life on buoyant wing
The passing-bell has tolled.

The years have gone till thirty now
Are numbered with the past ;
That baby face, that baby brow,
They could not, could not last.

That father once so full of hope,
Of sacred love and life,
Has gone from earth, and friends may grope
Where doubt and dread are rife.

I little dreamed as time should go
From day to passing day,
That death at last would strike a blow,
And sweep the flowers of May.

Old House! my home, my baby throne,
I love thy lack of grace,
A something there that I would own,
That I alone can trace.

Yet other forms, and other hearts,
Have graced thy sacred floors,
A beauty there above the arts,
A light from other shores.

I see a babe that grew a flower,
And heart and heart made one,
A tottling strength, but sceptered power,
With splendors of the sun.

But death has come across the scene,
The flowers are lying low,
And yet a something shines between
All blending like the bow.

Sweet Hope shall span beyond the tomb,
Across the surging stream,
And flowers of Life as sweet in bloom
As youthhood's happy dream.

A light shall clear the tangled shade,
And lay across its form
A beauty that can never fade,
The bow that crowns the storm.

But yet, old house, my dear old home,
A sad, a last adieu ;
Thou art a greater than a Rome,
A Greece that fronts the blue!

SPRING HAS COME.

And Spring has come from softer vales,
Across my cottage home,
With zephyrs soft and balmy gales,
And flowers upon the loam,
With love and joy that are of Spring,
When Spring is in her bloom,
And vines that round her softly cling,
All shorn of Winter's gloom.

THE LADY OF DARDÁLE.

The robin's note in plaintive strain,
 Is sweet among the trees,
 And hoary winter late in reign,
 Has gone to Arctic seas;
 The grass is thick upon the lawn
 Across the lilled field,
 And flowers, queens of eve and dawn,
 Their virgin beauties yield.

Sweet May has crowned the lovely scene
 With beauty shorn of art,
 And Nature in her robes of green,
 Has won the poet's heart;
 The love of loves seems now afoot
 In meadow, field, and farm,
 And regal joys like starlights shoot
 In many a varied charm.

And song and laughter from the hills
 Are rippling with the stream,
 And weed and flower beside the rills,
 In varied beauty gleam;
 E'en narrow thought in breasts of men,
 Has broadened with the day,
 And Winter there so cold in reign,
 Has ta'en the charm of May!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thou Singer sweet of wood and vale,
 The flower that decks the loam,
 Sweet Nature wept and still may wail,
 That thou art taken home.

But yet her woe shall solace find
 For he who sang her praise,
 Upon her breast at last reclined
 'Mid springhood's flowery bays.

Thy Harp unstrung yet echoes far
 From clime to farthest clime,
 Tho' rounding moon and listening star
 Have gone from prime to prime.

The poet's tale is never dead
 Tho' years shall sing his death,

His verse and life eternal wed
Are fresh upon the breath.

The moon looks down upon thy grave
With pale and hallowed face,
And as the flowers all sweetly wave,
A tear the heart may trace.

For moon and star and flowered wold,
The daisy pied and blue,
Have charmed thy verse tho' years are old
Where life retains its dew.

Thou told us in thy rugged verse
That death was never grim,
Thy moments last did but rehearse
The tale again to Him.

Thy life went out as waning moon,
With yet a presence left
Of something that had all too soon
A home and friend bereft.

The words we said were not of fear,
We loved you to the last;
A heart and soul that shed the tear,
That said: "'Tis past, 'tis past!"

Yet we that saw the moving hearse,
Yet hoped with Hope in tears,
That death was but in poet's verse,
That thou wert hale in years.

But hoping heart! oh blinding doubt!
Thy Forest-Hymn may sound
O'er life and death with starlights out,
The flowers above thy mound!

LONGFELLOW.

Oh hush! sweet bird, for I would hear
Nor voice nor bird nor rill,
The flowers I fling may grace his bier,
But he is silent still!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

The grief I feel nor any word,
Nor psalm nor song can tell;
A something there my soul has heard
In muffled funeral bell.

The Harp of Death has rung at last,
But yet my soul, e'en yet,
A voice may whisper, "All is past!"
Can we, can we forget?

A scholar-bard, 'twas thus they said;
A child might read his verse:
O human woe that he is dead!
Our flowers are on his hearse!

Oh love! oh hope! oh veiling tears!
Oh heart benumbed and cold!
Oh hour of hours thro' all the years!
Oh tomb across the wold!

Oh Whittier, Holmes, my English bard!*
Oh pain, oh wailing grief!
The skies are bended golden starred,
Yet Death is on the leaf!

They said: "Oh Death! oh child of gloom,
We prayed, but heard us not;
The March winds blew, the Spring in bloom;
We love, but bard forgot?"

And I had died; but be it so,
The loved are chosen first;
Oh day of days! no wild flowers blow,
The very Spring's accurst!

And yet, oh Grief! oh wailing voice,
A whisper from the gloom:
"We love, we love, rejoice, rejoice,
There Springs eternal bloom!"

Oh loved and lost! oh Harp unstrung!
Oh world in vainest tears!
The requiem note at last has rung,
And dies among the spheres!

*Tennyson.

The lid is closed! We turn away,
The surging crowd is gone;
'Twas Death came there! His natal day
Among the stars of Dawn!

TENNYSON.

Oh Child of Keats in loveliest verse!
In thought, and speech, and phrase,
A foreign bard might soft rehearse,
And crown thy brow with bays!

The May-Queens charmed us long ago,
With tear and tender smile,
The flowers blush, and bloom, and blow,
That time shall not defile.

Thou art the Laureate of the world,
The bard of dantiest thought,
Thy banner floats to-day unfurled
O'er palace, home, and cot.

We fought you hard when first you came,
With satire, gibe, and jest,
For Byrons with their fire and flame
The very gods had dressed!

But when thy verse so calm and free,
Had schooled in higher schools,
We gave thee fame, immortality,
And angled in the pools.

Above the milldams rushing hoarse,
Where placid grandeur shone,
While stream in gay theatric course
Caught sweetness in its tone.

The Miller's Daughter won the heart
Of throng on surging throng,
And many a floweret soft did start
From out thy magic song.

You changed our thought, you calmed our mind,
You tamed the surging breast,
Æonian balms were on the wind,
The Muses stood confest!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Your Cupids breathed a softer sigh,
 Your loves a tenderer tone,
 And flowers and lilies 'neath the sky
 In rarest beauty shone.

We bayed and crowned, and crowned again,
 We 'rayed like queens of May,
 Thy flowers were blooming o'er the main
 In mild seraphic sway.

Our love is thine, tho' Eros maid,
 We fought thy wildered plea;
 But recreant love at last obeyed,
 And crowned thee god of Beauty!

GOOD MORNING, MAY.

Good morning, May! a little cool,
 But time I trow, I wot,
 Was never cold when you came round
 By softer breezes caught;
 You gave us flowers, and May-queen maids,
 With hue of love and health,
 You crowned the year in flowered 'ray
 With balms and Lydian wealth.

Your horn of plenty lavished forth
 A thousand varied joys,
 With flowers, and maids, and amorous girls,
 And rosy Paphian boys;
 Profusion rich and rarest rare
 You showered from every nook,
 And rosy spring did laugh and smile
 Like any meadow brook!

You gave us wealth of mind and thought,
 A lover's buoyant heart,
 And all the world seemed one great smile,
 That never would depart.
 Oh May! oh May! oh flowery May!
 Oh queen month of the year!
 Thy world of song and flowers fair,
 The poorest heart may cheer!

Thy sister June is rich and rare,
As rare as humble worth,
But you, my May, my flowery May!
More perfect in your birth;
The chilly breeze has flown afar
Across the raging deep,
But you, my May, my loveliest May,
A guileless babe asleep!

THE TIME TO LOVE.

Oh now's the time, my guileless youth,
To woo the fair-haired maid,
The very month will tell the tale,
If you a bit afraid;
The roses twine as you may twine
The maiden in your arms,
But ah! take care! lest all you lose
In Cupid's luring charms!

She's coy and shy, but in her eye
Sweet Eros stands atilt,
Take care! take care! the honeyed blade
Is buried to the hilt!
Oh do not sigh, oh do not cry,
The pain will soon be o'er,
You stayed too long, you wooed too well,
I told you all before!

And here is Cupid, take your shield,
Your sword and feathered dart,
He's practiced from the birth of time,
His battles are the heart;
Now study well the stealing leaf
That decks the fragrant tree,
'Tis thus he steals across the soul
In never matchèd beauty.

You did? and why that heaving breast,
That ever roving eye,
Dissatisfaction in your look,
A face to laugh or cry?

Go tell your friends of Cupid's wile,
 His machinations all,
 It cost you dear, but said and done
 Would you the heart recall?

THE RAREST TIME.

And now the time, the rarest time
 Of all the varied year,
 Has come afresh from Eden vales,
 With Nature's lavish cheer;
 The Autumn brook that lost its song
 When Fall was crowned with death,
 Is now the merriest singer out,
 With rich perfumèd breath.

Sweet June will come, but May is here
 Her basket filled with flowers,
 And all the air, and all the gale,
 Are rich from liliated bowers;
 And freshness, brightness, joys atilt,
 Outstart from every scene,
 While Nature seems a laughing song,
 With rosy smiles between.

The dullest wight has ta'en a start,
 The flowers are dancing gay,
 And music rich from Nature's harp,
 Has chimed a perfect lay;
 And life, and joy, and brightness now,
 In vale and meadow scene,
 The brides-maids with their flowered arms,
 Like fairies on the green!

O rarest time! O loveliest time!
 Of all the varied year!
 The world takes on its brightest smile,
 And says: "I'm glad I'm here!"
 The chanticleer rings in the morn,
 And Phœbus crowns the day,
 While Busyness wields his wonted power,
 From Ind to old Cathay.

A REVERIE.

"Yes, I'm past my teens, but list,
Light and shade have ever kist,
Mine has been a life of woe,
Where the turgid waters flow,
Where the scenes did seem to be
Frought for aye with misery ;
Time has laid the picture bare,
All the past made faultless fair,
All the scenes that seemed of woe
Blended like the far rainbow.
He came as help to father's farm
When we were in our teens,
And hours went by in varied charm,
In bright seraphic sheens ;
Unconscious as the sweet wild flower,
We twined and grew in strength,
And Cupid came from dappled bower
And bound our lives at length.
I mind me now the song he sang,
The songs he sang to me,
And maiden fairies tripped along
In merry-footed beauty.

SONG.

" 'My little Bess, my fair-haired maid,
If love come on are you afraid ?'
" 'Ah, never, never fear for me,
For love to you is love to me.'
" 'But love is such a heartless god
The thorny rose may deck his rod,
For 'neath the petal briars may show,
And paint a scene of varied woe.'
" 'But ne'er you mind, the fault's my own
If thorny rose is only blown,
For I must take my chances there,
As many hearts that love did pair.'

"Your pa is rich, and I am poor,
 I may not be the chosen wooer;
 But love is such a flighty thing,
 He'll soon be off upon the wing.'
 "'And love to pause for gaudy wealth?
 'Tis there he'll come tho' come by stealth!
 And love to be a flighty thing,
 And soon as found be on the wing?
 'Tis true of like but not of love,
 He comes of heaven, is born above,
 And once he comes to heart of maid
 He may not die tho' life shall fade.'

"The hours went by, and time made never a halt,
 And like from like to love had grown; but we
 Had never felt a fear. The hours might go
 And leave their varied tale of misery
 And woe; but half unconscious of our state,
 The minutes shaped to hours, and hours were crowned.
 By days, and days were laureled by the months,
 And months by rounded years; and he was gone
 From father's fields! But we should meet again
 In nearest future, fortune smiling then
 Her rarest smile. But I am past my teens!
 Yes, little maiden reader, even more,
 An old, old maid, they tell me, thoughtless girls
 Who seek to tease me for my wasted years
 Have told me. 'Yes, she loved. He was the help.
 He held the plow. He drove the team; but love
 Came dancing o'er the eastern hills. The furrow
 Turned love on every sod; and then there grew
 A bulky Care that had no hours of rest,
 And she, poor maid, was dead in love! The days
 Went dancing by, and merry minstrels tuned
 Their harps to love, and framed a faultless ditty.

DITTY.

A farmer hired a braw young youth,
 He loved a maiden all in truth,
 And she was fair, and she was fair.

He loved her then, he loves her now,
 'Twas love that made the maiden bow,
 And she was fair, and she was fair.

Oh come ye maids that read of love,
 The rosy god was born above,
 And she was fair, and she was fair.

The minutes caught the laughing hours,
The fairy-queens were in the bowers,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

The farmer paid the fair young man,
The summer sun his face did tan,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

He went across the clovered field,
But love with love had there appealed,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

He drove the young man from the farm,
The daughter faded, lost her charm,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

And thus they sang, and to my ears it sounded
A-like a dirge. I could not listen; thoughts
Came pouring, burdening with oppressive woes,
Like weights upon my life. I wandered then
Across the autumn fields where he and I
Together walking, built the castles love
Could rear from faintest shred of hope, and all
The future bright with star, and sun, and moon,
And dappled dawn, outshone. But hark! I hear
A noise as rapid steeds in anger freed
From hand of straint. And can it be! it be!

And now the tale has found an end,
The past and present sweetly blend,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

She waited till her teens were by,
The light had faded from her eye,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

Her pa repented long ago,
But love alone could heal her woe,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

The years had gone, and she was old,
The suitors came with bags of gold,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

At last a stranger came to town,
His steeds were mettled, chestnut brown,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

They were affrighted in the e'en,
The sun had sunk in golden sheen,
And she was fair, and she was fair.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

The farmer stood within his door,
 He saw the carriage hurlèd o'er,
 And she was fair, and she was fair.

He picked the stranger from the sod;
 "And O my God! and O my God!"
 And she was fair, and she was fair.

"My daughter! this thine early love!
 The very gods be blest above!"
 And she was fair, and she was fair.

He had more gold than East or Ind!
 They nursed him back, but Cupid's blind,
 And she was fair, and she was fair.

The wedding came with rose and flower,
 And never earth such happy hour,
 And she was fair, and very fair.

EROS.

"Oh Eros rich, oh Eros rare,
 Oh Eros, Eros, Eros,
 We hate your look, your style, your form,
 Oh do not come so near us!
 Oh do not come, oh do not come,
 For we are unbelieving,
 The men are but a hateful set,
 And fondest of deceiving!"

A peddler comes adown the lane
 The rarest in his packet;
 "And she's a maid, a silly maid,
 So foolish as to lack it;
 I have assortments rich and rare
 From Eden and Arcady,
 And he's a king, a very king,
 Who gets it for his lady!"

And all forgetful of their guard,
 Their shield for guileless beauties,
 They look to right, nor look to left,
 But stare as 'twere their duties.

The peddler shows his stock in trade,
 "And this or that a shilling!"
 And sparkling eyes, and eager hands,
 Are all too willing, willing!

And now the vender casts his guise,
 And Cupid stands a-laughing,
 But all too late with scaleless eyes,
 They find he's been a-chaffing!
 So maiden rich, and maiden rare,
 He comes in every calling,
 The high, the low, the plain, the fair,
 Are caught and found a-falling!

LOVE.

You see that fisher by the pool
 Half waking and half dozing,
 Sweet love is like the nibble first,
 The fish and fisher posing;
 You drop the line to catch a shad
 In sort of classic angling,
 Kaleidoscopic is the view,
 A "pollywog" entangling.

A movement comes as faint as love
 Upon the face of lasses,
 You struggle hard, and down there falls
 A fish among the rashes;
 You put a glass to either eye
 That adds not to your seeing,
 And like a fisher at the show,
 Keep peering and a-peering.

A polished judge in courts of law
 Knows not the laws of courting,
 But still a judge, and full of pride,
 This tale finds a reporting:
 "A fisher and Love went out to fish,
 In pools too deep for angling,
 And what a pretty, pretty dish,
 Sweet love the fisher tangling!"

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

"He cast his line for silvered shad
 Below the silvered water,
 And now he pleads like one gone mad
 For bright haired fisher's daughter!
 Oh Love! oh Love! a fishing went,
 The fisher took the baiting,
 And Cupid stands his bow all bent,
 While fisher and love are mating.

SPRING WOULD COME.

And I had said the Spring would come
 With rarest balms and flowers,
 And all the birds from farm and fold,
 Have told it to the hours;
 The robin here, the swallow there,
 The blackbird in the bushes,
 The brownie rich of rarest song,
 Where songful brooklet pushes.

The very kine with mellow eyne,
 Have told it in their lowing,
 And Love atilt across the field,
 His Spring-tide trump is blowing;
 The very air, the birds that pair,
 E'en sweetly waving grasses,
 Have told the tale from hill and dale,
 Alas, and lovely lasses!

So cheer, my man, with face of tan,
 The Spring in all her beauty,
 Shall man the heart, where ne'er shall part
 The homely god of duty;
 The plow may cut the furrowed field,
 While all the world is ringing,
 The song and laughter have outpealed,
 The birds in rarest singing.

So, wake ye all, for flowers fall
 From Nature's lavish coffer,
 While youth and maid that Love had 'rayed,
 Shall plead, and blush, and offer;

Ambition now shall take a start,
And thoughts of grandest motion,
While Nature's organ o'er the heart
Peals sweetly as the ocean.

BESIDE HER BABY'S GRAVE.

O Ingersoll with awful Doubt !
This mother cannot read !
This widowed mother all alone,
Alone where death has freed
Her darling baby from the cares,
The wants, the hopes of life ;
She cannot read, and yet her heart
Finds consolation rife.

"Oh, by low baby, by low by,"
She sang at hush of eve ;
The morning dawned, her baby dead,
As bended flower may grieve,
She wept and wept her bitter tears,
She wept the long day thro',
Alone, alone, now all alone,
No starlights in the blue.

And "by low baby" like a dirge
Came sounding hollow there ;
No earthly friend could soothe her pain.
"My angel baby where,
O where thy little harmless soul ?"
And Faith stood by the grave ;
And now the stars were in the sky,
And now there rolled a wave.

She saw her baby angel winged,
The grave was at her feet,
She saw the empty cradle then,
And "by low baby" sweet
Unconscious fell, and then the tears
Were in her eyes ; but came
A voice in tender tones : "And love
Has made you name a name

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

"To earth, to earth no longer known,
 'Twas love made death thy guest;
 If all were known, the grave would be
 A place of holy rest."
 'Twas faith that came and talked,
 And from the flowered sod
 She turned in tears; her tears were dry
 Her faith and hope in God.

O Ingersoll! forbear! forbear!
 Let faith be born of death!
 'Twere wicked that the creed should rob
 The hope beneath the breath!
 Let love and hope go hand in hand,
 And faith of "We are Seven,"
 Still paint a better, brighter land,
 With every soul in Heaven!

THE MAY-QUEEN.

We crowned her there the Queen of May,
 With garlands rich and rare,
 And brighter eyes nor merrier lay,
 That crowned her fairest fair;
 No jealous thought in heart of maid,
 The youth that stood around,
 While Love and Beauty softly 'rayed
 With choicest to be found.

The songs we sung were tuned of love,
 And beauty of the Spring,
 While sacred joys from realms above
 A rainbow o'er did fling;
 We danced the May-dance on the green,
 While music soft around,
 Did echo but the song, I ween,
 In every joy-breast found.

'Twas love and life from Eden vales,
 The bourne across the blue,
 And Cupid there with ravished tales,
 Was mating two and two;

The day flew by, the hours apace
Brought even's dewy balms,
But Eros there with blissful face,
Was king in all his charms!

The scene has gone with other joys,
Adown the stream of time,
But many there who laughed as boys,
Are strong in manhood's prime;
And just a bit of gossip now,
A-many a two grew one,
'Twas Cupid stood upon the prow
And sang: I've won! I've won!"

OH, COME A-LOVING.

Oh come a-loving, come a-loving,
Oh come a-loving now,
The bells are ringing, bells are ringing,
Sweet Cupid makes a bow.
"And who is winning, who is winning,
A maiden or a lord?
I've every love from first beginning
That time has never outlawed.

"The love of money, love of money,
The love of honest worth,
From Eden all her loves of honey,
The love of wealth or birth;
The love that's jealous, love that's jealous,
And daggers all the heart,
I've every shade, no law'll compell us
To take one and depart."

The hod he carries, hod he carries,
But love has found him out,
He smirks and smiles, and then he marries,
Oh what is love about?
She wears her laces, wears her laces,
Yet love is more than these,
In hall and hut we find his traces,
E'en on the broadest seas.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

So come in beauty, come in beauty,
 And come in any guise,
 You'll find the chance the sweetest duty
 E'er seen of mortal eyes;
 And he's a-fooling, he's a-fooling,
 Who takes no lottery card,
 And needs a sort of classic schooling
 By North Street's humble bard.

BURNS.

Oh Robert Burns, 'tis you and I
 From farm or field of duty,
 Must woo the Muses from the sky,
 And Poesy's queens of beauty;
 We have no wealth to win the love
 Of wight or lord of fashion,
 We sing our songs, and stars above
 Look down in soft compassion.

We envy but the lordling's time,
 His moments spent in folly,
 And while he tires, we softly rhyme
 Of maidens rich and jolly;
 We steal from sleep the precious hour
 That gives a grain of knowledge,
 And fays and fairies in the bower,
 A scholar out of college.

The richest lords of Ind we grow,
 And paint a golden palace,
 The coarser thoughts that sometimes flow,
 We cleanse in poesy's chalice,
 And night with dusky wing becomes
 An Eden full of flowers,
 The bird that sings, the bee that hums,
 The rose from rarest bowers.

So Burns, my Burns, my Robby Burns,
 We'll woo beyond the heather,
 Tho' Fortune come by freaks and turns,
 And clouds and stormy weather;

And lords of fashion, lords of art,
Are welcome to their folly,
'Tis you and I in humble part,
Will jolly be, and jolly!

A BLIND HUNTER LAD.

There came a little hunter lad,
"Oh maiden, fay or fairy,
I'm always young and never old,
But blindness makes me tarry;
I've been the sight of youth and maid
From Eden's days of beauty,
But now I call upon the fair
To do an artless duty.

"I've lost my way, and cannot find
My grotto bathed in glory,
I know you fair and very kind,
My worth is in the story;
I placed my quiver on my back
To hunt the fatted forest,
And now alack, alack,
My tale it is the sorest!

"My eyes were bright as any deer's,
As roamed I thro' the thicket,
But darkness fell across my tears,
And hid the open wicket;"
The maiden took his dimpled hand,
"And oh my rosy darling,
We'll find the wicket where a band
Of fays and rarest starling."

And strolled they on from nook to nook,
From mountains high and hoary,
And sang the birds, the merry brook,
The lakes in sheeted glory;
"Oh here we are like glinting star,
In haunts of old Arcady!"
And flew the shaft, the winged bar,
For Love had found his lady!

A LETTER TO
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Good morning, sir, a country bard
Among New England hills,
Has sung his songs unknown, unstarred,
Of native flowers and rills;
He sang the woodbine twining round
A-many a rustic scene,
The youth and maiden lily bound,
In nature's starlight sheen.

He sang of war, he sang of fame,
A hero in the ranks,
And many a beauty there did claim
From rare and rustic banks;
He sang alone, untutored then,
From native flame and fire,
His store of knowledge was the brain,
'Twas love that swept the lyre.

He knew no peace unless the Muse
Entwined him in her arms,
He had but love, and love to choose,
A maiden in her charms;
A fame and name were least of all
The shapers of his verse,
'Twere beauties there, and birds that call,
'Twere they that did rehearse.

Old Labor once the gift of all,
Had crowned him at the first,
But muses danced across the hall
To music rare as erst;
He looked with cold mechanic eye
To see them tread the air,
And such a merry train went by,
He seemed in half despair.

"Oh what is this? Why should the son
In humble work of life,
Find dullard's brain so sweetly won
To such a merry strife?"
He seized his harp and stole away
Across the fields of corn,
The maids went dancing to the lay,
And Cupid blew his horn.

Old earth and labor flew afar,
The night came stealing on,
The bended blue with many a star,
Was glittering like the dawn;
He lost his soul, and to the lyre
He poured a wondrous song,
His very harp seemed flamed with fire
As danced the merry throng.

"Oh come to me, my lovely Muse!
With laurels on your brow,
A rustic bard will ne'er refuse
To make the lover's vow;
You sought him where New Hampshire soil
Was hard as rugged fate,
The Delphic rill shall never roil,
Thou art without a mate!

"Oh come in beauty, come in love,
Oh come from baser earth,
Thou art a seraph from above,
And heaven was thy birth;
You wooed him from his thralling work,
Mechanic's humble art,
He stood as glum as any Turk,
But now he gives his heart!"

And thus, my Holmes, the bard was born,
While labor ruled the hour,
The years went by, a lovelier morn,
A lovelier land and bower;
A lovelier earth, a brighter view,
An Eden shorn of art,
The starlights now were in the blue,
Tho' world and poet part!

With less of genius than a Burns,
He sang the woodland air,
He sees the bard;* the furrow turns,
They woo him from the share;†

* Burns. † The Muses.

Columbia holds the laurel wreath
 To crown the god of song,
 And purer from the laureate Chief,*
 To Genius does belong !

A poet o'er a poet's verse,
 May see beyond—a soul,
 A mystic maid does there rehearse,
 No passing-bell does toll ;
 And so, my Holmes, he leaves to you,
 As critic, judge, and friend,
 Whether the gods have made his due,
 The Wreath where laurels blend !

MAY.

I love you, May, I love you, May,
 In all your wealth and glory,
 I love you, May, I love you, May,
 You crown the mountains hoary ;
 I love your tune, I love your tune,
 Your rarest scent of flowers,
 You sing and cradle baby June
 In Nature's Lydian bowers.

You woo the breezes from the hill,
 The maidens rich and chary,
 The song from brook and meadow rill,
 While baby June you carry ;
 "And by low baby, by low by,
 O June my rosy darling,
 You have the love-laugh in your eye,
 The song of rarest starling!"

And by low baby, soft and low,
 Is falling with the hours,
 While little breezes come and go
 Across the choral flowers ;
 My lovely June, my lovely June!
 My beauty rarest given,
 The death of May may jar your tune,
 You cherub fresh from heaven.

*Longfellow.

That May and June might hand in hand
Go tripping on together,
With Eden Springs, a flowered land,
The rarest kind of weather;
With smile and sunshine, and the love,
Of spotless youth and maiden,
Relief to those not won above,
To those too heavy laden.

BY SUGAR RIVER.

By Sugar River's lilled shore
I wandered with my Sadie,
And starlight rays did softly pour,
The Luna Queen, my lady;
Our hearts were free, and softly flew
The moments in the gloaming,
But love was there, and bannered blue
A palace for our roaming.

Oh who would be a titled lord
In formal wealth disporting,
On Sugar River's flowered sod
I'd rather be a-courting;
No wealth to keep us from our sleep,
For night's the poorman's season,
And he that has his gold to keep,
Finds sleep a-playing treason.

Our hearts are beating with the tide,
For love is all our calling.
He's more to me than Mammon's bride,
His chains are never galling;
So here's a toast for love and life,
May lover find his maiden,
And he that's down amid the strife,
Find love not heavy laden!

The rich are poor, the poor are rich,
And love's the bonniest blessing.
I'd rather take for love a stitch,
And find myself confessing.

Than worship gold, the friend it gives,
The nod, and smirk, and smiling,
An honest man all gold outlives,
Untarnished, undefiling.

FAREWELL, MY HOMESTEAD.

Faretheewell, my bonnie homestead,
Faretheewell before I go,
Scenes of beauty and of duty,
All my sorrow ne'er may know ;
Here the hope that had its morrow,
Purest love that came so free,
Rosy hours that knew no sorrow,
Golden ships upon the sea.

Never future had a duty,
Never morrow had a care,
But the rosy queen of beauty
Twined her garlands ever there.
Here the poet met his maiden,
Loved and won and never lost,
And the hours tho' heavy laden,
Paid him over, cost for cost.

Castles rose with hall and tower,
Turret, dome, and massive roof,
Ward and guarder, knight of power,
Sentinel that stood aloof ;
Hope had painted like a Raphael,
Broadest meadows stretched away,
And the sorrow life could borrow,
Faded, faded, day by day.

Years have gone, and home is broken,
Death came there a silent guest,
But to faith a life-long token,
Token e'en that death has blest ;
And at last the bond that bound them,
Wanders from his broken home,
Tho' the memories hovering round them
Still forbid the bard to roam.

But adieu, adieu, my homestead,
 Faretheewell before I go,
 Blooming flowers from fairy bowers
 Teach a tale of joy and woe;
 Teach that tho' on earth forever
 Part the friend and kin from kin,
 Time will come that does not sever,
 Painting there "what might have been."

THE GRIND STONE.

She turned the stone with nimble hands,
 While he the axe was grinding,
 And out of view with dart he stands,
 A Cupid all unminding;
 He holds the head against the stone,
 The dullest in the quiver,
 For love is cold if left alone.
 And sometimes has a shiver.

The maiden turned, and turned, and turned,
 The arrow getting sharper,
 Till eyes looked back again that yearned,
 And Cupid was the harper;
 The stone went round and round again,
 The hour was quite forgotten,
 A dizziness across the brain,
 And neither sheep from mutton,

Did know the maid, the lover youth,
 And Love cared not a shilling;
 The stone had ground, and ground in truth
 A love, for both were willing.
 "Now sing, oh sing, my maiden gay,
 A farmer's son, a daughter,
 They ground the axe, and ground away,
 Till Love flew in the water.

"Come on, my priest, my holy sir,
 The world is less in number,
 For he has talked of love to her,
 And now nor sleep nor slumber;

And blushing like the dewy rose,
The maiden in her tresses,
The priest stands there in whited clothes,
And he his love confesses."

BESIDE THE STREAM.

I saw a maiden rich and rare
Beside the gurgling stream,
Her smile was sweet, her golden hair
Seemed soft as fading dream;
I did not love, but yet her glance
So tender, sweet and mild,
My very being did intrance
With beauty undefiled.

She seemed to me the prettiest maid
My eyes had ever seen,
And such the beauty that arrayed,
I loved her then, I ween;
Why thus I loved I could not tell,
But something shaped her fair
As any rosy in the dell
Outblushing in the air.

For many, many maids, I trow,
Were fair and pure as she;
But murmured breezes soft and low,
The flowers upon the lea,
Seemed won of her, this fair-haired maid,
And like myself were led
To love a form that He had 'rayed
With beauties meekly wed.

Oh why was she the queen of all,
The rarest maid I knew?
The flower that twines across the wall,
Is sweet and fair to you;
And may you tell the reason why?
Can language shape the thought?
'Twas thus I loved the maiden shy,
'Twas thus my heart was caught

For love is like the stealing leaf,
The lovely budding rose,
He comes upon you like a thief,
The mystic wind that blows;
For love, true love is never sought,
He comes as he may like,
And all the armors ever wrought
Shall part when he may strike.

BENEATH THE HAWTHORN.

Beneath the hawthorn's milkwhite shade,
In even's mellow glooming,
I wooed the rich and rarest maid
The day had left a-blooming;
We sang of love, while stars above
Shone softly pale and mellow,
The clouds went by across the sky,
All pale, and red, and yellow.

"And such is love, my bonnie maid,
All colors of the rainbow,
He ever came, and ever stayed,
When Cupid bore the train-bow.
When once 'tis love from realms above,
From Eden or Arcady,
'Tis death alone in solemn tone,
Can win him from my lady."

And there they sat beneath the cloud,
With Cupid in the grasses,
And he the proudest of the proud,
And she of lovely lasses;
To wealth or fame they laid no claim,
To rarest friend or cousin,
For love was love, and stars above
Were shining by the dozen.

"Oh Love, oh Love, my acrobat!"
They sang and sang together,
"'Tis but a tale of tit for tat,
In any kind of weather!"

And reader fair, without a care,
There came a flowered wedding,
'Twas Love that won the battle there.
To-day his light is shedding.

APRIL CAME.

And April came with shine and shower
Across the clouded east,
With smiles and tears and skies that lower,
Where winter's rage had ceased :
You had no field of June-wed roses,
The balms of flowery May,
But month of tears, and dearth of posies,
You kept old March at bay.

So March went out with storm and clatter,
A-sailing down the west,
Then smiles and tears, a little spatter,
And April stood confest !
Oh April smiles, and April showers,
Oh diadem of Spring !
You came a child from fairer bowers,
With music on the wing.

We love you more than all the summer,
For freshness and for joy,
Thou art the first and sweetest comer,
Thou love-eyed Cupid boy ;
Thou art a youth, a maid in tresses,
A love to weep and wail,
Your weakness every hour confesses,
It's all a lover's tale.

But April born in tears and sorrow,
You gave us May and June,
And now we say to sweet to-morrow,
She got the harp in tune ;
'Twas she that set the wheel in motion,
With softer months before,
And now the anthem of the ocean
Sings: "April evermore!"

EVE AGAIN IN PARADISE.

I.

"Good morning, all; a pretty world!
With birds, and vines, and laughing flowers,
And fruit, and trees, the pansy, rose,
The morning-glory e'en did close
By cottage homes, and rural bowers!

II.

"And you are happy, even I
Did come from realms across the sky
To share with you 'Sweet By and By;'
A little maid you'd not deny,
For Eden's apple made me cry,
And filled my heart with sorrow;
I know 'twas wrong, but do not sigh,
Your Eden mine did borrow!
'Twas so to be, the Bible said;
We paint a bright to-morrow,
And then we wish that we were dead,
And fill our hearts with sorrow.

III.

"I see your land with fruit and tree,
A rill that sings forever,
And surely Eden's virgin beauty,
Seemed never half so clever;
For never, never, never,
Shall come a change, a change;
We have the fairest, rarest weather,
No woe that will estrange,
But mated flowers we bloom together,
And bloom and never change.

IV.

"The human mind is so arranged,
That e'en the rainbow must be changed;
We ever look for something new
To break the weary spell;

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And you love this, and that ; and you ?
The tale were hard to tell.

V.

“The Garden came from perfect mould,
A perfect hand that wrought,
All finer fancies caught,
And never a lovelier on the wold,
In earth or sky above,
A scene of perfect love,
Where funeral bells were never tolled,
Where maids were young and never old,
And Beauty twined her flower
In rare and rustic bower !

VI.

“And this an after-thought to me,
That time may never sever,
The sky is blue above the sea,
The Garden's gone forever !
The ages rolled, and Time turned back !
My Paradise ! my Heaven !
I press again the sanded track,
My faith as ‘We are Seven !’

VII.

“I stand in Paradise again,
I see the rills and flowers,
I see your world across the main,
Its people, halls, and towers ;
It is a Dream, and years are ages,
The world has moved since Adam fell,
I see the centuries on her pages,
The moving crowds as billows swell !
I see the fruit that fell like sand,
I see a peopled, happy land,
I see a myriad, merry band,
I see ambitions great and grand,
And Adam there, and I, sad Eve,
The cause of this fruition !
Take not our poor contrition,—
O why should we so wail and grieve !

VIII.

“O Mother with thy cotted Home !
And thou the Queen ! and this thy Rome !
And would that Adam never fell ?
That Eve were ever Eden's daughter ?

What lovelier charm, what lovelier spell?
 What song of Spring and falling water?
 What joy that man may never know!
 The child-birth pain! but O the joy!
 An angel down from out the bow,
 A rosy, blooming, perfect boy!
 Has come to thee! O love like this!
 Serenity, and purity!
 O earthly Heaven! Eden bliss!
 The crown of all posterity,
 A god, a very god!
 To wield the sceptered rod,
 His throne is all the earth,
 And Eve and Adam fallen;
 'Twere they that gave him birth:—
 But column after column,
 E'en Death shall raze; but Hope is there,
 Her raiments pure and spotless white.
 The child is dead! but faultless fair,
 An angel-boy across the night!
 And yet a holy, holier love!
 The sky is blue, the grass is green,
 E'en death has bound with bonds of love,
 And opes to earth a brighter scene!

IX.

“The world is happy, happier now,
 E'en death has made the heart to linger
 About the Great White Throne on high,
 And she is touched by saintly finger,
 And he has dropped his coarser phrase,
 His voice is soft and tender,
 The reverent voice is raised in praise,
 The heavenly powers attend her!

X.

“And ye that know the glad fruition,
 Have loved and won and never lost,
 And Eden yet your whole ambition?—
 A peopled world shall be the cost!
 This loving, wooing, winning,
 Has come of Adam's sinning;
 The apple fell that you might be:
 You love the birds and flowers,
 And time shall take them all from thee
 And dark the rosy hours,
 If Eden turned to Eden gone!
 But, hark! the poorest, lowliest sinner:

'And e'en my work with shackles on,
Makes me from Adam's fall the winner !'

XI.

"The Dream is gone ! I'm Eve no longer !
The world, the great big world is moving on !
The Eves of Eden now are stronger,
'Twas out of utter darkness came the dawn !
And better far that so it is,
For Eve and Adam sinning,
Brought out of darkness into light,
A great World's first beginning !"

 BY-BY, MAY.

Oh by-by, May, oh by, oh by,
I hate to see you go,
That such a lovely month should die
With roses all in blow !
But we beside the cradle stood,
And heard your cooing tones,
It seems a woe from out the blood,
A chill from colder zones.

We bind your brow with roses rare,
The rarest rose of June,
And crown you fairest of the fair,
Tho' death has jarred the tune ;
But by the cradle, "by low by,"
We sang your early hours,
And now we see you softly die
A death among the flowers.

We load your hearse with rose and thyme,
We breathe our softest prayer,
We sing our little country rhyme
In half angelic air ;
You gave us May flowers rich and rare,
The Rose's hope in June,
But now the mourners place you where
The roses blush and bloom.

So, by low by, thy sounder sleep
Shall need no carol song,
The stately calla lilies weep,
The brook that trips along;
The May-maids cherish all your worth,
The May-lads join the praise,
They feel that now a happier birth
Has crowned you May of Mays!

HOW DE DO, JUNE.

Oh how de do, my blooming June,
With leaf upon the tree,
Old Nature harps a merry tune,
And I a song to thee:
A year has gone since you were here
In garlands of the spring,
And while the leaf and corn appear,
We strike the harp and sing.

"Oh June, oh June, the roses now
Are blushing in the field,
The god of flowers makes a bow,
And marriage bells have pealed;
We thrum the lyre, and woo the lute,
We dance, and sing, and play,
And gaudy June is blushing mute,
Like Eden in her day.

"Oh come the brides-maids from the halls
To join the choral song!
'Tis June may have her dance and balls,
The loveliest of the throng!
The May may give us roses rare,
Unchilled by winter snows,
But June shall heap abundance where
The May-rose seldom blows.

"So June our tune, with trump and horn,
The timbrel, lute, and lyre,
For Nature gives the perfect morn,
The youth his love and fire;

The maid her hue of beauty's bloom,
The child his feat of arms,
While nature all the robes assume
Of brides-maids in their charms."

DRIVING THE COWS.

Meadows stretched beneath the eye,
Even laughing in the sky,
Beauty spread effulgence round,
Flower and weed bedecked the ground,
Thousand joys came there to view,
Earth was vying with the blue,
Scenes of beauty and of love
Lavish fell from realms above,
Cows were lowing by the stream
Where the flower and lily dream,
And the twilight shades that fell
Seemed to wrap in magic spell,
And the maiden barefoot there,
Rosy smiles and golden hair,
Knew no love to woo her breast,
Tho' the tale were there confest
That the god of love might come,
Banded bees 'mid flowerets hum,
Bird and brooklet chime in song,
Yet my Hitty find no wrong.
"Whay, old Madge, the even's falling,
Bird to bird is sweetly calling;
Whay, old Bess, my meek-eyed heifer,
Songs are sung of far Gleneffer,
Scotland comes with blooming heather,
Love and Burns in stormy weather.
What is loving, wooing, winning?
Every tale must have beginning—"
"Pretty maiden, let me tell you!"
Came a stranger, "Love will sell you,
He will leave his pretty sheeling,
Crown the lover softly kneeling,
And the night shall be of dreaming,
Love the victor mildly beaming."
"Whay, old Matty,—yes, sir stranger,
Love is e'er a gaudy ranger,"

And her feet tripped thro' the grasses.
"Love may come, but never passes,"
And he felt a strange emotion,
Thoughts were heaving like the ocean.
"Maiden fair, pray let me tell you,
Stranger comes that may repel you,
Yet my heart is wrapt in sorrow,
Surely Hope should crown the morrow.
I am going where a maiden
Never love had sorrow laden,
Hitty, Hitty Small, I knew her,
Yet my heart could ne'er construe her.
We were young, but Robert Granger
'Thro' the world became a ranger—" "
"O!" and faint, and even fainter
(Stars above shall come and paint her),
Grew the "Whay, Madge!" She was trembling.
Truest love is ne'er dissembling.
"Oh my Robert, years have wandered,
All my early beauty squandered
Since you left me for the beauty
Crowning future scenes of duty."
"But we meet, my little farmer,
Maids have gone, but you the charmer."
And the "Whay, Madge" to the cattle,
Sounded faint as drum to battle
When the din, and strife, and plunder,
Cannon pealed their vollied thunder,
Jarred upon the startled hearing,
And the spear on spear appearing,
Seemed to drown and half bewilder,
Seemed to drown and half bewilder,
And the cattle ate the grasses,
Cropped the weed among the rashes,
Even fell upon the bramble,
Light and shade did vying gamble,
Up the trees the squirrels scramble,
'Neath the starlight lovers ramble,
And the farmer heard the lowing
Far across the clovered mowing,
And he wondered what detained her,
What the power that so restrained her,
Saw the horns above the railing,
But the "Whay, Bess!" soft assailing,
Died among the gathering shadows,
Died across the clovered meadows;
Then a fear came softly stealing,
And as quickly from the ceiling

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

As his trembling hands could take it,
 Took his hat, while fear did make it
 Such a task he left it hanging,
 Gate, and hall-door, barn-door banging;
 And, my reader, pretty Hitty
 With the ranger from the city,
 Fell upon the wildered farmer.
 "Pa, I'm coming!"—"Do not harm her—"
 "Pa, 'tis only Robert Granger,
 Not a wayward, wandering stranger!"
 And, my fair-haired little reader,
 Gentlest love did softly lead her;
 And the farmer, friend and daughter,
 Drove the cows across the water,
 And I tell you since that stranger,
 Cow-lane wooing Robert Granger,
 Came across the bended grasses,
 Wound the cows adown the passes.
 Ne'er delayed by love or lasses

 TO CHARLESTOWN.

Oh do not weep, my bonnie town,
 That native bard should roam,
 He went where Labor reared his front,
 Tho' far away from home!
 The god of wealth had passed him by,
 But hunger never strayed,
 And so the muses waned and drooped,
 They knelt and sometimes prayed.

To Brooklyn far across the farms,
 He took his humble way,
 And war came on, the drum was loud,
 Secession wild in sway;
 A youth in teens he felt no dread
 That made the Nation weep,
 His little boyish heart was warm,
 And soft as gentle sleep.

The North and South were up in arms,
 And men were running wild,
 And blood, red blood was flowing there,
 Columbia wept a child.

"My Thirteen States the crown of this,
Where kin are stabbing kin?
O God! that this should ever be,
With woe, and war, and din!"

But Charlestown with thy stately homes,
Thy river grand and wide,
My native town! the war at last
Was o'er where heroes died;
And now the harp we strike again,
With peace and tales of love,
The Nation moves a mightier host
O'er fields where warriors strove.

TO CLAREMONT.

Oh Claremont unknown as yet
Outside thy bounding line,
'Twas here the muse and poet met
As strangers on the Tyne;
He bathed in Sugar River's stream,
And plucked the lily bright,
"And love and life seemed all a dream,"
The schoolhouse red and white.

He wandered oft the winding way,
Where weed, and flower, and rose,
Made beauty all the livelong day,
The even in its close;
He bound his harp with rustic verse,
And sang old Cupid's tune,
O why should muses so rehearse,
He found in rosy June.

'Twas all the beauty in the heart
The lovely month had shown,
And Nature's poet seemed a part,
And wandered not alone;
'Twas Nature gave her voice thro' him,
And tuned the magic lyre,
She gave him every freak and whim,
And crowned his harp with fire.

So now adieu till fame shall crown
 Thy mountains, hills and peaks,
 And laurel you an Ayrshire town
 Where rustic poet speaks;
 The mills that frown above thy stream,
 May woo the lovely Muse,
 But where old Labor has no dream,
 Will poet's love refuse?

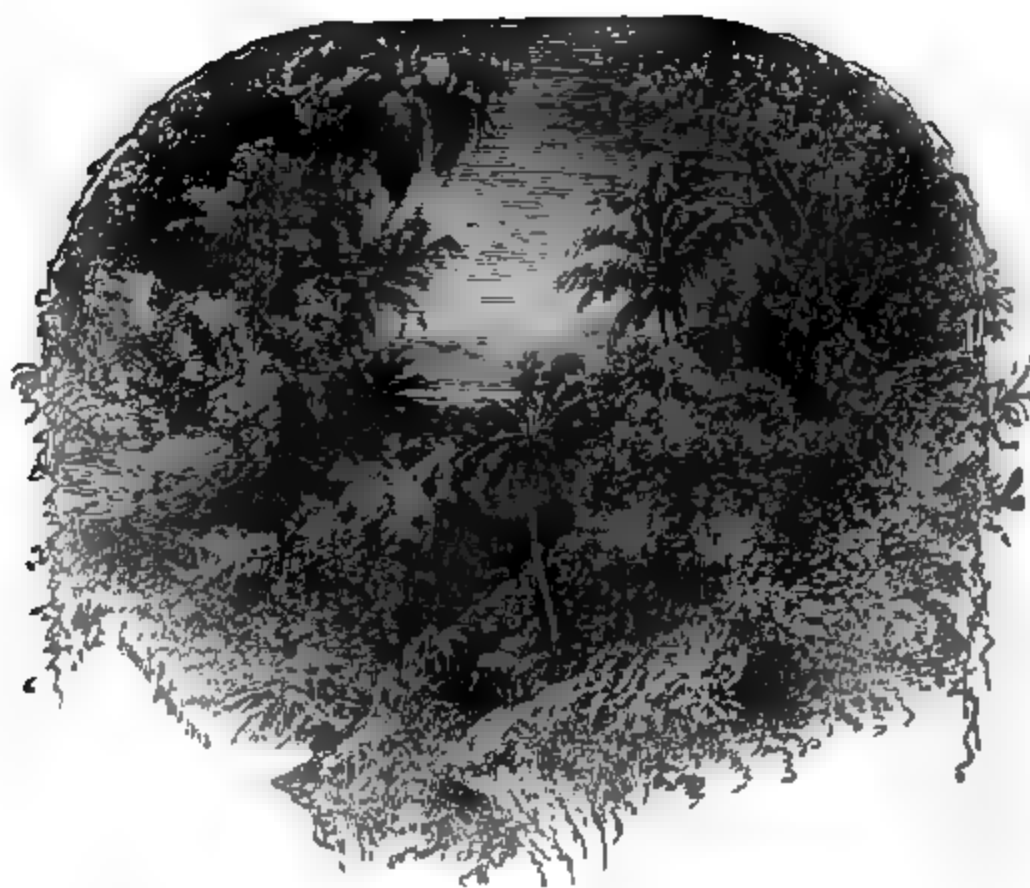
TO BROOKLYN.

City of Churches, home of wealth!
 A butcher boy may claim,
 That hand in hand with rosy health,
 He walked unknown of fame,
 Among thy houses high and grand,
 With basket on his arm,
 The happiest king of any land,
 Away from Nature's charm.

He saw the Greeleys, Beechers pass,
 And wondered what they were,
 But yet a difference from the mass,
 His very blood did stir;
 And then a something shapeless then,
 Seemed far across the years,
 He rose from marts and scenes of men,
 And bowed in nameless tears.

The little butcher boy. I trow,
 Was touched by saintly hand,
 And all his future like a bow
 Was spread across the land!
 The basket on his calloused arm
 Was crowned with rarest flowers;
 His blood was rushing as alarm
 Is sounded from the towers.

A glimpse of future yet unborn,
 A ray from falling time,
 A glimmer from a lovelier dawn,
 A harp in perfect chime!



A LITTLE EDEN.

And who shall say from Wisdom's height,
The future is not won,
By many a youth in darkest night,
Ere glows the crowning sun !

A LITTLE EDEN.

I.

See this little Eden
With a vista reaching thro' ;
All embowered in flowers,
Just a place for me and you.

II.

Here we'll wander softly
Link'd gently hand in hand ;
Like a ravished poet
With his lady of the land.

III.

With his muse, a fairy,
In a rare and fairy scene ;
With the trees above us,
And the lovely flowers between.

IV.

Softly thro' the vista
We can see the lighted sky ;
And a line of water
Looking up with glassy eye.

V.

Flowers are in our pathway,
And the flowers are on the ground ;
With their myriad beauties
Making Eden all around.

VI.

Here the muse and poet
Find their Paradise on earth ;
And a sweet reflection
Of that higher, holier birth.

VII.

For such scenes are peaceful,
And a calmness teach the heart ;
Making up in beauty
What they lack in finished art.

VIII.

So a touch of nature
Wins where art alone may fail ;
Give me outdoor flowers
Blooming native in the vale.

SUMMER'S HERE.

The Summer's here, my lovely maid,
With leaf and vine and roses 'rayed,
The blooming tree and blushing wold,
And many a beauty fold on fold,
The lily, pansy, laughing flower,
A-many a gem in Nature's bower,
The rosy red and violet blue,
All fresh in Nature's morning dew,
A thousand gems a verse might name,
And all a pure and virgin claim,
The heart may paint the scenes as fair,
With myriad beauties glowing there;
But come with me and cross the field,
And many a haunt and nook shall yield
A wild-flower twined by Nature's hand,
The loveliest rose in all the land,
The prettiest dell, the sweetest brook,
The loveliest thing in any book,
The fay and fairy, bird and song,
Sweet Summer's lovely banquet throng,
The flowered knoll, the lilled hill,
The babbling brook, the laughing rill,
The feathered throng in various tune,
The thousand joys that come of June,
The bashful youth, the blushing maid,
The moonlight walk in tangled shade,
The tittering school-boy barefoot brown,
The greatest tease in all the town,
The little schoolmarm taught to rule
The worst of all, a country school,
The cow-boy whistling to the kine,
While Cupid says: "The maid is mine!"
A chaos view when seen afar,
But Love shall play the soft guitar,
And all the beauties mingled there,
Shine sweetly bright and softly fair,

And then the harp and lute shall sound,
 With blushing roses twined around,
 And Summer voices pure and sweet,
 Shall sing in Nature's wild retreat:

SONG.

"Oh winter, winter, winter cold,
 Oh winter across the sea,
 Your day is by, your death is tolled,
 You're dead as dead can be;
 You draped the earth in spotless white,
 You shut the brook and stream,
 But came the sable god of night,
 And now you're all a dream!
 The boisterous March it blew, and blew,
 And won the crown at eve;
 But when the sun had dried the dew,
 His mourners did bereave;
 Then April came with shine and shower,
 More mildness in her look,
 And virgin Spring from many a bower,
 By meadow, field, and brook;
 Then May came in from warmer climes,
 And Nature seemed to sing,
 The May-flowers grew, and merry rhymes
 From birds upon the wing;
 At last was June, my rosy June!
 The queen-maid of the throng,
 And harp and timbrel all in tune
 Did join the choral song;
 And Summer's here, the Summer's here,
 From soft Idalian bowers,
 The birds and birds as they appear,
 Soft sing it to the hours;
 Oh Summer's come, oh Summer's come,
 She's come, she's come, she's come!
 We love to hear her merry note,
 The busy bees that hum;
 We crown her now the queen of all,
 The queen of love and joy,
 She reigns in Nature's banquet-hall
 Spring's lovely L'envoy!

 THE SEWING GIRL.

The poor have loved the poor since Hood
 First sang his noble song,

And e'en the rich have ta'en a part
As He who loved them long,
And side by side, from door to door,
With loving hearts and pure,
Have gone in peace and holiest love
When only love could lure.

So, ill-clad maid, in lowly walks,
Your lot in life is hard,
But she who does her duty well
At last is crowned and starred!
Your heart may faint, your eye grow dim,
As one by one depart
'The hopes that e'en in holiest guise
Can come to breaking heart.

But hope e'en then, for He who reigns
Above the starry sky,
Can see a pure and perfect soul
'Tho' all the world deny;
All honor, fame, and high renown,
'That are alone of earth,
Can never, sure, make up the loss
Of pure and modest worth.

All wealth and fame of Grecian years,
E'en Rome in grander pride,
Can never make a perfect maid
If virtue be denied;
It is not gold, nor wealth, nor gems,
'That make a perfect heart,
But something pure that is within
And never may depart.

'The tears may fall, but from the soul
The gentle prayer should rise:
'I thank Thee, Father! that my state
Is holy in Thine eyes."
You have no time for fashion's gods
To wheedle and deceive,
And she whose heart is in her work
May never, sure, bereave.

So do your duty, stitch and sew,
If such the fates decree,
And when the last, last tear is shed,
And all is o'er to thee,

May never Bible preach again
 To countless thousands more,
 If He who made the gilded bow
 Crowns not on the other shore !

TO THE CHILDREN.

Dear children, may I venture where
 Your poet father reigned,
 The Cambridge bard who sang your songs
 In language unconstrained ?
 Who bent with laurels on his brow
 To hear your boyish tale,
 Your girlish story bubbling up
 Like fountains in the vale ?

No other bard can be to you
 A universal friend,
 The god of nature made him love
 His children to the end ;
 You cross my walks and come to me
 As welcome as the flowers,
 But tho' I loved you e'en as true,
 I lack his modest powers.

But come, my children, girls and boys,
 And try to find my love
 The semblance of the wealth he bore
 Unsullied from above ;
 Your little tender hearts shall feel
 A hope as big as years,
 And tho' the flowers are o'er his grave,
 Oh come, tho' come in tears !

'Tis I will dry the tear-wet eye
 So pleading turned on me,
 And teach the little sorrowing heart
 That solemn as the sea
 The cares may come, the woes, the strife,
 Yet bends a face above
 That sees in storm, in dark, and hail,
 With more than earthly love.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Your little tender hearts shall know,
 As years go rolling by,
 That cares shall come, and go, and come.
 Like clouds across the sky,
 That he is crowned who wins the fight,
 And stands a nobler man,
 Than he who fails to do his part,
 And faints before the van.

We may not say how much he did
 To rear in childhood's breast
 A higher purpose than of life
 With peace, and joy, and rest ;
 And so, my children, tho' no more
 His gentle life is ours,
 We yet may find his presence where
 Unsullied bloom the flowers !

In everything that teaches love,
 And hope, and modest worth,
 We still may find his form a part,
 A flower 'mid flowers of earth ;
 His life was calm as volumed stream
 That steals thro' quiet vales,
 A great white ship upon its breast,
 With mast and spotless sails.

So, children, come, I may not be
 Such loving friend to you,
 But thousand ships may cross the sea
 Beneath the cloudless blue ;
 But all their wealth of gem and gold
 Is not the wealth of love
 I bear you all, and may you meet
 In brighter realms above !

MINNIE'S BIRTHDAY.

"To-morrow is my eighth birthday !"
 And such a pretty maid
 As ever laughing girlhood saw,
 With roses softly 'rayed,
 Looked out a flower among the flowers,
 Across the garden walk,
 Where pansy, rose, and tangled weed,
 The stately hollyhock.

"When I was seven, mother said,
A year would soon be past,
And she would have a great big girl,
A great big girl at last!
A year has gone, and friends have gone,
And mother's older grown,
Sweet Lena lies beneath the flowers
That twine the gray head-stone.

"Dear brother fell with falling flowers,
And autumn's golden leaf,
And all the birds from hill and dale
Seemed sharers of our grief;
But now the world is sweet as yore,
And where we shed our tears,
We wander 'mid the birds and flowers,
Tho' there his mound appears.

"It seems so strange that death should come
And crop the fairest flowers,
And then the heart should be again
A bird among the bowers.
When brother died, it seemed the world
Would never more be gay,
And here I am a happy girl
Longing my eighth birthday!"

And even fell, and night came on,
But when the morn arose,
Sweet Minnie found the laughing world
Outblushing like the rose;
And maidens came, and boyhood there
Stood out with big, big eyes,
And all the pretty presents shone
Like gods beneath the skies.

"I'm eight to-day!" and bigger eyes
Than any maiden's there,
Sparkled and laughed in joyous glee,
In half angelic air;
And father, mother beamed above
The little merry band,
And smiled their soft parental love
As touched by saintly hand.

My little maids have birthdays had,
My little boy-kings, too.

But be ye sure, my pretty ones,
I may not tell to you,
How glad she was, how sweet she smiled,
And how the big, big world
Seemed never half so great to her
As when this morn unfurled!

HAL AND DORA.

I see two cradles far apart,
Two mothers God has made,
And never Art in all its art
Such beauty has displayed;
Unknown of either grew the boy,
The baby maiden, too,
Two households far apart with joy,
Made castles in the blue.

A sea divided each from each,
The waves had dashed between,
But sometimes shells upon the beach
Have come from distant scene.
The "bye low baby" soft and low,
The "bye low baby" sweet,
With all the listening hours did go
As waves that softly meet.

And little Dora grew and grew,
And Hal did get the trick,
And years went by beneath the blue,
And Dora's ma fell sick;
She died when Dora numbered four,
And out of great wide eyes,
She saw the long dark coffin lower
Beneath the pallid skies.

And this the first of woe to her;
But Hal across the sea
Was making all outdoors aver,—
"He's merry as can be!"
And little Dora with the tears
Upon her blue, blue eyes,
Felt sorrow then as big as years,
Felt sad beneath the skies.

And Harry's father, big with gold :
 "My boy, the time will come
When some fair maid of classic mold
 Will lure you from your home ;
But mark, my boy, you'll marry high,
 You'll wed a cultured maid,
The shuttle back and forth will fly
 And weave a tangled braid."

And picking from the marble stand
 A paper from the "States,"
The page on page he thoughtless scanned,
 And circumstance or fates,
He read of Dora's mother's death,
 He read and knew it not,
But empires at an empty breath
 Have fallen from their lot.

And time flew on and numbered years,
 Sweet Dora never knew
A rich maid's lot ; and sometimes tears
 Would brim her eyes of blue ;
But Hal, this rollicking rich man's son,
 Had everything he chose,
And never any morn begun
 That bloomed not like the rose.

And Master Hal was quite a man,
 And Dora "sweet sixteen,"
And then the ocean breeze did fan,
 And Hal with laughing mien,
Was standing there in youthhood's wealth,
 "The courted and caressed,"
But came a time when love by stealth
 His tremulous heart possessed.

The ocean steamer crossed the wave,
 And by a hap or chance,
My Dora maid where beauty 'rayed,
 Met Hal ; and glance for glance
They gave as strangers sometimes do
 When love is born at sight ;
And may I tell the marriage bell
 Seemed ringing all its might !

She was no classic maid, I trow,
 But like an artless flower

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Sweet Dora maid did bloom and blow
 The rarest in the bower ;
 And Hal, poor Hal, grew worse and worse,
 And Love atilt stood by ;
 I may not say within the verse
 He knew, he knew he'd die.

But so he did, and parent there
 Looked on with eye askew,
 And when he saw the pretty pair,—
 "The boy's a fool for true !
 But spite of all," the father sighed,
 "The world is much the same."
 He smiled. "It cannot be denied
 Gold's weak when Love may claim!"

And pretty maids, tho' poor you are,
 And come of humble birth,
 The god of Love, a shining star,
 May make you queens of earth ;
 For modest worth than gaudy gold,
 Is greater after all,
 The Cæsars in their chariots rolled,
 But Cæsars had their fall!

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

That hillside cot again I see,
 Sweet thoughts like roses round it twine ;
 My mother there on bended knee
 Clasped holy book now prized as mine.
 Her reverent eyes were raised above ;
 Like saint, she breathed the evening prayer,
 One gentle hand in tenderest love
 Laid on her darling's golden hair.

Oh for that touch upon my brow
 As when I knelt beside her chair!
 Would that this heart were guileless now !
 I'd fondly hsp that simple prayer.
 Her precious book I hold to-night :
 Home's pictured wall again I view,
 All lit by Memory's mellowed light,—
 And broken links of love renew.

Bright faces by the fireside glow,
 The stainless cloth o'er table spread;
 With trembling accents, mild and low,
 The word of God is slowly read;
 Then earnest plea and sweet 'good-night,'—
 All linger now within my ear,
 As praise of coral depths so bright
 In echoing, pearly shell we hear.

I slip the clasp. Lo! promise rare
 Within the volume meets my eye:
 And, see! her book-mark lying there!
 It brings her sainted presence nigh.
 O golden words! O book divine!
 Pen cannot tell how grand thou art;
 And wholly mine,—yea, wholly thine—
 Guide, balm and strength to fainting heart.

—George Bancroft Griffith.

A POEM ON THE ABOVE.

The time will come, my honored friend,
 When fame will crown the bard,
 But he who'd win the laurel wreath
 By earth's fair muses starred,
 Must have the taste from cradle days,
 And feel there's naught on earth
 To match this queen of all the arts
 Since poets found their birth.

His songs must come right from the heart
 As natural as the spring
 That finds its birth on mountain sides,
 And unaffected sing;
 The scholar's art may shape a rule
 To prune the natural vine,
 But never can it make the verse
 Where native beauties twine.

My Robert Burns whom I admire
 Above the laureled throng,
 Found music tuned his voiced lyre,
 And shaped the matchless song.
 When Nature crowns her offspring bard,
 His ear in perfect tune,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Makes music where the chords have jarred,
And winter blooms in June.

Oh, Griffith ! may I say your song
Upon the sacred Book
To me does flow as sweet along
As Nature's babbling brook ;
It is a theme that touches all,
My mother's Bible old,
And like the flower upon the wall,
It twines with vines of gold !

TWO LETTERS FROM O. W. HOLMES.

Oh, pretty letters, may I tell
How dear you are to me,
Or would it be a wrongful act
To say such things of thee ?
I'm sure I love you for the sake
Of him who penned your lines,
For every hour is growing dear
As rich Canary wines.

The years may come when other bards
Shall need the inspiring hand,
But, Beverly Farms, thy soul has gone
O'er oceans vast and grand !
For thro' thy gates his lovèd form
Has gone as he who goes
To seek that calmer, holier rest,
Beyond this vale of woes.

So, pretty letters, would it be
A sin to say you're mine,
And that my love is from the heart
Where love's best offsprings shine ?
I may not tell the great big world
How much you've been to me,
But surely, surely I may say,
My love is love to thee.

I may not say how much you are
That seem so white and small ;
But wedless maid he gave the flower
That twined the garden wall,

And is the rose not sweet to you,
The rarest rosy known,
And such the letters he has penned,
Tho' sweet to me alone.

As like to like and love to love,
My muse has made you shine,
And tho' the world should crown for aye,
You're mine, forever mine!
And when the lips that gave you birth
Shall kiss the Muse at last,
The stars, the sky, the weeping earth,
The fadeless flower will cast!

A BRIDE TO-NIGHT.

SHE.

"And I shall be a bride to-night
With roses in my hair,
And all the pretty maids around
Will crown me faultless fair;
And I shall be the happiest bride
The world has ever seen,
And when the merry minstrels come,
The gods will crown me queen!

"A year has gone as ever goes
A year to waiting love,
But now the rosy e'en has come,
With milder skies above;
And all the doubt, and fear, and hope,
Will be of other hours,
And merry maids upon the wold
Will fling the rarest flowers."

MINSTRELS SING.

"He comes! he comes on dappled steed,
He comes with hope elate,
And never came to bride before
A bridegroom was his mate!
Oh sing, oh sing, oh sing, oh sing,
Oh sing, oh sing for aye,
The truest lover ever loved
Is speeding on his way.

"The rosy morn, the rosy morn
 Has stayed upon his brow,
 And you may sing, and you may sing,
 He kept his lover's vow.
 The starry sky, the starry sky,
 In beauty spans above,
 And you may read to any maid
 His journey was of love."

SHE.

"They tell me that he loves me now
 As flowers the silvery dew,
 And I shall be the happiest wife
 Beneath the bended blue;
 And all the days will come and go
 With music of the spheres,
 And like a cradle song will seem
 The slowly rounding years.

"And I shall thank the stars above.
 The dewy, dappled dawn,
 If as his wife I seem the bride
 He wooed on yestermorn;
 For if I thought the sacred tie
 Would less our wedded love,
 O Muses! paint the tear-wet eye,
 The darkened stars above!"

MINSTRELS SING.

"But hark! the sound, the heavy sound,
 As madly rushing steed;
 Oh God! oh God! oh mystic God!
 The maiden's heart may bleed!
 The steed has gone in tameless flight,
 And she that waits a bride,
 Hears hushed voices thro' the hall:
 'The wound is deep and wide!'

"And rushing there this bride elect,
 This rosy bride in white,
 She saw them bear his lifeless form,
 The bridegroom of her plight!
 Oh weep! oh wail! the skies are dark,
 The clouds hang thick and drear,
 Her bridegroom's blood is on her hands,
 But grief has dried the tear!"

SHE.

"And I shall be the happiest bride,
 The happiest maiden yet,
 With love and song, and vine and flower,
 And beauties meekly met;
 Oh listen ! listen ! hear the hoofs !
 They come ! they come ! they come !
 O loved and won, I'm ever thine !
 Thou'lt take me, take me home !

"And now the white-haired priest is come,
 My lover's at the gate !
 Make way ! make way ! ye maidens all,
 For love has found his mate !
 The rose I gave was white,—but red !
 'Tis red as human blood !
 My hands are red ! O God ! O God !
 The rose is dyed with blood !"

MINSTRELS SING.

"Oh mournful, mournful, mournful sound !
 Oh bitter, bitter gale !
 Oh feast, oh feast, oh wedding feast !
 Oh viands cold and stale !
 Oh hope that never reached a goal !
 Oh wedding never made !
 The volumed thunders o'er them roll !
 Two graves in flowers are 'rayed !"

WHICH METER'S BEST, APOLLO?

"Which meter's best, Apollo?" and the voice
 Did come as one who sought the truth, and loved
 The Muses for their sweetest selves alone,
 And things that nature shaped from purest heart,
 And unadorned of tawdry Art made music
 Akin to golden lyres the poets played
 When love and fame, and less of fame, was all
 The native muse could give. A silence brief,
 And all the listening air to music waked,
 And far above the Æonian mount the Muses,
 (Where all the dappled morn was pure of cloud,
 And lucent skies forbode no coming storm,

For half a century weeping vain the coming
 Poet enlaureled from the skies, and fit
 To take the Laureate's* place when merciless death
 Should twine a fadeless laurel for his brow,
 And number him among the immortal few
 Who drank the nectar of the gods, and sang
 The hardy plowman from the shining share,
 Of him whose whisper shaped a nation's course,
 And empires caused to fall and rise,) in blue
 As pure as angel thoughts, enwinged, whilst he,
 For fifty fruitless years awaiting music
 From newer harps, did answer there a voice
 Not heard since Homer sang for unborn time,
 Or pure Columbia's laureled bard,† his lyre
 Left hanging sweet 'mong holly groves of children,
 And peaceful homes where gentleness and love
 And crownèd Hope were gods and queens of all
 The rounding years. As once a Grecian Greece,
 And Roman Rome, now fallen to thinnest dust,
 Might spring to life again in all their glory,
 So Delphi, for the voice was strange, and first
 To break the heavy silence since he, Keats,
 And Coleridge, Tennyson, and Shelley, all
 The master singers clustering diamond stars
 About the Throne of Delphos, catching fire
 And inspiration from the voicèd soul.
 Unlike the bard who goes to books, and tutors,
 And earthly things, for rules to talk of heaven,
 And beauties only seen of poets' souls,
 First sang the Delphic strain, and left the Muses
 Alone to weep that dearth of verse should be,
 And they should go and bear no offspring great :
 "Thy question betrays the poet. Great concern
 For which is best, a sensitive spirit shows,
 And crowns you bard from Nature's native vales."
 And as the melody of stringèd harps,
 The voice away among the listening skies
 Was lost ; but short, as volumed stream or music
 Returned from quiet vales, it sounded there :
 "My answer: back among the sky-clad hills
 There lives a maiden pure as vestal stars,
 Her hair is golden as the sun, and shimmers
 Adown her perfect shoulders, arched by gods,
 In native naturalness ; her form the wonder
 And pleased delight of all, and from her eye,
 Bluer than midnight skies, there falls a light
 Translucent as Æonian dawns, and stars

*Tennyson. †Longfellow.

Do shine in perfect beauty, and her garb,
 As natural falls about her chiseled form
 As mountain brook with rainbow-tipt cascade
 About the domèd grotto hid in flowers
 Far, far below the jagged height: her feet,
 E'en bare as new-born babe, a picture in
 Themselves do make, and Naturalness encrowns
 Her whole and perfect self, and paints her queen
 Above the arts." And he who came in truth,
 Retouched his harp the way it pleased him best,
 And not as vaunting fashion had decreed.
 And rose his fame, and honeyed gales did bear
 His greatness far across the rubied main,
 And all the world: "How natural!" and Burns
 With wealth of song and native strain made music
 The listening heavens have borne on every gale.

BESIDE HIS DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

O pure and spotless Ingersoll!
 O charmed god of eloquence!
 And may my muse your lovelier muse
 E'en win to purer law and sense;
 For here beside the open grave,
 And open 'neath the broad bright sun,
 A scholar cultured in the arts,
 Finds now what death, e'en death has done.

He stands in manhood's prime of wealth,
 A Solon in his knowledge gained,
 The Bible weighed by every law,
 And yet no page that time has stained;
 And he can read but yet his faith,
 His faith is kin, is kin of hers
 Who stands beside her nursling's grave,
 'Mid tangled weeds and clustered flowers.

"O Knowledge! Earth! divinest Reach!
 O all the gold and wealth of Ind!
 E'en here beside the open grave
 I feel a faith akin to Mind,
 That mind so pure in lucent ray,
 That magi, sage, and god of earth,
 All knowledge gained from mystic lore,
 Are dead and void e'en at their birth!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

“O Ingersoll! I’d have the tree
 E’en perfect after its own kind,
 The rose without the hidden briar,
 Perfection in the human mind;
 But yet, O yet! from out the grave
 I’d grasp the faith of Hope beyond,
 And this dear form we lose so loath,
 May bind my heart with holy bond!

“And earth shall be of base alloy,
 With briar and thorn, and bitter rose,
 And fevers desolate the land,
 And death bring life to sudden close,
 And Joy, and Woe go side by side,
 With faith in something far across
 The sounding Stream, and even I
 Shall find a solace for my loss.

“O Earth! I love you as you are!
 O Bible! you shall rise above
 The petty wills of human kind,
 And crown the World with holy love!
 My daughter! God has ta’en thee now,
 But Faith and Hope have made a bond
 That binds the soul of fleeting earth
 To soul of thine now crowned beyond!”

And he who knew the ways of men,
 And saw all routes with ending tomb,
 Found hope beside his daughter’s grave,
 And Faith as roses fresh in bloom!
 O Voltaire! Ingersoll! let Death
 Encrown with Peace, and Hope, and Love,
 And every mourner ’neath the breath:
 “I see them crown with wreaths above!”

THE SEAMSTRESS.

Oh ye that love the honest poor,
 And feel it in your hearts
 To aid these pure deserving ones,
 Where every hope departs,
 Oh trace with me the rickety stair,
 The coarse uneven way,
 And I will point you in despair
 A woman worn and gray.

The hour is late, and lamps are out,
And all the world is still,
Save music from the banquet hall,
Where goblets clash and fill.
The distant thud, thud, thud,
Of watchman on his beat,
Breaks on the heart like tales of blood
The wild, wild winds repeat.

We push the door that has no lock,
No bronzed and yielding knob,
And there beside the broken stand
With mingled sigh and sob,
A careworn mother sits and sews,
While near in scanty cot,
A little nursling wild-flower blows,
By all the world forgot!

A half-burned candle on the stand
Makes twilight of the gloom;
But O my friend of countless wealth,
You cannot know the doom!
You cannot, cannot feel as she,
Your life has been of ease,
Your freighted ships are on the sea
Before a buoyant breeze.

O lay aside your loaded bags,
Your comforts, ease, and wealth,
While hopes together side by side
Have gone with rosy health,
And sit from morn to rosy e'en,
No comforts of the rich,
Not one bright hour in all the scene,
And stitch, stitch, stitch!

WHAT THE BRIDE SAID.

"They said my Jasper, like the morning sun,
Outshone across my life, and that I, Lora,
Was blessed above my sex, and wedded days
Would pass a happy dream adown the tide
Of time, and roses, blushing with the morn,
Would bloom about my walks, and sweeten all
My wedded years, till death should fall a cloud
Across our home, and break the holy tie

That bound us one. And, pretty maids, they shaped
 A golden future diademed and starred,
 And I, poor girl, e'en painted rosier dawns
 Than they, with Solomon-like gardens hung
 Above the peopled world. Two score of years
 Have crowned my auburn locks with gray, and laid
 Forever in the tomb, my cherished love!—
 Don't mind the tears, one feels so all alone
 When years and years have gone in married love,
 And sudden every tie is severed binding
 Two happy beings born the twins of life,
 And one is left to wander on alone.
 They painted vivid scenes, as I had done,
 And pictured glowingly all the coming days.—
 And now, my rosy maids, my tale is brief;
 But hear the moral: I am old, and life
 Has been a school of varied experience,
 And bright as all the sky with dappled cloud
 And glittering star, and ringing bells, and music.
 I still knew not the golden secret life
 In wedded guise would show when honeymoons
 Should wheel across the bended blue, and years
 Had sunk with many a golden sun with all
 Their myriad teachings; but our life, that bells
 Had rung together, taught us many a truth.
 Bear and forbear, ' were gems of beaded dew ;
 That freshened all our love, and mountain Care
 Reduced in size to pygmies, fays of beauty
 Dancing a Highland fling upon the wreck
 This saying had enshaped. * So just this outline
 To show that Love, the first and last of life,
 May lose his wings, and helpless as a nursling
 Babe, need the care a hoping heart can give.
 So girls, with apple cheeks, when care makes anger,
 Let all your self-restraint encrown your brow,
 And speech be dumb as eunuch slaves in harems
 Of oriental kings; for Silence conquers
 When all, all other forces fail.—Good-bye."

A PENNY, SIR.

"A penny, sir, my mother's sick,
 And on her dying bed;
 My heart was nearly broken, sir,
 When pa, they said, was dead

And now my mother, O so pure!
She, too, is lying ill,
What shall I do when both are gone,
And winter's cold and chill?

"A penny, sir, is all I ask,
The streets are full of men,
A little mite from each one makes
A one, and two, and ten;
Ten cents, dear sir, is quite a sum
For such a girl as I,
Who have not known a dollar since
My pa, they said, would die.

"Your purse is full, a penny, sir,
You'd never feel its loss,
For he who gives unto the poor
Has lessed a double cross,
I asked a mite, you give me more,
I thank you, knowing not
Who you may be, but list, kind sir,
You'll never be forgot."

"I thank thee, thank thee, little maid,
That earth has such as you,
The human heart is softer 'rayed,
The skies a softer blue;
We need you child, my little dear,
To keep the cold heart warm,
You teach us how to give in fear
Of him who rules the storm."

JUNE.

Oh June, oh June, you're all in tune
With flower and fairest rosy,
I'll strike the lyre to notes of fire,
And woo the maids of poesy;
For you and I beneath the sky,
Have set old Winter howling,
The Spring in bloom has told his doom,
And there he sits a-scowling.

He came upon us in the fall
 When Autumn's golden chalice
 Was flowing with a boon for all
 Who love old Nature's palace ;
 He banked the house and closed the doors,
 And shut us in the kitchen,
 A bloodless ghost from other shores,
 On barn, and house, and lichen.

We fought him hard, and burned him out
 From parlor, hall, and larder,
 We drove him back, but he did shout,
 And stormed, and blew the harder,
 Till love and I shrunk in a nook
 Beside the fireplace roaring,
 And tho' he shut the meadow brook,
 Sweet love was still imploring.

But June, my June, my rosy June !
 We've broken ward and guarder,
 And Spring sings out a merry tune,
 The cow-boy in the larder ;
 The milk-maid brings the frothing pail,
 The farmer feeds the cattle,
 And Winter doffs his brazen mail,
 For June has won the battle.

MY BOOKS.

They dwell in the odor of camphor,
 They stand in a Sherraton shrine,
 They are "warranted early editions,"
 These worshipful books of mine ;—

In their cream-colored "Oxford vellum,"
 In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
 With their delicate "watered linings,"
 They are jewels of price, I grant ;—

"Blind-tooled" and "morocco-jointed,"
 They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
 They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
 But they gather the dust, no less :—

For the row that I prize is yonder,
 Away on the unglazed shelves,
 The bulged and the bruised *octavos*,
 The dear and the dumpy twelves,—

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
 And Howell the worse for wear,
 And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
 And the little old cropped Molière,—

And the Burton I bought for fourpence,
 And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd,—
 For the others I never have opened,
 But those are the ones I read.

—Austin Dobson.

MY FAVORITES.*

Keats I love, I love him true,
 Freshest dews are on his flowers,
 Rainbow tints from out the blue
 Join the chorus: "He is ours!"

Shelley vates is supreme
 Of the Muses' coming ages,
 Numbers his a seraph's dream,
 Faintly drawn across his pages.

Coleridge, nay, I may not leave,
 He is mine, and mine forever,
 Christabels a Genevieve,
 Loving once, I love them ever.

Tennyson, ah! come as one
 Out the heavens with softer powers,
 Rank'd fourth, yet said and done,
 All to me are mateless flowers.

These the Four, my choice no choice,
 Reading one I rank him nearer;
 But from Thought a cultured voice:
 "He is dear, but is he dearer?"

*Suggested by the inimitable poem entitled "My Books," by Austin Dobson.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. W. W. CORCORAN
OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our brother now is coming home,
He's coming home at last,
We see the sails, the snowy sails,
Outspread upon the blast ;
And he who sang of "Home, Sweet Home,"
The dearest spot of earth,
Will soon be here among his friends,
The land that gave him birth.

A myriad band with tearful eyes,
Have watched the great ship move,
A band that came from home, sweet homes,
In humblest, holiest love ;
For he who sang home's tenderest song
Is soon to leave them lone,
And find a welcome in the land
That he can call his own.

O sail, proud ship! and cross the wave,
And bear thy sacred trust,
Tho' all you bear of him who sang
Is but the hallowed dust ;
But breast the wave, and stem the tide,
And guard thy holy freight,
For here in many a lowly cot
The loved ones watch and wait.

And even they who cannot know
The poor man's humbler scenes,
For every heart that ever loved
Will know what all this means ;
For home, sweet home's the holiest place
Of any found on earth,
And he who sang her sweetest song,
Finds here his place of birth.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**

O welcome, ship! the proudest ship
That ever stemmed the tide,
For now you bear the sacred dust
Of him who sang and died,
Of him who knew to value true
The hallowed name of Home,
Tho' he like vagrant on the earth
In foreign lands did roam.

But come, we gather far and near,
We wait upon the strand,
We crowd upon his native shore
To take him by the hand;
But, ah! O God who loveth all,
We've waited here in vain,
For he who sang for every home,
Will never sing again!

O hush! O hark! O pause and wait!
O humbly bow the head!
For 'tis the dust, the holy dust,
Of him, our sacred dead!
Of him who wandered, wandered on,
And wandering, yet did roam,
Until at last, at last he finds
A place to call his Home!

FIFTY YEARS.

Your cheeks were like the roses then,
Your hands were white as snow,
But, darling, from your sunken cheek,
The rose went long ago.

Our love was like the babbling brook,
Our hearts were mated true,
And out of all the world 'twas I
Seemed made for only you.

'Twas you alone could give me pain,
I loved and knew not why,
But something in your presence made
You sacred in my eye.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Your life to mine was all in all,
The world seemed bigger grown,
And all was perfect when they made
You mine, and mine alone.

'Twas then your cheeks were roses red,
'Twas then your cheeks were round,
And perfect Eden came again
Where only love had bound.

We felt the world had stopped to gaze,
Our hearts were like the roe,
But darling, darling can you think
'Twas fifty years ago?

Your step is slow and tottering now,
Your strength has gone with mine,
But still my love remains the same
And lives for thee and thine.

Your hands are old and withered, too,
Your voice is hushed and low,
The locks that once were auburn brown,
Are whiter than the snow.

Our Lucy, Henry, John and James,
Their graves are side by side,
We gave them as the holy gift
From bridegroom and from bride.

We came together fresh with love,
We joined our lots as one,
A little longer, longer yet,
The journey will be done!

GOD IS WITH YOU.

My darling son 'tis hard to go,
But every home must know of death;
We come as children here below,
We watch and wait with bated breath.

The laws of nature teach the heart
That life's uncertain day by day,
That tho' we hide within the mart
We see a grave beside the way.

But God is with you, O my son!
 All friends are gone, but He is near;
 Your heart is faint with goal unwon,
 He heeds the sparrow and thy tear.

Your life is yours to make it His,
 Your aims are high and you shall win;
 You are of life, take what there is,
 No sculptor write: "It might have been!"

The years have rounded one by one,
 Till uninvited comes between,
 A guest that says: "Thy work is done!"
 A broken picture shows the scene.

But yet, my son, tho' I be gone,
 He, God is with you, trust in Him;
 The pictures meet!—my marriage morn!—
 The home-scene faints, the earth is dim.

But list my word, for life has told
 A myriad story, hear it through;
 A dying father has no gold
 So pure as wisdom tried and true.

I leave you poor, but golden words,
 That years have garnered one by one,
 May fall as sweet as song of birds,
 And glow more golden than the sun.

My breath is faint, I feel a hand,
 It strokes my brow, and I regain
 The hope that binds with holy band,
 And paints a heaven across the main.

You weep, my son, but he who lives
 As best he knows may never die;
 There is a death that truly gives
 A holier home across the sky.

My wife, my son, I say adieu;
 We meet again in other years;
 But God remains, and ever true,
 He finds a solace for your tears.

Whate'er betide when I am gone,
 Have faith in Him, His ways are right;
 Tho' Heaven fall before the dawn,
 He'll reach a hand across the night.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Good-bye, my son, my loving wife,
 I'm thine on earth no more, no more;
 But from its whirl, and toil, and strife,
 I go as one whose trials are o'er.

I go to Him, but watch and wait,
 For God is with you, with you now;
 And He will see when at the Gate,
 You, son and mother, meekly bow.

O faretheewell! a last farewell!
 Your forms commingle in my sight,
 I hear the bell, the silver bell,
 And earth is dark, but There no night!

CHARLIE ROSS.

Oh my mother do you love me,
 Do you love me now I'm gone?
 Do you think of little Charlie
 When the day begins to dawn?
 When the morning shapes to even,
 And the even grows to day?
 And the birds are singing sweetly,
 Where your Charlie used to play?

O my mother! O my mother!
 O my father! father dear!
 Would you know your little Charlie
 Should he come within the year?
 Would you find the boy the baby
 That you cuddled on your knee,
 And my mother and my father,
 Think the world and more of me?

O to feel that you are watching,
 And he never, never'll come;
 But my mother he will love you,
 Tho' he never more come home;
 But your hair is growing grayer,
 And the hours they seem so long;
 But my mother there's a heaven
 Where no Charlies come to wrong!

Do you watch with stars at even
For the coming of his tread,
And together by the bedside
Pray your darling is not dead?
Do you think when even gathers
Of the child that said "good-night,"
Of the little kiss at parting,
Ere you tucked him in so tight?

And the playthings spoiled and broken
Which were scattered on the floor,
And the thousand things that vexed you,
Tho' you loved him more and more?
Do you see an empty cradle,
And a vacant cot at night,
And a room that is so silent
That you cannot bear the sight?

O my mother, now we're parted,
How I see your quiet grace!
And the sweet forgiveness hovering
Like a halo round your face!
O I wish that I could ask you
With a finer tone and thought,
"O my mother you'll forgive me
For the little cares I wrought!"

But my mother and my father
That so vainly, vainly yearn,
Don't forget your little Charlie,
Tho' his fate you never learn;
There's a Heaven in the ether,
There's a Doorway in the blue,
And my father and my mother,
Little Charlie'll lead you thro'!

THE DIVORCE.

"Oh there's papa!" and looking up
I saw a pretty maid,
And she to me did seem as free
As wild bird in the glade.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

The hour was noon, and from her school
She ran as wild gazelle,
No fear where tear did once appear,
And like a dewdrop fell.

The cruel law had made her home
A memory full of woe,
And came in shame, and did proclaim
"Divorce!" and one must go.

The mother then the father left,
All marriage ties foresworn,
And child so mild and undefiled,
From loved sire was torn.

And whose the blame, you well may ask?
A fault that grew apace,
Till fell the knell like funeral bell,
With teardrops on the face.

But hush, O Heart! this little maid
Is guiltless as the stars,
While there as fair as roses rare,
She lisps her sweet "pa-pas."

Around his neck in loving way,
Two little arms are thrown,
And word as bird in springtime heard
Falls there in mellow tone.

"Papa!" she said as soft and sweet
As song-note of the lark,
When high in sky his native cry
Breaks thro' the lingering dark.

"Oh why did mother leave you so?
I'm sure I love you, pa!"
And like a light across the night
She shone a silver star.

"My darling child, you cannot know!"
And great big teardrops fell,
As soft as oft by lilies doffed
When even veils the dell.

"You cannot know. There, do not cry!
Your mother loves you yet;

And I may cry beneath the sky,
But never can forget!

"There, leave me now, your mother waits,
She'll think her darling lost!"
And O the blow! the nameless woe!
The bitter pain it cost!

And both to blame? I may not say.
Can quarrels come of one?
Can strife in life twixt man and wife
By one alone be done?

For sake of her who sheds her tears,
And knows no reason why,
The Dove of love now flown above
Should bind the sacred tie.

And selfish motives born of life,
Should perish side by side,
And he and she that wed so free,
Be bridegroom still and bride!

AT LAST.

A brown stone front, with marble steps, the envy
For miles around of many a lesser lord,
And rising castle-like amid its gardens
With flower and vine and many-hued rose,
From farthest Ind or India brought, it shaped
A picture fair of Paradise on earth,
And left no hope of Heaven yet to be,
For this was Heaven, or so it seemed to eye
Of stranger, friend or guest; and many an art,
Italian, Gothic, Guido's noblest thought,
Had wooed a niche among a thousand rarities,
Adopted from the myriad world, and there
In one harmonious song, as siren sweet
As mermaid queens, with love their only ditty,
In volumed symphonies outrang, and died
Among the vaulted skies. His form was bent,
His hair as clouds that trim their sails in morn's
Translucent ray. The years were on his brow
In faintest tracery, as one who long

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Ago had found both Peace and Love, and Time
Had passed as golden dream to her who late
Was met with honey days and rounded moons,
Culture a Goddess, sat in holy sway
And mellowed all his look and style, a man
In fruited lowlihood, and crushed at last!
He kissed his wife adieu, his children all,
And from the marble halls, and gardens stretching
Broad, took his leave. He saw not, heard not, but
As one in dream too dark for solving, moved
His form, and sounds unheard took voice and sung.

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

He stopped at the wayside well,
Where the water was cool and deep;
There were feathery ferns twixt the mossy stones,
And gray was the old well-sweep.

He left his carriage alone;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in the dusty road
To drink at the wayside well.

He swayed with his gloved hands
The well-sweep creaking and slow,
While from seam and scar in the bucket's side
The water splashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb,
And bent down to the bucket's brim;
No furrows of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy
As he stooped o'er the edge to drink,
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his over the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the rim of the old straw hat
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh ;
 Nor could coachman or footman tell
 Why the master stopped in his ride that day
 To drink at the wayside well.

— *Walter Learned.*

GRANDPA'S STORY.

I

"Over fifty years ago, my children,"
 And Ned, and John, and Jock, and Jill,
 Bessie, Mary, Jane, and rosy Charlotte,
 Stood round his chair and drank their fill
 Of the pretty, pretty little story
 That he their dear old grandpa knew ;
 And the storm that howled against the window,
 The snow that danced from out the blue,
 And the hurry, scurry, blurry, worry,
 Roared there in vain its loud ado.

II.

"Over fifty years ago, my children,
 A pretty, pretty little maid,
 And a boy that was a trifle older,
 Attended school in dress arrayed
 That the prouder ones had said was common,
 And laughed at as they sometimes will ;
 But they heeded not the taunts and jestings,
 And one was big as little Jill,
 And the other near the size of Bessie,
 Or Jane, or Charlotte, which you will.

III.

"Well, they called him Jock, and she was Lucy,
 Tho' Luce the name they knew her by ;
 For you see they did not love these children,
 Tho' she seemed pretty in my eye ;
 And this Jock, tho' a little duller,
 Like many a child did seem to me ;
 But the children sometimes hate each other
 For reasons I could never see ;
 But the school was like my Bessie's, Charlotte's,
 Or Ned's, or Mary's, it may be.

IV.

"But the hours wore on, and faster, faster,
 The little days made bigger years,
 And my dull-eyed Jock and fair-haired Lucy
 Rose far above the taunts and sneers;
 They in teens had been the smartest scholars,
 And she stood head in every class,
 For instead of being dull and simple,
 They differed only from the mass,
 And to playing gave but small attention,
 A scholar-boy and scholar-lass.

V.

"But at last their school-days all were over,
 The bell no more should ring them in,
 And the taunts no more would pierce their bosom,
 No more the school-yard's maddening din;"
 And they saw a tear upon his eyelid,
 And grandpa's lip did quiver, too,
 And his voice was fainter, and did tremble.
 "Oh grandpa, what does trouble you?"
 And the little voice was part impatient
 That grandpa did not hurry through.

VI.

"Over fifty years ago, my children,
 And further let your grandpa say,
 For the dull-eyed Jock wed fair-haired Lucy,
 And never such a wedding day!
 But the fair-haired Lucy now is sleeping
 Beside, my dears, the old elm tree,
 For I—I was Jock, and she was Lucy!
 My wife! the world and more to me!"
 And the children saw him crying, crying,
 And heard him say: "I go to Thee!"

 TELL US OF HEAVEN.

Tell us of Heaven, oh baby dear!
 Is it true what the wise men say,
 That the Bible's no friend to us down here,
 And the truth shall be known some day?

"I came in the bell of a lily-white flower,
From out the blue, blue skies,
But the things that I saw in the heavenly bower,
I leave to the tongue of the wise."

They tell us that God of the sun and the rain,
The daffodil, pansy, and rose,
Is a twilight of dusk in the fallible brain,
A Myth, as every one knows.
"A baby shall ask of the great and the wise,
Oh why should they kneel in their prayers,
When the snowy-white steed from the vault of the skies
Shall leap on their home unawares?"

And they tell us that Heaven is a poor man's hope
Across the emerald blue sea,
That never a portal to Heaven will ope
That the eye of a Christain can see.
"My Father in Heaven is pure as the stars
That dream in the faraway blue,
And a sinner may come in his golden cars,
For there's a Heaven for him as for you."

They tell us, O baby! that once in the tomb,
The journey of mortal is done,
That a baby like you may blush and may bloom,
As a flower shall die in the sun.
"Oh why should they doubt the golden-leaved Book
That came as a blessing from God,
Can man make the lily that grows by the brook,
E'en the weed that grows by the sod?"

They tell us the Garden, and Adam, and Eve,
Are the dream of a blind man's brain,
And the mortals that laugh and bewail and bereave,
Are a species that live here in vain.
"Did I say: There's a Heaven in the faraway skies,
A Home for the good and the true,
The Word of my Father the wise man denies,
What then were a baby's to you?"

They tell us that God is a foe to mankind,
That the Church is a curse in the land,
Where else shall I look for so perfect a Mind?
A Purpose so vast and so grand?

“And Faith is the victor that winneth the fight,
 And Heaven thro’ the portal of Doubt,
 When she is away there cometh a night,
 And the lamps of the mortal are out!”

HO, HO, MY LITTLE MAN.

Ho, ho! my little man!
 You’ve lost your flaxen hair
 And pa may have again
 His baby sweet and fair;
 The years have numbered three
 Since first you ’gan to blow,
 And once again you are
 A babe to laugh and crow.

CHORUS.

O baby! lovely baby!
 We have you once again,
 Your life is like the rainbow
 That spans across the main,
 A-like the star of even,
 The bourne across the blue,
 The hope that crowns the lover
 When love is fresh and new.

We feel again the love
 That crowned the wedded days,
 When honeymoons were bright,
 And hope was all ablaze.
 We see you on the floor
 A little baby boy,
 But cannot feel the years
 Have crowned our love and joy.

Your head is white as snow,
 A bigger baby far
 Than when you came and shone
 A little wee-eyed star.
 Go back, oh Time! and paint
 The rosy-rayed past,
 The days when she and I
 Our lots together cast.

The "bye low, baby" falls
As soft as petaled rose,
And half unconscious there
The baby blooms and blows.
The years have gone as mist,
And once, and once again,
She has her baby back,
With rainbows in the brain.

She cannot feel the years
Have crowned the rosy hours,
And once her darling babe
A child among the flowers.
The teardrops glisten now
Like clover-rosaried dew,
And all her hallowed past
A rainbow in the blue!

TOMMY DAY.

And don't you know my little Tommy?
Little Tommy, Tommy Day?
I'm sure his cheeks like two great apples
Oft have met you on your way.

But he's a rogue, and mamma's darling,
Blue-eyed rogue of three and two,
Just five, they say, and roguish pretty,—
You would like him, you and you.

But dear me, dear me, he's a scholar,
Just beyond his A, B, C;
But such a time to make him study,
For he likes to play, you see.

But there's the school-house over yonder,
Hid among the pretty trees;
But Tommy sits beside the water,
Eyes as round as two great peas.

His little pail, a cake, a cooky,
Slices two of sweet brown bread,
Was in his lap, for little Tommy
"Guess I'll eat them now," he said.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

He made a half moon of his cooky,
Cake, good-by to all your plums;
The school-bell rang but little Tommy
Still was digging with his thumbs.

And cheeks of apple, weren't they shining?
Didn't his eyes look bright as beads?
And what a lovely, lovely picture!
Little flower among the weeds!

The merry brook it sang so sweetly!
Little stones they shone so bright!
That Tommy Day, my little Tommy,
Did forget the water quite.

"Oh!—oh!" and splash went little truant,
Water drenched him thro' and thro',
Went in his ears, his golden ringlets,
Filled his pretty eyes of blue.

But just in time the good sweet mamma
Caught him by his golden hair,
And "Tommy! Tommy! oh my Tommy!
How came you, came you there?"

And sorry Tommy fell to crying;
Mamma did not whip him then,
But said she would if e'er she found him
By the naughty brook again.

And so you like my little Tommy?
Little Tommy, Tommy Day?
But don't, for sake of sweet, sweet mamma,
Play like Tommy by the way.

FRED AND OLD MAJOR.

Little children, do you wonder
How Fred, the laughing boy,
Dearly loves his old dog Major,
Finds him still his greatest joy?

See his whip; he would not strike him,
For his dear and honest face
Seems so meek, and too, so wishful,—
Thus he has the softest place.



THE FRIENDS.

Such a nest! Why, little children,
Major sleeps with pretty Fred,
Not of course as would a brother,
But beside his trundle-bed!

MEMORIAL DAY.

Again we strew the flowers of May,
Again we bow the head
Above the mounds that shrine to-day
Our martyred soldier dead;
Again the emblems of our love,
The flag, the flower, the tear,
We mingle sad for those who strove
So bravely year by year.

Again we meet in humble guise,
Again the emblem flower
We sadly strew 'neath May-day skies
This sacred, solemn hour;
And as we move from grave to grave,
In sadness softly tread,
The glorious Stars and Stripes shall wave
In freedom o'er our dead.

And many a comrade here we find,
As tears bedew the eye,
Who, for his country was resigned
To do and nobly die;
Who left a hallowed, happy home,
He ne'er might see again,
And joined the fight for Freedom's right
On many a hill and plain.

But, Mother! weeping in your gloom,
And, Father! gray in years,
We cannot give you from the tomb
The son you mourn in tears;
But proudly, proudly can we name
His name among the stars,
Who fought for freedom and for fame
Against the Stars and Bars.

A cruel war, but let us speak
Of all as brothers now,
For they are dead by hill and creek,
And dead where willows bow;
And where the birds from morn to eve,
'Neath far, far Southern skies,
Their little rustic carols weave,
Where many a hero lies.

The Stars and Bars! the Blue and Gray!
O Nation! 'tis thy trust
That on this sad Memorial Day
You honor dust with dust!
They were thy children rashly grown
To deeds of war and strife,
And now in death they are thy own,
As once they were in life!

O North! O South! a vein of blood
Still joins you heart and hand!
For they were brothers there that stood
And fought in their native land!
Oh let us mingle dust with dust,
And flower with fairest flower,
And while the old Sword gathers rust,
Honor them in this Hour!

For they were ours, are ours to-day,
We claim them one and all,
For they were heroes in the fray,
And heroes in their fall!
To-day is theirs! what hand profane?
For them this hour we keep,
But many a, many a day shall wane,—
Our heroes still shall sleep!

WHERE'S MAMMA?

"Where's my mamma? Des she's gone;
Tan't I find her anywhere?"
And this sweet-eyed mamma's darling,
Looked in this place, that place,—there!

"Mamma, mamma, here's your Harry,
Come and find him else he cry ;"
But the little three years' baby
Could not know sweet mammas die.

"Papa, papa, where's my mamma ?"
And the little nightdress trailed,
Catching at the bare feet peeping,
Tripping "baby" as he wailed :
"Where's she don' ?" and little Harry
Pattered, pattered thro' the hall,
Pattered in the dress she made him,
Pattered, pattered, that was all.

Now this pretty, blue-eyed darling,
Crying "mamma" all the time,
From his crib had stolen sweetly,—
"Des he fall if baby climb !"
And upon the floor he tumbled,
Folded soft in broidered dress ;
But he did not cry, and softly,—
"Now I'll find my ma, I dess."

All was still, for there unbidden
Came a shadow through the night,
And the fairy nursling's mamma
Lay like marble, cold and white !
And that lover, husband, father,
All the baby now could claim,
Took his way as one who wanders
All alone without an aim.

"Little Harry !—How to tell him ?
He is sleeping, fast asleep !
O ye Life of million wonders !—
Harry, I can only weep !" —
And a-like a sylph or fairy,
Baby-ghost in whited 'ray,
Little Harry flitted to him,—
"Where's my mamma, papa, say ?"

O ye Muses ! paint the beauty
In that sweet, inquiring look,
Paint the baby, lovely Harry,
Pure as lilies by the brook !
"Tan't you tell me ? Where's my mamma ?"
"Little Harry, mamma's gone !"
And he took the pretty nursling,
In the nightdress she put on !

“ ‘Tan’t you tell me, papa, papa?’
 And the teardrops glistened now,
 “ ‘Tause I’ve lost her, darling papa!’
 Darling pa can only bow;
 Baby Harry’s heart was broken,
 And asleep in pain he fell,
 Crying: “Papa, where’s my mamma?
 Where’s my mamma, ‘tan’t you tell?’”

MY PONY.

“ My little pony, ain’t he nice?
 A dappled coat, a pretty mane;
 And you’ve one, too, I know you have,
 My little stranger sister Jane.

“ Then let me tell you what a pet
 My pretty pony is to me;
 My grandpa gave him when I grew
 A laughing maiden up to three.

“ I cried and cried, it pleased me so,
 I cried and laughed, I laughed and cried,
 But if you’d seen me ride him then,
 I know you’d laughed till you had died.

“ His back so smooth I hardly knew
 How then to ride him to and fro;
 But he was gentle, he was kind,
 And stopped his pace when I said, “whoa.”

“ My grandpa helped me ride him first,
 And such a time I never had;
 His tail went down, his head went up,
 His heels flew out as he were mad.

“ I dropped the reins, I seized his mane,
 And grandpa laughed as hard as you;
 I cried in fright, but pony reared,—
 Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?

“ But now ’tis past; yet wait, ha, ha!
 My pony horse was made of wood!

I got so lost I did not think,
'Twere wooden legs on which he stood !

"But still I pet him, love him still,
And now I ride him all alone,
My rocking-horse that grandpa gave
So I could have one for my own."

IOLA'S BIRD SONG.

Don't you see her by the hedge-row
Where the gap is in the wall?
Yes? But look a little sharper,
She's so very, very small.

And her name is Miss Iola,
"Sweet Iola, Ola, ee,"
So the jay, the robin, swallow,
Softly sang from out the tree.

"Sweet Iola, Ola, Ola,"
Sang a little bright-eyed bird,
"Do you love me? do you love me?
Ola, Ola, have you heard?"

And she shook her tangled ringlets,
"Yes, I do, you little bird;
Crumbs I give, then don't I love you?
Isn't my love in every word?"

"Little Ola, you're a darling!
You are good, and good to me,
Other girls are naughty to us,
Sweet Iola, Ola, ee."

"Mother taught me how to love you,
Pretty birdie on the bough,
Little things she said would make me
Just as sweet as you are now!"

And the summer bloom was on her,
And a daisy in the wall
Sweet Iola, Ola, Ola,
Seemed, she was so sweet and small.

And they picked the crumbs she gave them,
Singing, singing, singing free,
"Ola fair, we love you, Ola,
Sweet Iola, Ola, ee."

And a hunter came among them,
Paused to listen by the wall,—
"Hateful hunters come to kill us,
Sweetest Ola, kind to all."

And the man threw down his powder,
And his long and ugly gun,
"And I'll never, never kill them,
Never more my little one!"

And the birds from all the forest,
In the peach, and high oak tree:
"You have saved us, and we love you,
Sweet Iola, Ola, ee!"

MY KITTENS.

And one was black, and one was gray,
And one was white as snow,
The prettiest little playful things,
That ever a maid did know!

The mother cat, and ain't she sly,
She watches all the while,
And when her little kittens play
She seems to know and smile.

Now here is Black, oh, what a rogue,
He's got my spool of thread;
And now the three are romping on,
With little Gray ahead!

And white and gray, and gray and black,
Oh, what a roguish three!
My thread is tangled, tangled up,
And what a job for me!

"You little rogues, I'll teach you what!"
And like a romping girl,
Sweet Lucy gave them such a chase
The very room did whirl.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And what a time! Oh, dear, dear me!
They ran away, away!
And he that led, as you may think,
Was naughty little Gray!

And they were Jane, and you, and I,
We romp the whole day thro';
And Black was I, and Gray was Jane,
And little White was you!

LOVE IS LIKE THE RAINBOW.

Love is like the rainbow
Hung across the sky,
Like a pretty picture
Where the angels fly;
Like the rarest beauty
Ever lover knew,
Like the stars of even
In the vaulted blue.

Love is like the rainbow
When the storm is flown,
Like a pretty maiden
Blooming all alone;
Like a youthful lover
In a rosy dream
Like a spotless lily
Swaying with the stream.

Love is like the rainbow
Hung above the storm,
Like a Grecian maiden
Angel-chiseled form;
Like a pretty fairy
Dancing in the sun,
Like the arching anchor,
Love and love is one.

Love is like the rainbow
In the dappled east,
Like the minstrel music
At the wedding feast,
Like the rarest flower
Blooming on the wold,

Like the Highland lassie
Robby Burns did fold.

Love is like the rainbow,
Promise in the sky,
Like a golden meadow
Spread beneath the eye;
Hope of hopes to maidens,
Balm of life to all,
King of all creation,
Laureled since the Fall.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

"Whip-poor-will," among the bushes,
"Chickadee-dee," from the bough,
"Bobolink," sweet bobolincoln,
"Pee-wee, pee-wee," softly now.

"Twit, twit, twit," the chimney swallow,
'Mid the bluejay's lovely song:
"Rat-tat-tat," the harsh woodpecker
From the myriad feathered throng.

What a world of birds and flowers!
"Mine the sweetest 'neath the eaves,"
Said the little plump brown swallow,
"Poor, poor robin, how she grieves!"

"Mine's the best among the tree-tops,"
Sang the chickadee-dee soft;
"You may whistle little plover,
But you cannot come aloft."

"Better still, my chickadee-dee,
I'm the sweetest of them all,"
Sang the high and cloudless sky-lark,
Said the goldfinch, "You may fall."

"I'm a singer 'mid the flowers,"
Said a bright-eyed humming-bird.
"You are pretty! Who can see you?
Of your beauty I have heard."

Said another; "Yes, you're pretty,
But your wings they go so fast,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Who can see you, little hummer?"
And the jay went swimming past.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo," joined the chorus,
"I'm the bird they sing about."
"Naught but songs of silly lovers!"
Said the crow in gleeful shout.

"He steals corn, and robs the farmer,"
Said the sparrow to her mate;
"Always quarreling like the people,"
And the screech-owl looked sedate.

"Silly birds, why taunt each other?"
Said the slowly wheeling hawk;
"He steals chickens!" said the mavis
Close beside the hollyhock.

"Stop! I say this silly quarrel."
Said the sad and solemn owl,
With a look to grace a jurist,
With a sort of judge's scowl.

"All are pretty, may I venture,
Each a trait above the rest;
God has made you in your beauty,
Each in some way He has blest."

And they sang more sweet than ever,
On the flower, and in the tree
By the roadside, near the river,
By the cottage on the lea.

THE MONMOUTH MAIDS.

Oh Monmouth maidens, do you think
His age he would confess,
If Cupid still had left the bard
To single blessedness?

For every maid is "sweet sixteen,"
'Till Romeo has said:
"Now, Juliet, I love you, O!
Why can't we go and wed?"

And every man I venture, too,
Forgets his "honest years,"
When he is seeking for a wife
Among the "heavenly spheres."

And he is rich, or he is poor,
Or anything to please,
When he is wooing Kate or Jane,
Or sweet Susanna Pease.

And she will shame the red, red rose,
When Abram says: "See here,
And durn me if I haven't loved
You steady more'n a year."

And there beside the winding way,
The tumbled roadside wall,
We hear a little sharp report,
And "two are one," that's all.

A little rule that works both ways,
We know our age at last
When busy Hymen with a string
Has tied us firm and fast.

So, merry maids, how old are you?
And are you wedded yet?
I pray you soon may have the chance
To pay old Cupid's debt.

And be he rich, or be he poor,
Tho' old he may not be,
With pious Cowper let me cry:
"May I be there to see!"

OUR NEW CHURCH.

We gather here in summer's prime
To dedicate to God,
The new-old Church that we have loved
Since first it came unflawed.

And tho' we loved it as it were
In all the years ago,
Yet still we felt the dear old Church
Did look a bit forlorn.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And so we raised from out the heart
The widow's mite of all,
And kindly as a wedding gift,
We gave, tho' gifts were small.

The little band, the lowly band,
That loved the dear old place,
Were happier made by what they gave,
With meekness in the face.

And then the bell rang out no more
Upon the Sabbath air,
But workmen with their hammers broke
The sacred silence there.

And riot took the place of peace
That reigned so solemn round,
And not the rich old organ's tone
That broke the still profound.

But noises from the tools of men
That came to beautify
The dear old Church that still we'll love
In the "sweet by and bye."

The weeks flew on, and beauty grew
From out the shapeless mass,
Until it seems to every one
A passing dream, alas !

And now we gather one and all
From many a lowly shrine,
To offer thanks and sing our songs
In meekness half divine.

And may the church we christen now
In meekness from above,
E'en point a holier path to those
Who love divinest love.

And while the old church in the new
May hold its humble sway,
Let one and all give thanks to Him
Who gave the Sabbath Day.

MY PLAYMATE.

My little reader, did you know
My pretty playmate, Lucy Small?
No. Then I'll tell you, for to me
She once was sweet above them all.

We lived as neighbors side by side,
And she was good as good could be;
I wish that you, my reader fair,
Could say the same sweet tale of me.

But I, oh dear! the cat would scratch me,
The dog would bite me in his play,
But she, my Lucy, like a flower,
Did bloom and bloom the whole long day.

And not a word, the kitten loved her,
And Towser rested on her knee,
And when so vexed I half could hate her,
She said such pretty things to me.

A little sunshine, oft I called her;
And when she drooped among the flowers,
A little wingless angel seemed she,
Not made for earth, but other bowers.

And then they took my little playmate,
They laid her 'neath the lilies white,
And I alone, and lost without her,
Did moan and wail the whole long night.

But yet my Lucy, sweet fair Lucy,
Still lingers near me, near me now,
And when I get so vexed and hateful,
I feel her form above me bow.

Oh little readers, gentle readers,
O love each other while ye may,
A time may come to take the flower,
And leave the weed beside the way.

'Twas thus my Lucy like a lily
Beside the garden, garden wall,
Had drooped and fell, and died in beauty,
Sweet, pretty, pretty Lucy Small.

MY MOTHER.

Little maiden by the stream-side,
Do you know how sad I feel ?
Have you lost your mother, darling ?
Do you hear the church-bell peal ?

Then you cannot know my sadness,
Little maiden, little maid,
For my mother, gentle sister,
Lies aneath the flowerets' shade.

Do not linger, do not linger,
By the sparkling, gurgling stream,
For your mother may be drooping,
Gentle maiden, while you dream.

Once I wandered 'mid the flowers,
E'en a thoughtless maid as you ;
But my mother now is sleeping
'Neath the starlights in the blue.

Do you mind your mother darling ?
I ? Not always, but sometimes.
Oh I wish they might restore her
To her cottage 'neath the limes !

And the tears came on her lashes.
Happy maiden, may I weep ?
Do you think she's gone to Heaven ?
Is in Eden soft asleep ?

What a treasure is a mother !
Little know we all her worth !
Once we lose her from the household,
Seems she dearest of the earth.

Love your mother, little maiden ;
I've no mother I can love,
For they took her in her sweetness
Far across the skies above.

No, no mother ; can you feel it
In your artless summer way ?
No, my darling, you may linger
Thoughtless even in your play.

I may weep and weep forever,
You shall laugh the whole day thro',
We may bloom and bloom together,
But a mother cares for you.

BABY DAY.

Such a pretty, pretty baby !
Do you wish you had him, little girl ?
He's a little wee, wee thing, tho',
Bald as grandpa, not a single curl.

But his mouth's a little rosebud,
And his pretty cheeks have dimples two,
But his teeth, the little nuisance !
Not a single tooth to show to you.

But he laughs, and such a pucker
All about his pretty rosebud mouth !
Dear me ! dear me ! don't you love him ?
Such a rosy angel from the south !

Don't you think his name is pretty ?
Ha ! and I've not said a single word
How his name is Baby Day, dear,
Little wingless, blue-eyed bird !

And they say as big as papa
Little Baby Day will sometime grow !
Such a little wee-eyed beauty !
Tell me, little dimples, do they know ?

Why ! you're like a tender flower !
Just a pretty bunch of rosy sweets !
You're a lily pure and helpless
With your little baby pranks and feats.

Big as papa ! baby darling ?
What a fib ! you are so awful small !
Guess they'll find they do not know you,
Not this baby, Baby Day at all !

But, good gracious ! there's the school-bell !
Little brother, sister Jane must go ;
But you'll grace the sweet, sweet hour,
And our cradle flower shall bloom and blow !

MY FLOWERS.

Here's a rose, and there's a lily,
Here's a rose, and there's a pink,
Harmony here, and there a tangle,
One does nod, and one does wink.

There's a sunflower, high and golden,
Here's a pretty crimson rose,
There a pansy, there a daisy,
Here the white flower blooms and blows.

Here a tangle, there a chaos,
Here a lily pale and white,
Some are wooing, some are wedding,
Some in vines are softly dight.

Some are dandling in the breezes,
Some are stately, cold, and stiff ;
There's one down across the corner,
And I'm sure he's ta'en a miff.

Here's one wilt and sadly broken,
There's one hanging down his head,
Here the chore-boy's foot has crushed them,
Some are wilting, some are dead.

Here a bee is getting honey,
There a bird is humming sweet,
And the blue, blue skies above me,
Shed their blue beneath my feet.

You've a flower-bed in your garden,
What a pretty treat to you !

Watching all their wayward motions,
Twin-like flowers amid the dew.

Oft I think, as papa told me,
Life is like the briar rose,
Flowers and weeds together growing,
Thorns, and roses white as snows.

Come and see my pretty flowers,
You shall have a sweet bouquet,
With a pink, a pansy, rosy,
If you'll only come and stay.

AFTER THE SHOWER.

How black it grew! The sun was hidden,
A very night without her stars;
The lightning like a warrior's sword-blade,
Cut all the sky like flashing bars.

And then the rain, with peals of thunder,
And then the hail came pouring down;
And then, oh dear! I so affrighted,
It seemed the very earth would drown.

A July storm. Oh how I trembled,
And every one seemed sober grown;
But now how calm! The sky is peaceful,
And by my flowers I stand alone.

Oh ugly storm! my little pansies,
My crimson flowers! my hollyhocks,
The naughty hail has sadly pierced them,
They cannot stand such ugly shocks.

My posy-bed's a great mud puddle,
I have to wade the garden path!
Oh little flowers, gentle flowers!
And did you like your naughty bath?

No summer rains and you would perish,
My little flowers, you'd droop and die,
And then the maid that came to tend you,
What could she do but stand and cry?

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

How clean you look! How fresh and lovely!
How sweet you smell, my little dears!
Oh! there's my calla lily broken!
How can I help these burning tears?

My garden's just a little ruin!
The violets, daisies tangled up!
And there's a soiled and saddened posy!
And here's a flower with broken cup!

Oh dear! my little ruined flower-bed!
And bitter teardrops filled her eye,
As down beside her ruined garden,
The little maid did sit and cry.

MY BIRTHDAY.

A doll, a horse, a wooden cow,
A coral ring, and Jack in a Box,
A little knife with one bright blade,
A waxen doll with golden locks.

A little cradle sweet and small,
A pretty neckchain made of gold,
A happy, happy little maid,
Who papa says is six years old.

My little chain has one bright clasp,
But papa's has a great gold watch;
I wish I had one. Oh dear me!
And his, they say, is Swiss or Scotch.

"Please, little girl, may I come in?"
And ragged Benny by the gate,—
(For you know Benny, he is poor,)
"Yes, little sir, come right in straight!"

"What pretty presents!" and his eyes
As big as saucers shone on her,
"Yes, Benny, dear, and do see here,
My wooden cat can spin and purr!"

And all unconscious of the tears
That welled in Benny's blue, blue eyes,
This happy Lilla showed him all,
With mingled word and joyous cries.

"And, and—why, Benny! what's the matter?
You're crying! I'm so happy! you,
You look as if your heart would break!"
And tears came in her sweet eyes, too!

But Benny's ragged sleeve had brushed
The bitter tears that welled so fast.
"O dear! Here, Benny, take them all!"
And dirty hands quick held them fast.

And ragged Benny bounded home,
And little Lilla cried and cried.
"O Benny! ragged Benny dear!"
Her face was open, sweet, and wide,

"I'm happy now!" And when papa
Heard little Lilla thro' and thro',
He took her tenderly in his arms,—
"Now what may papa do for you?"

"I'm happy now, but Benny's poor!"
And ragged boys about the street
Were saying: "Benny's a home now,
The gift of Lilla fair and sweet!"

THE LEGEND OF SUGAR RIVER.

Oh come with me, my bonnie maid,
By Sugar River flowing,
Sweet Luna has the scene arrayed,
The winds are softly blowing;
And here beside the milldam wide,
With Eden's fairest daughter,
I'll tell you how the poet tried
To name the winding water.

He looked in Greek and Latin law,
And books of broadest learning,
But not the time to say he saw
A muddle all a-churning;

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

He took his maid, his blushing Muse,
 O'er field and meadow stealing,
 He plead in vain, she would refuse,
 And so he fell a-kneeling.

The bank gave way, and down they fell
 A-scrambling in the water,
 And ran the Legend that I tell:
 "A bard and Delphi's daughter,
 Went wooing by the willowed stream,
 With love their eyesight blinding,
 And when it seemed a youthful dream,
 Stern Reason was reminding:

"The flowers that line the shelving shores,
 Unsafe for Adam's daughter,
 A love may blind, but ne'er restores
 A life beneath the water!"
 And so they died, and Love aloof:
 "I'm Eros-king the giver,
 And ever 'neath the sky-blue roof,
 I christen, Sugar River!"

WINTER LINGERED.

But Winter lingered in the lap
 Of Eden's virgin Spring,
 And in the even's dewy shade
 It cropped the floweret's wing;
 It chilled the lily pale and white,
 The cowslip by the brook,
 It sent a shiver thro' the frame,
 The shepherd on his crook.

It sent the bird to southern shores,
 The swallow to the barn,
 The robin to her sunny home,
 The lark above the tarn;
 The flower that dared to bloom alone,
 It chilled in morn and eve,
 The blackbird in the cherry tree
 Did moan, and wail, and grieve.

The May came in, a-Maying went
 The children and their maids,

But chilly blasts had laid the flower,
The grass with tender blades;
The house-plant bloomed alone in white,
As mourning dearth without,
Canaries sang, but softly sang,
The chore-boy in surtout.

The spring had come, but winter's breath
In meadow, stream, and vale,
A general disappointment went
A-sobbing out the tale:
"And we had waited thro' the snow,
The ice that bound the brook,
But when she came, my gala Spring!
'Twas winter in her look!"

WHAT THE OLD CLOCK SAYS.

THE COURTSHIP.

Tick, tick, he whispers tales of love
To milkmaid by the bars,
She blushes like the new-blown rose
Beneath the smiling stars.

THE WEDDING.

Tick, tick, the white-haired priest is come
To join their holy love,
And down from out propitious skies
The angels smile above.

THE BIRTH.

Tick, tick, and smiles a pretty babe,
To join them closer yet,
And mothers said from out the heart,
Two mates for once are met.

THE MOTHER DIES.

Tick, tick, and now her aged form
Is still at last in death,
A rugged son, a faded sire,
Are mourning 'neath the breath.

THE FATHER DIES.

Tick, tick, and now two holy graves
Are mouldering side by side,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

The bridegroom of her earliest love,
And she his lovely bride.

THE SON MOURNS.

Tick, tick, and by two graves at last,
The son stands there alone;
The world is large, but crowds of men
Heed not his piteous moan.

THE SON DIES.

Tick, tick, tick, tick! and now
The graves are one,—two,—three!
The same sweet skies are smiling yet
On flower, and weed, and lea.

THE CLOCK TICKS ON.

The old Clock still is ticking on
Beside the great hall door,
The same old face, tho' faded some,
We saw in days of yore.

AND IT SAYS.

Its solemn tick more solemn still,
Does softly say to all:
"From life to death ye all must go,
The fairest flower will fall!"

THE DEAD BIRD'S NEST.

They came when Spring was rounded fair,
And ripened to her full,
And freshest flowers were in the dell
Beside the darkened pool;
And built their nest anear our eaves,
Where morning-glories shone,
And all their heartfelt music gave
In wild-bird's rarest tone.

The little nest was built at last
Among the tangled sprays,
And mother robin poured her soul
In springtime's sweetest lays;
And such a joyous scene to us!
For near our cottage stood
The gnarled tree that held their nest
With rough and jagged wood.

The tinted eggs were seen at length
Within their cradle home,
And mother-bird sang sweetly then
Above the flowered loam ;
And last, we saw the fledgelings there,
The little baby birds,
And he that doubts there is a God,
For him I have no words.

But, strange to say, a tangled bunch
Of worms above the nest,
Kept dropping, dropping, one by one,
Thro' treetop richly drest,
Until the little fledgelings found
The nest to be a tomb,
And then the parent birds bewailed
Their sweet ones' hapless doom.

And sadly then above the nest
They wove a rounded cone,
And then they left them there at last
Within the nest alone ;
And mournful, mournful was the note
The mother robin gave,
When sprig and spray were laid at last
Upon the tree-swung grave !

A MEMORY OF SUGAR RIVER.

When Sugar River's mellow tide
Was singing of the Spring,
I wandered lone, and sad, and lorn,
Where love was on the wing ;
I painted scenes of May days gone,
Of childhood's happy hours,
The like that grew to wedded love
Among Idalian bowers.

I saw the form that death had laid,
A lily with the lily,
And though the spring was blooming there,
The even calm and stilly,
My heart would beat a coarser tune,
A sad discordant measure,
And once where love had painted June,
I mourned my long-lost treasure.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

We sang of love, the wedding came,
 A thousand blessings falling,
 The hour went by a rosy queen,
 While love to love was calling;
 The birds sang here, the birds sang there,
 The children laughed the louder.
 For I the bridegroom of the hour,
 And never was a prouder.

But ah! there came from silent halls,
 A guest that comes unbidden,
 We knew his presence by her form,
 Tho' he was veiled and hidden;
 I saw the casket in the grave,
 I heard the falling flower,
 "O what is Death?" They took my hand,
 "'Tis Life!"—and weighed the hour.

THE NEW KNIFE.

"Hurrah! hurrah! a new jack-knife!
 A birthday gift from pa;
 And now I'll make a little ship,
 A little ship, ha, ha!"

"A pretty ship to sail the sea
 With captain and her crew,
 And she will cross the bounding wave
 With precious things for you.

"And I shall build her for her speed,
 Her beauty and her strength,
 And you shall see what a knife can do,
 For the ship will come at length."

And he found a board both smooth and straight,
 And then a brace or two,—
 "For you see there's many a different thing
 Ere a ship's a ship to you."

And now, my children, mind the tale,
 A toy-ship grew at last,
 The jack-knife brought his genius out,
 And fixed his purpose fast.

THE YOUNG HELP BUILDERS.



THE LADY OF DARDALE.

He cut his fingers, spoiled his work,
And said some naughty things;
But patience gave the world at length
A ship with snow-white wings.

And now to-day his loaded ships
Are thick upon the sea;
It was the birthday jack-knife gift
That gave him to you and me.

So find your taste, my little sir,
The thing you love the best,
For every youth has gifts, I trow,
That rank him o'er the rest.

THE OLD GUIDEPOST.

I mind me how the old guidepost
Had stood for many a day,
Just where the two roads meet and part,
And either slopes away;
The general scene to right and left,
The rockbound hills afar,
The wildly rushing, tumbling brook,
O'er many a jagged bar.

The seldom house, the barren fields,
The meadows far away,
The gnarlèd oak and apple tree,
The robin or the jay;
The sun, and clouds, the skies above,
The panorama all,
But still the guidepost, old and gray,
Stands lone against the wall.

You see it now just by the bend,
A little to the right,
It points to Boston forty miles,
The same by day and night;
It asks no fee from high or low
From lover or from lord,
The little dapper spruce young man
Just on his way abroad.

It points in silence, but with grace
 A parson well might own,
 Is ever meek, and ne'er complains
 For standing there alone ;
 And when the stranger careless then
 Of all its work and age,
 Does wonder still which way to go,
 And falls into a rage,

The dear old guidepost looks the same,
 Nor rates him for his wrath,
 But with a ministerial stoop
 Does point to either path ;
 For long since, reader, have the words
 Slow mouldered from its face,
 And but the ghost of what it was,
 It useless fills its place.

But still its duty it has done,
 Long, long ago, may be,
 And who shall scorn it in its age,
 When once it told to thee
 Which way was right thro' night and day
 Nor asking fee or dole,
 But kindly showing one and all
 As if it had a soul.

THE OLD STONEWALL.

The old stonewall now covered o'er
 With moss, and weed, and briar,
 Holds memories sweeter far to me
 Than tone of softest lyre ;
 For here beside it winding down
 The road still takes its way,
 Whereon I roamed a barefoot boy,
 When life was fresh and gay.

And o'er the wall, the dear old wall,
 I clambered when a lad,
 To pluck the berries drooping o'er,
 For all the store I had,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Was what old Nature gave to me
By road or winding wall,
The dear old orchard where the apples
With rosy cheeks did fall.

The little brook that held its way
Beside the bending road,
Of many a plump and rarest trout,
Its cool and sweet abode ;
And berries, too, that grew beside
Its rich and mossy banks,
I greedy took, nor stopped to think
To offer dole or thanks.

But now as gray as the old stonewall,
I ride beside the way,
And comes to me thro' memory's tears,
A sweetness far away ;
And once again I climb the hill
Where Kate and I did roam,
Both rural lovers careless then
Of love we found at home.

And once again we trip along
Beside the old gray wall,
Beyond the gap, the pair of bars,
The tumbling waterfall ;
The old, old house where no one lived,
And ghosts were said to roam,
But legend told us once it was
Some dear old goodman's home.

And, too, we crossed the little bridge,
The sweetly winding brook,
The horse-path, and the cattle lane,
The rare and shady nook,
Where love as artless as the flowers.
In homely language told,
Its pretty tale to blushing maid,
In beauty rare as gold.

But she is dead, and grows the moss
Upon her gravestone now,
And so I love to linger here
Where flowerets nod and bow ;
For here I won her as my own,
The dearest girl of all,
Just where you see the gap, my friend,
In the dear old gray stonewall !

THE SANBORN MEMORIAL STONE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. WOODBURY SANBORN OF CHELSEA, MASS.

I.

Once again we meet at Weirs,
Once again the rousing cheers
May re-echo, echo 'gan,
From the soldier or the freedman ;
From the man that holds the plow,
From the citizen with us now,
From the youth who love to see
The dear old Flag of Liberty ;
For their fathers gave it them,
Not a flaw within the hem,
Every star and stripe was there,
Honor and glory everywhere,
Full of memories as of stars,
Full of honors as of bars,
Holding for all the right to be
Noblest sons of Liberty.

II.

But no need of martial strain,
Battle-song, or bard's refrain,
Fitting emblem, flag or spray,
For our heroes made the Day
Stand an ensign in the sky,
Shining like a star on high,
Still unsullied, yet to be
The one great Day that made us free :
And the Flag that floats in peace,
Shall its freedom ever cease ?
Can we, sons of valiant men,
Ever wish to see again
Reddest blood upon our land ?
Never ! Let us, heart and hand,
Say : "The war is done ! No more
Shall the red blood dye our shore !"

III.

All our land has storied stones,
But New Hampshire proudly owns
One we honor over all,
One that shows Secession's fall,
One that sends the tingling blood
Surging madly in a flood,
Rousing from their peaceful sleep
Valiant men that wildly leap,
Crying: "Victory! victory! now!"
And they fell! We saw them bow
Not till death had laid them low
On the red field with their foe!
And this sad Memorial Stone
Tells the tale to mothers lone,
How New Hampshire nobly bled,
Here to-day reveres her dead!

IV.

Ah! proud Sanborn! ever you
● To forget the boys in blue?
Sacred shall thy gift remain
Of the battles and the slain,
Grand Memorial of the War,
Saddest ever Nation saw,
Hemmed about by muskets old,
Cannon that to-day may hold
Old Columbia's Flag on high,
Fleckless as the blue-domed sky,
Still unsullied, yet to reign
O'er a Nation joined again,
That nor time nor war shall sever
But united still forever,
Freedom pure shall offer all,
E'en to Turk, or slave of Gaul.

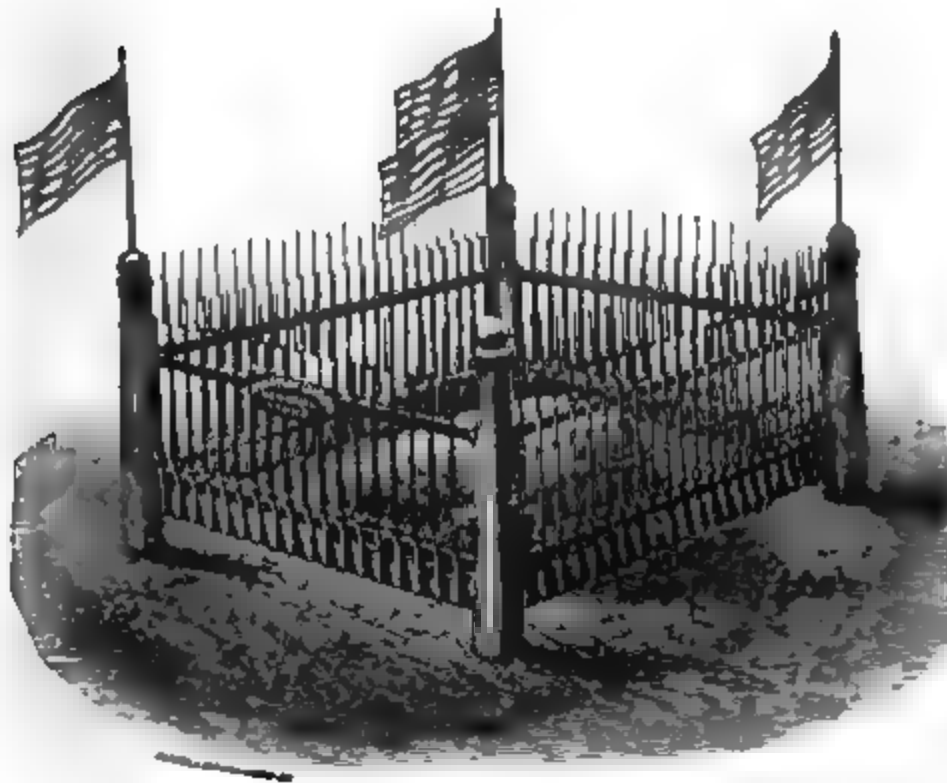
V.

Shall the old Twelfth here at Weirs
Rouse the campground with its cheers!
Or above this sacred stone
Shed the tears that come alone,
From the friend that saw them fall,
Fighting Lee, or old Stonewall,
Johnston, or the maddening host,
By the sea, or on the coast,
In the swamp, or on the hill,
By the stream, or laughing rill,
Where the valleys sloping down
Half revealed a rebel town?

Or again upon the height
Where the foe were put to flight?
Never! never! Let it be
But the woe of Memory!

VI.

We to-day may gather here
Not to wipe the falling tear,
But to join the songs of peace,
Where a glory more than Greece
Shines around us here to-day,
For no rebels come to slay,



THE SANBORN MEMORIAL STONE.

But to reap the fruits of love,
And the manna from above,
Sharers now of fruits that came
Thro' the smoke, and thro' the flame,
One great Nation! and one Cause!
Better judgment, purer laws,
Based upon a Freedom vast,
That thro' time and tide shall last,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And a Haven be to those
Once our brave unconquered foes !

VII.

Ah ! from sixty-one to five !
Many a man to-day alive,
Feels a shiver at the dates,
Feels a shiver while he waits
Breathless as the old Roll Call
Sounds above the broken wall
Of the ranks that, one by one,
Time has called since war was done,
Time is calling e'en to-day,
Till the veterans old and gray,
Find their ranks depleting fast !
Shall this union be their last ?
Sudden comes the thought to all,
And the teardrops silent fall,
Warriors bowing in their grief
O'er a page with bordered leaf !

VIII.

But the Blue, and e'en the Gray,
Still are fading day by day,
Till the heart says this is blue,
This is gray to but a few,
Till the one has blended fair
With the other fading there,
And the one with severed limb,
Gray or blue is but to him
What there was, but is not now !
And together may they bow ;
And the other has no arm,
Still their gray and blue may charm,
And together fading there,
Fading in their dress and hair,
Will we leave them to the Power
Spotless as the new-born hour !

THE LADY'S CABINET.

I grew from boyhood's laughing hour,
Unmindful of the past,
No purpose shaped with subtile power,
'Twas Hope: " 'Twill always last !"

An aimless lad unschooled in art,
I grew the thoughtless weed,
Till Poesy laid across my heart
A purpose that could lead.

This precious Book of Poems rare,
From reasons then unknown,
Seemed speaking in angelic air,
In seraph voice and tone :
The Goldsmith sang his lovely lay,
A picture of the field,
Where rural calm in holy sway,
With Poesy's lips unsealed !

And Gray had sung his greatest song,
And Dryden of the " Feast,"
And many a fairy tripped along
Where music never ceased :
The factory hand in Eden joys,
Grew drunk in Nature's sweets,
And rosy girls and Paphian boys,
Were dancing sanded streets !

He took the pen to soothe the maids
That danced upon the green,
A world that goes ! a world that fades !
With golden stars between !
'The castles now all rosy 'rayed,
Monadnock Mills a dream,
'Twas now a poet madly played,
And reined the Muses' team !

BESIDE THE GRAVE.

My wife and I beside the grave,
Were bending sad and lone,
For death had come a silent wave,
And ta'en our darling home ;
The crowd was standing two by two,
And three, and four, and five,
But O my God ! we say to you,
" We loved him when alive."

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

So pure, so sweet, so loving, mild,
 So little of the earth;
 But thou art dead, O angel child!
 And holier is thy birth.
 "My wife, my sobbing, sorrowing wife,
 Our child shall name the stars,
 Sweet death has ended but the strife
 Of earth and funeral cars."

"And yet my husband, e'en in grief,
 A solace comes to me,
 Tho' death has turned the flowered leaf,
 A brighter hope I see."
 "And Hope shall twine a halo round
 The darkest death of earth,
 We see a form below the ground,
 A soul has found its birth.

"The hindoo, pagan, buddhist, slave,
 Have turned from idols now,
 A something mightier from the grave
 Has made them reverent bow;
 The mind is so, that e'en at last
 The blindest eye may see,
 And death has come, and all is past,
 Yet opes eternity!"

THE OLD BRASS KNOCKER.

Now, children dear, 'tis the song of the knocker,
 The old brass knocker of grandfather's days,
 A sweet sad tale where harshly asunder
 The household were torn in the prime of their Mays;
 But turn to the picture now mellowed forever
 By the gray hand of Time in his strange lapse of years,
 And a home like your own so dear to your bosom,
 May shine like a halo thro' the mist of your tears.

We see the old Homestead now mossy and tumbled,
 The saddened confusion on every hand round.
 And the heart is awakened to the sweetness and beauty
 That starts to the eye from the time-hallowed ground;
 We look thro' the summers and the hoary gray winters,
 We gaze on the past with the eye of a friend,
 And there shapes in the mind a fairy-like picture,
 Where the beautiful past and the present may blend.

We picture a lover and rosy-rayed maiden,
An artless like meeting in trysting-nook shade,
We hear "will you have me?" and softly the answer
Does fall from the lips of the pretty, sweet maid;
And the picture enlarges till faintly a cottage
Outstarts from the scene all bowered in trees,
And a new brass knocker that shineth in beauty,
And just on the door where you could reach it with ease.

The Nation was new, and a pioneer country,
The houses were scattered, and neighbors were far,
So, closer, e'en closer, the wife and the husband
Might grow in the years that shone like a star;
But Time moved on like a great grand river,
And neighbors came softly, and quaintly said:
"I thought I would come and try the new knocker,
To see if my neighbors were early from bed."

And so the brass knocker was joked with the cider,
And sharper and louder when the butternuts cracked;
"For, believe me or not, they tell me, and truly,
'Tis our very first knocker, and the thing is a fact;"
For, reader, the knocker was new to that region,
And the brunt of all jokes it grew from the first,
"For the knocker, I know, is as good as a horseshoe,
And a cottage that has it can never be cursed!"

And over the "pumpkin pies" placed on the table,
At the grand old "quiltings," and "knittings," and all,
It grew the one jest and the joke of all seasons,
And was banged by the "fiddler" that came to the "ball,"
Or the jig or the hornpipe that reigned in the kitchen,
The dance on the lawn by the merry-voiced rill,
And he who comes in sorrow and sickness,
The collector of taxes, or some other bill.

In "haying" the knocker was taxed to its utmost,
And so was the "barrel" with cider in prime,
The doctor, the beggar, the friend or the neighbor,
But the beggar, and doctor, they struck it sublime!
And bang went the knocker. "I've come to the quilting,"
And bang on the air it sounded again;
"And have you a room for a weary-worn stranger?"
And the new brass knocker seemed crying in pain.

But Time had been knocking at the new brass knocker,
Till "old" for the "new" was writ on the door,
And the maid and the lover were gray in their beauty,
And Harry, sweet Harry was there never more!

The friends of their youth had died or departed,
The new scenes were old and covered with moss,
And the weeks had made years in a halo of glory,
And some were the gainings, but greater the loss!

But hush! there's a sound at the old brass knocker!
"O who can it be in this dreary-dark hour?"
O household of peace, and of love, and of beauty,
'Tis the Being that takes the perfect-grown flower!
And a mother is sobbing in the shadow of even,
But he soothed not the sorrow that came to her heart,
But oppression and silence in a breath of emotion:
"'Tis Life we call Death that has torn you apart!"

And the tumble-down house is the wreck that's remaining,
And the three white slabs by the orchard alone,
Now covered with moss and sadly forgotten,
Where sings the sweet robin with sorrowing tone;
And the old oaken door is torn from its hinges,
But still does it linger, the Knocker so grand!
On the door where we saw it in the hush of the even,
When Death touched it so softly with skeleton hand!

MY BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

My boyhood's days have they gone,
With scenes I cannot recall?
But precious to me as a dream,
Is the past with its trials and all.

Like a fog-bank over the sea,
My boyhood's days seem to come,
With a mist and a sweetness I love,
And a dear old moss-covered home!

My hair it is sprinkled with gray,
And the wrinkles are over my brow!
O Peace of the past! wilt return,
And sweeten the bitter of now?

I'm tottering down to my grave,
All stricken, and sad, and alone;
But comes to my heart thro' the years,
A voice with a tenderer tone.

"O voyager on a dark sea,
Where the tide may ebb and may flow,
Art tired of the beauty of earth,
And care not whither you go?

"Come to the grave of the one
Who made you a being of earth,
A mother that loved you thro' all,
From the hour and the day of your birth.

"The grave is mouldered and lone,
The bushes have tangled it o'er,
And the path that led by the wall,
The sweet path you see there no more!

"For the father has gone with the mother,
And strangers are there in the house,
Another son and a daughter,
Another husband and spouse.

"But pause by the grave of thy mother,—
Thy father was buried at sea,
And there in the tangled wild-briar,
O think she is waiting for thee!

"For the pure mind of man says a Heaven
Is far o'er the rosy-lit sky,
And there every household will gather
In this beautiful Land by and bye!"

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

Only a woman so pale!
Only a mother in death!
Yet who I never could say;
But her sweet looks took my breath,
And hallowed her locks of gray.

But somebody's mother, I know,
So kindly a beauty she had,
For none but a mother could own
In death, such a sweetness, and sad,
As she that I saw there alone.

The Morgue was still as her form,
The blankness of death was around;
I sought for a brother now lost,
But somebody's mother I found!—
What children have shared in the cost?

My thoughts came there in a flood;
I painted the present and past;
So kindly a look, O God!
And this on earth is the last?—
Has her life been pure and unflawed?

Oh lover of rosy days!
Oh maiden in youthhood's prime!
You wed her for love of the heart!
Your days moved on like a rhyme,
For hers was a love without art.

O children! I see you now!
O home-scene! you come to my gaze!
"O mamma!" I hear thro' the years;
"O papa!" sounds sweet with the days;
But now I can see you in tears!

And a household I see at last,
Where death has come in between,
A father so still and so cold,
A mother that is poor in the scene,
A mother that is stricken and old.

And children with curly locks,
A larder with crust of bread;
For "papa" had left them poor!
And "papa" was many years dead;
And the wolf came in at the door!

Like a buyer of human slaves,
Grim Fate had entered the band,
And "Harry" was led from his home,
And "Lilla" he took by the hand,
'Till one after another did roam.

And the mother, mayhap, left alone,
Now friendless, and nowhere to go,
Did sit in the loft of a house,
In poverty no rich man could know,
Scarce covered by a tattered blouse.

And sickness came in there at last;
Her husband and children were gone;
And she all alone in the world!
"O God! that I'd never been born!"
And the sad waters over her curled!

And now, O Power of the skies!
The Morgue has become her tomb!
The picture was bright as the dawn!
And the roses were soft in their bloom!
But now has the darkness come on!

The heart grows sick at the sight!
One look on that dead cold face,
And "a Maid! a Wife! and a Mother!"
I rush from the horrible place,
Out where the satins may smother!

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

The dear old Homestead now I see,
The straggling fence around,
The little barn with weathervane,
And all the hallowed ground;
The low-roofed house beside the road,
The wellsweep by the wall,
The little playhouse then to me
The sweetest thing of all.

The thousand things that came so faint,
When I a lad at home,
Was half unconscious of the time
That soon would make me roam;
But now, while wrinkles on my face
Show faint the lapse of years,
The whole scene as a picture shines
Across my falling tears!

And every scene so vivid now
Comes slowly to my heart,
Until the present in the past
Is shorn of all its art;

And homely scenes of other days
Are clothed in holy calm,
And like a benison from high
They venerate and charm.

The little schoolhouse red and white,
Is well remembered, too,
For what can come from out the past
So sweet a thing to you,
As those old places where a boy
Were seen your happiest days,
And every thing did bloom and blow
Like springtime's merriest Mays!

But still the one thing dear to me,
And precious over all,
Is the dear old yellow Book whereon
The teardrops used to fall;
My mother's Bible where the marks
In Matthew, Luke, and John,
Told well the places that she loved
Ere death came stealing on!

And many of the marks were made
From out her children's hair,
And mine, to-day, among the rest,
Is softly shining there!
And brother Tom's and Charlie's, too,
My sister's rich as gold;
But all that now remains to me,—
My mother's Bible old!

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

Yes, there it is! the dear old place!
You see it now, dear brother Joe,
For all the world it looks the same
As on that time so long ago!
The dear old time when you and I
Were ragged boys within our "teens,"
And cared so little for the "patch"
That showed our poor old father's means.

And, too, the brook, where you and I
So often played beyond the time ;
The little dells so shady then,
The ragged trees we used to climb ;
And knotty spring-board where the boys
Their circus feats so bold performed,
And, too, dear Joe, that rugged birch
With which our jackets then were "warmed !"

The little hill, when winter came,
So softly hidden 'neath the snow,
The shiny bumps we got so quick
Upon our heads, dear brother Joe !
And on the pond where shone the ice,
And sticks were placed for "tripping" bars,
And when we landed on our backs,
How brilliant shone the "aching" stars !

And in the schoolhouse, full of fun,
How flew the "wads" from side to side !
When you and Mag stood in the floor,
I laughed so hard I almost died ;
And how you blushed ! I see the room,
The mistress looking sour as sin,
But when I landed in my seat,
I ne'er forgot that well-bent pin !

And when the boys stood up to spell,
What tremors darted thro' their looks !
For anything was in their mind
But a-b, abs, or spelling-books ;
And, too, how sure I was to be
The last poor speller in the class,
But, brother dear, you know I used
To let you sometimes kindly pass.

But we are old, and cannot be
The laughing boys of former times,
For down the hill we're bending now
As sad as some old poet's rhymes ;
But still, my dear, dear brother Joe,
A holy sweetness comes to me,
When I go back to the old schoolhouse
Where hand in hand I walked with thee !

You were to me, as even now,
The kindest friend I ever had,
And when your goodness I abused,
You looked so hurt it made me sad ;

But up together we have grown,
Till both our heads are white as snow,
Yet my affection still will last,
For you alone, dear brother Joe !

THE THREE GRAVES.

Lake Winnipiseogee lay so calm !
The mighty boats were on its breast.
I stood upon the wharf and gazed,
The grand old waves the shore caressed,
The cars were whirling at my back,
The ships were speeding out before,
For at the Weirs I stood alone,
And gazed upon the grand old shore.

The crowds were coming far and near,
In mighty chaos there they stormed,
And some were dressed in fashion's height,
With scattering soldiers uniformed ;
And Hotel Weirs with floating flag,
Rose grandly there upon the view,
The Winnecoette House embowered in trees,
In beauty rose beneath the blue.

And farther on the campground slept,
All undisturbed by such a noise,
And high the Observatory rose
Above the laughter, cheers, and joys ;
And on the left amid the trees,
Orchestral music softly played,
The "light fantastic toe" was raised
By modest youth and laughing maid.

And just below, the gathered throng
To eloquence did pay respect,
While Bruces talked, or Rays declaimed,
Or lesser minds in fashion decked,
Showed powers a Cicero to trance,
Demosthenes with art to thrall,
With "listening senates" wraped in awe
And Elocution lord of all.



IN AMONG THE LILIES.

And up the height in wilder scene,
 The "showman" bellowed long and loud,
 And here the "giant" propelled the mace,
 With mighty strength before the crowd;
 But gentler reader, thoughtful e'en
 Amid life's wilder, busier ways,
 Just thro' the crowd so boisterous now,
 A thoughtful mind in sadness strays.

For just beyond the loud uproar,
 Three gray white slabs stand side by side,
 Above the graves of those that sleep
 Thro' ebb and flow, or hush of tide,
 And undisturbed by all the noise
 Or young Ambition's loudest tone;
 But silent yet, at peace with all,
 In holy calmness sleep alone.

Oh how in contrast with the scene
 Where Pleasure's sports are rampant round!
 For here together side by side,
 They sleep beneath the hallowed ground;
 And unto those in Pity's garb,
 A lesson grand is brought to light,
 And while the crowd in clamor reigns
 They paint a Heaven without a night!

IN AMONG THE LILIES.

I.

You see the rifted clouds above,
 The lily-pads below;
 A pretty scene where tender love
 Might woo without its woe,
 Might tell the old, old tale again,
 With rural sweetness there,
 And have the trysting love-hour when
 The scene was sweet and fair.

II.

Might pluck the lily for the one
 You love above the rest,
 And tell her 'neath the setting sun,
 'I love you, love you best;'

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And she would listen to the tale
With all attention sweet,
And like an Annie of the Vale
Her heart's true love repeat.

III.

And, too, the lily might suggest
Another Love on high,
The rainbow in its beauty drest,
The starlights in the sky ;
The Home that shines across the blue
Where holy angels are,
And diamonds glitter like the dew,
Or brighter than a star.

IV.

So, here are lilies, clouds above,
The noble trees around,
Where heavenly and an earthly love
May meet on holy ground ;
And waters, too, are sparkling bright
With vying light and shade,
Making a little dusky night
In beauty soft arrayed.

THE SNOW STORM.

Fell the snow-stars one by one,
Flew the diamonds here and there,
Trees grew white beside the road,
Trees grew whiter everywhere.

All the world was pale as death,
All the land was draped in snow,
Little birds with piping note,
Dusky birds that caroled low.

Doors were open here and there,
Pretty maids with prettier names,
Seemed the sweeter through the snow,
Lovely pictures in their frames.

Hied the traveler down the road,
Ran the chore-boy wild with glee,
For the snow was hiding fast
Shrub, and rosebush, weed, and lea.

And the sun was blind at last,
All the sky was hidden most,
Till the earth, and everything,
Seemed a universal ghost.

Little snow-birds twittered here,
Little snow-birds twittered there,
Out and in among the flakes,
Out and in, and everywhere.

On the treetop by the hedge,
Flying near, and then to go,
Like a dusky feathery ball,
Little shadows in the snow.

Dimpled hands as soft as wool,
Vainly grasped the window-pane,
Little hands so baby white,
Pure as snow may you remain.

Thus the star-gems floated down,
Thus the snow-birds caroled there,
Till the moonlight soft and pale,
Gave it all a seraph air.

So we leave it pure and white,
Like the traveler turn and go,
Who has said: "O lovely Death,
Life has made me white as snow!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Oh Bard of Avon! may the strain
Now softly sung of thee,
Come gently from a storied thought,
As all your songs to me;
For mind alone can picture true
'The love we bear the bard
Who sang of every shade and hue,
In Nature's lovely vineyard!

Of Juliet and Romeo

You sang in passioned strain,
A perfect master of the art,
And keen to Love's sweet pain ;
Again of kings and courtiers proud,
You sang in master style,
Of love, or hate, the lord endowed
With nature coarse and vile.

No matter what, the high or low,
The pictured scenes of life,
Thou wert at home on every theme,
In love, or war, or strife ;
And roughest things to beauty grew,
And won immortal youth,
And e'en to-day the sparkling dew
If critics tell the truth.

The Jonsons and the Bacons great,
Were puny stars to thee,
The Massingers and Fletchers, too,
Tho' mighty bards they be ;
You were the one bright star that rose
Above the rapturous world,
And where the warrior minds oppose,
Thy banner is unfurled !

You were endowed with powers divine,
And saw the first and last,
The Alpha and Omega writ
Amid the blinding blast
Of sweeping worlds, and chaos scenes,
The tempests rushing by,
And why the Tower of Pisa leans
So strangely in the sky.

Thine is the second book of books,
Thy mind of mightiest minds,
And Nature like a volume lay,
Where occult beauty finds
Its perfect essence, and to all
Does shine with newer light,
As when the angel unto Saul
Made clear the passing night.

The Booths and Siddons, what for thee,
Had been their earthly fame ?
Macreadys, Knights, the matchless Keans,
The Garricks with a name

That storied Time shall hold as dear
As Raphaels in their art?
For they are hand and heart with Shakespeare,
And death may never part.

But Bard of Avon! you wilt stay
While Culture worships Art,
And of the Drama be the god
That reigns within the heart:
For Sophocles and Homers, all,
Might bow before thy Shrine,
And like the flowers upon the wall,
As flowers about you twine!

THE BARD OF LEMPSTER.

How sweetly sings in native strain
The babbling brook thro' quiet vales!
How softly do its murmurs chime
With rosy Nature's balmy gales!
How gentle and how natural sound
Its murmured meanings still unmarred!
And thus the home-sweet numbers chord,
Of him I love, sweet Lempster's bard.

How softly float those wild-bird songs
From out the gnarlèd forest tree!
And like a cradle lullaby
How artless sweet they come to me!
The lays are poured from out the heart,
And come as freshly and as starred,
To me within the factory's walls,
As songs of him, sweet Lempster's bard.

How mournful sweet and solemn sad
The grand old river sings to me!
And what a home-like calm it brings
In softest heart-song fresh and free!
And saddest waves against the banks,
Where further lays are gently marred,
Come sweetly, softly to my ear,
As songs of him, sweet Lempster's bard.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

You see the milkmaid ; while her pail
With richest milk is frothing o'er,
And from her heart there comes a song
As natural sweet as e'er did pour
From out the heart of artless maid,
When god of Love has crowned and starred,
And so to me have come the lays
Of him I love, sweet Lempster's bard.

You see the barefoot boy alone,
With pants rolled far above the knee,
And from his heart there comes a song
That stirs old thoughts for you and me ;
And just as natural as the lay,
When home-scene comforts never jarred,
And so his songs have come to me,
My kindly friend, sweet Lempster's bard.

You see the mother fondly bent
Above the cot that holds her all,
And from her heart in artless wile,
A sweet sad song does softly fall ;
No prima-donna classic trained
In accents loud, and sharp, and hard,
But from the heart as natural sweet,
As songs of him, sweet Lempster's bard.

You heard the brook, the bird, the river.
The milkmaid and the barefoot boy,
The lately wed and holy mother,
And what a scene of rapturous joy.
Where everything was from the heart
In lowly sweetness gemmed and starred,
And thus to me the pure sweet songs
Of my true friend, sweet Lempster's bard.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

You hear the laughter rippling down
From out the high old orchard tree,
And all the old gray Past looms up
A sainted, hallowed ground to thee ;
While thoughtless there on fruited limb,
In rapturous heart-song full of joy,
A bare-legged urchin sits and sings,
And owns the right of Barefoot-Boy.

You see the barn now covered o'er
With grayest moss from eaves to eaves,
The rotted boards and shingles old,
Where fledgling swallow faintly grieves;
And clambering there a venturous youth,
To see the birds so shy and coy,
We know him by his rolled-up pants
As our young friend the Barefoot Boy.

You see the cows come lowing down
From out the pasture rich with grass,
And Brindle, Jane, and meek-eyed Bess,
Adown the lane now slowly pass;
While loitering there in whistled tune,
With none of Nature's base alloy,
You see him wading thro' the stream,
Our rapturous lad, the Barefoot Boy.

You see the forest fat with game,
The grand old trees so hard to climb,
And here and there a squirrel gray,
With all the woods in cadenced rhyme;
And here if ever, perfect peace,
Tho' treacherous gun would there destroy,
For hunting game with father's gun,
Was sport for him, the Barefoot Boy.

A mimic ship upon the wave,
With sails as white as winter's snow
Goes dandling up and down afloat,
As knowing not which way to go;
And there alone, knee-deep in mud,
In sailor's twang of "ship ahoy!"
You see a young-eyed urchin stand,
And find him still the Barefoot Boy.

You see the schoolhouse by the hill,
The mud-balls sticking here and there,
And many an urchin thoughtless now,
With shock of red or tumbled hair;
You hear the bell, and in a row,
Their faces smut with earth's alloy,
You see a dozen lads or so,
And know them each a Barefoot Boy.

You see the barrels strained with juice
From reddest apples on the farm,
And in your prime you pass them by,
And know not half their subtle charm;

But there alone in highest glee,
 The consummation joy of joy.
 You see him sucking at the straw,
 Our cider-loving Barefoot Boy.

You hear the Jew's-harp on the air,
 As natural sweet as babbling brook,
 And all your childhood, page on page,
 You reverent scan with hallowed look,
 While all unconscious and alone,
 In Music's sweetest, soft employ,
 A great musician yet to be
 Lies buried in the Barefoot Boy.

You hear the drum in ponderous tone,
 That gives old grandma such a fright,
 And Memory paints a battle-field
 Where urchin heroes won the fight;
 And up and down in proud array,
 In native sports that could not cloy,
 You see a dozen youngsters march,
 And know them each a Barefoot Boy.

You see that grand old patriarch,
 A holy calmness on his brow,
 A sweetness in his placid look
 That seems to live beyond the Now !
 His hair is whiter than the snow !
 "All hail, old man ! we give you joy,
 For in your wrinkled, white-haired self,
 We recognize our Barefoot Boy !"

WATERLOO.

Ye saw me there at Waterloo;
 Was't I that struck and failed?
 'Twere Dukes and Emperors in the field,
 The common serf that paled?

Nay, nay ! The proudest of the earth !
 Napoleon that bowed ?
 Shall liliated, laureled France go down ?
 Cans't tell, O Chief ! and proud ?

Great Duke of England, what of thee?
The Conqueror's in thy path!
O matchless Lord of War! wilt bow
Before the Duke's high wrath?

Hark! Brays the cannon now? Ye gods!
The battle roars! See them!
Yea, man and warrior, foe and horse,
Are dead! Wilt overwhelm?

Yea? Yea? thou warrior King of earth?
Or dost no Fate foredoom?
France!—England!—Sways the mighty scale!
The battle-field's in gloom!

Oh lilled France! thy Hero pales!
And all the earth his Throne?
O Duke of Albion! but for thee
His arm had swayed alone!

The battle wears! O warriors, men!
E'en nations watch thee now!
Oh Victory! why so shy? Art loath
To make an Emperor bow?

O Isle of Elba!—Josephine!
Napoleon!—England!—France!
O Waterloo! O Waterloo!
A mighty Dream!—A Trance!

HOW JOHN WOODED BETSEY.

1.

The May was blooming like a bed of flowers,
The songs of Spring fell softly with the hours,
The time to woo had surely come to all,
And honest John, a farmer lank and tall,
Loved Betsey Jane with all his great big heart,
And she, no doubt, returned his love in part;
But, dear me, little Cupid played such pranks,
That scarce could John or Betsey give him thanks.

2.

At last when May had deepened into June
With birds, and flowers, and all the world in tune,

John said: "Now Betsey is the finest girl,
As natural sweet as all the brooks that purl
Thro' woods, o'er mosses, by the pebbled stone,
And 'tis too bad to see her all alone;
So straightway will I tell her of my love,
And all the stars shall bless us from above."

3.

Now Betsey Jane was bashful as a fawn,
But pure as starlights in the dappled dawn;
And so you see the thing was easy said:
"I love you, Betsey; shall we go and wed?"
But John, oh dear! his heart began to thump,
His throat felt strange, poor John! And such a lump
As never a throat had known now filled up John's,
And danced the fays, the fairies, and the fauns.

4.

And John was standing close beside the bars,
The frothing milk was whiter than the stars,
For Betsey was the milkmaid on the farm,
And in the rustic garb there seemed a charm
To John; and out here all alone, away
"From whispering tongue," where crickets piped their lay,
His love should speak, and be to Betsey all
The world, just where the bars had joined the wall.

5.

But she was waiting, and the frothing pail
Was not as level as the crumbling rail,
For Betsey, pshaw! How could a milkmaid know
In such a state of things the milk did flow
Adown her apron in a spotless stream!
Wasn't it the "old, old tale of Love's young Dream?"
And he was just as much to blame as she,
And she was just as much to blame as he.

6.

"Oh, O! dear John!—That is, I've spilled the milk—"
And: "Betsey! dear!—That is, I'll dress in silk
The girl that says she'll be my wife!" and shone
The stars on lover and the loved alone,
And blushes vying with the red, red rose,
The whole tale told; and John in all his woes
Revealed beside the crumbling, half-down bars,
And she with eyes outshining like the stars.

7.

The pail half-spilled is close by Betsey's feet,
Their eyes in one long lingering love-spell meet,
And just as — "Betsey! *Betsey!*" rings out clear
From angry pa, up speaketh John: "My dear,
Will you be mine?" He fainted near away,
And she blushed out in such a modest way,
And just as pa came out in tumbled dress,
The little pouting lips shaped into "Yes!"

THE WAR IS OVER.

Yes, they say, the war is over,
Every hero wears a crown,
And the flowers are blooming sweetly
Where the cannon late did frown.

And the brave that fell in battle,
Owns a fadeless laurel wreath,
Sleeping in the soldier's haven,
In the trenches on the heath.

On the hillside by the valley,
In the swamp and on the lea,
That my Nation's precious people
Might on native soil be free!

Here a hundred lay together,
Folded in the arms of Death,
Not a friend, or foe, or stranger,
But the word "unknown!" he saith.

Ere the smoke was from the battle,
And the stars looked down above,
Spades were making in the valleys
Graves uncrowned by holy love.

Graves that never saw a mother,
Nor a sister's falling tear,
But the eloquence of silence,
"Yes, a hero's buried here!"

He with thousands left the fireside,
Left a mother fond and true,
Fighting for his cherished Country,
'Neath the dear red, white and blue!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And to-day, while maids of beauty
 Dance the May-dance on the green,
 These brave fellows sleep in trenches
 Where the wild-flowers deck the scene.

Sleep unknown to all forever,
 Where the sun has never shone,
 But uncrowned, and still unlaureled,
 Sleep in silence there alone !

But my soldier on your crutches,
 There's a link that joins you all,
 Though you live to see the flowers
 Twining o'er your brother's pall !

And forgot? No, never, never !
 You alone so soon forget?
 No ! my scarred and armless veteran,
 E'en your eyes to-day are wet !

And, my Country ! don't forget them,
 But for them what now of thee?
 'Twas the dead and dying soldier
 Made you free, forever Free !

OH, ROBERT BURNS.

Oh Robert Burns, my brother bard,
 Columbia sends you greeting,
 Her humble poet finds you starred,
 A lover's tale repeating ;
 But list, oh list, my plowman king,
 No lover's tale or ditty,
 Unto New Hampshire's bard did bring
 A solace, no, nor pity.

Sweet love has flown to Scotia's isle
 Among the blooming heather,
 And so New Hampshire's bard may smile
 At love and stormy weather !
 " Good morning, sir, a little cool
 For king-god of Arcady,
 But love has often made a fool
 Of many a lord and lady !

I've been as blind as any bat
Since first I came to being,
But just to find what you are at
By faith I've come a-seeing,
They tell me that your heart is free
From love of rarest maiden,
But Burns sang sweeter o'er the sea
When love was heavy laden !

"So hearken now, if you would hear
The secret charm of poesy,
A youth in love may shed the tear,
And sing the faded rosy ;
He feels the tale he tells to you,
And sings from native feeling !"
And there I stood a lover true,
For love was o'er me stealing !

THE CHAMBER OF BROWN.

There came from the chamber of paper of brown
The softest of cooings in all the broad town,
The birds paused to listen from field and from farm,
And the kine in the stalls of the summer-fed barn,
The colt in the field, and the fair kitchen maid,
The corn and the grasses in beauty arrayed,
The rose and the lily that grew by the wall ;
But she was the Queen, and the queen of them all !
The curtains of morning were drawn from the east,
And came a soft music that never has ceast ;
We'll open the door, and we'll take a peep in,
For here the fruition of what might have been,
And wonder of wonders ! all down in the bed !
The rosiest baby was sung or was said !
Her head was as bare as her grandpapa's crown !
Her voice like the trumpet that's blown from the town !
Her face was as red as the stripes in the flag !
And what was her name ? Was it Daisy or Mag ?
A snowdrop, I venture, that came from the skies
With widest and broadest and bluest of eyes !
So Snowdrop the fairy shall ever be named,
And papa and mamma nor friend feel ashamed ;
And came a soft lay from the portals of morn,
The Queen of all babies to Summer was born !

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And the household was happy as happy could be,
And music as soft as the lay of the sea,
Came stealing away from the portals of morn,
For baby, our baby had come with the dawn!
And this was the baby! and never a fairer
And the name that they gave it, was't Daisy or Clara?
But the choice was the former, for reasons you know,
For she had her way, and the Daisy did glow.

SONG.

Oh come from the east, oh come from the west,
Oh come from the Isles of Arcady,
For here is the Queen in her beauty confest,
The prettiest, rosiest lady!
We've given the sceptre, we've given the crown,
We've 'rayed with the rarest of flowers,
The prettiest baby in all the broad town,
So new to this fair world of ours!

SUMMER HAS COME.

And March, and April, lovely May,
Came dancing in to crown the day,
The vegetation stirred to life,
And Winter with his war and strife,
Went growling far across the hill,
His requiem sung by ever rill;
The cowboy whistled out his tune,
And like a bride the lovely June
Had come across the southern sea,
The crown of Summer in her beauty;
The March had softened all the scene,
And April came with smiles between,
And May did deck the ground with green,
The rarest Spring had ever seen;
And now the year confirmed and fair,
A modest maid was blushing there,
And Spring was crowned by lovely June,
And Nature's harp was all in tune,
And bird and flower, and weed and rill,
And sang the brook, the mossy mill,
The young, the gay, the bright were there.
For life and joy were in the air,
The spirit rose, the maid was close,

The rustic dance the hour did close,
 And flew the song, the music there,
 Divinely won the fairest fair;
 E'en graybeard man did dance and sing,
 His youth was back, was on the wing,
 And such a laughing, rollicking time,
 That rhymesters rose to poets' chime,
 And painted scenes all lovely 'rayed,
 With dancing youth, and laughing maid,
 The mossy dell, the sparkling well,
 The coolest shades a bard may tell,
 The very nook a maid would choose,
 The very haunt you'd not refuse,
 The very spring, the very place,
 Where fay and fairies soft did trace
 An ancient castle modest, grand,
 The loveliest fields in all the land,
 The prettiest view, the sparkling dew,
 On field and fell, and violets blue,
 And perched upon a rustic throne,
 That dreaming lover e'er would own,
 From trimbrel, harp, and horn and lute,
 And many a maid before so mute,
 There swelled a song from Nature's choir,
 With mingled tones of softest lyre:

SONG.

“ Oh by, by, Winter! by, oh by,
 Oh by by, lovely Spring!
 Sweet Summer hates to see you die,
 With birds upon the wing;
 But Time has never yet a tear
 For any of his throng,
 The Seasons one by one appear,
 He sings their parting song;
 If spring were spring, and ever spring,
 And never winter came,
 The curse that Adam's act did bring,
 Our fairy garden claim;
 If summer never winter knew,
 And autumn never died,
 How bare the fields where flowers grew!
 How wedless were the bride!
 'Tis change that gives the buoyant heart,
 The maid of laughing een,
 'Tis change that plays a various part,
 The Knight of golden mien!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

The lily, pansy, corn and rose.
The plant, the shrub, the tree,
The rustic vine, the flower that blows,
The grasses on the lea,
Were soon a memory of the past,
If change were never known,
But He that shapes the gale, the blast,
A wisdom not our own!"

THE VETERAN'S STORY.

"Yes, Bill, the thing is over now,
But somehow you and I
Cannot forget the war-scenes where
Our mouldering comrades lie;
I know the years have twined their mounds
With many a fadeless flower,
But, dear old Bill, it seems as fresh
As this were now the hour.

"Don't mind the tear. I saw them fall
With sword, and gun, and shell,
No parting word, no holy prayer,
No mother's sad farewell;
They fell about me as the grain
Before the reaper's blade;
But do you think, dear Veteran Bill,
Their valorous deeds can fade?

"My hair is gray, my wounds are healed,
The scar is all remains;
But, Bill, you know no crime to-day
Our dear-bought honor stains.
We volunteered; and when we left
The father bowed in years,
The dear old mother broken down,
We could not help the tears.

"And when we marched in proud array
Beneath the dear old Flag!
How little thought we, brother Bill,
'Twould float a tattered rag!
That we should see it drenched in blood,
With slits across the bars,
And bullet-holes as thick as hail
Among the dear old stars?

"The bard may sing his songs for us,
And paint the battle-field,
He cannot know what warfare means,
The brave that did not yield;
'Tis you and I, dear Comrade Bill,
That know these bloody days,
What battle means, and blood-shed is,
To see the muskets blaze !

"To meet the cannon face to face,
To storm the high redoubt,
To club the musket, charge the foe,—
O Bill! and hear the shout
Of maddened heroes wading through
A wicked field of blood,
Till pale in death they silent lay
Where late they bravely stood !

"But war is madness, still I know,
Though you and I are gray,
We could not see the dear old Flag
Dishonored in our day!
But all is past ; and you and I
Are going down the hill;
But memory makes it hallowed yet
To Veteran Tom and Bill!"

HIS WEDDING ROSE.

"Oh pretty rose ! oh lovely rose!
Such crimson beauties you disclose,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

"You look so pretty in your bower,
You are so modest, little flower,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

"I pluck you now from out the thorn,
The fairest rose was ever born,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

"And she will be my wedded bride,
The rose and I for her had died,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

“ And drew the hour, and fell the e’en,
And she the fairest e’er was seen,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

“ She wore the rose upon her breast,
Both mated beauties there confest,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

“ O emblem Rose ! O angel Rose !
Unbidden tear that gently flows,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

“ They put the rose upon her breast,
For death was there a silent guest !
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

“ He came and swept her in her beauty !
O lover’s heart, and was it duty ?
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

“ O Doubt, O Faith ! O Faith, O Doubt !
And one by one the stars went out !
Maids may love you, maids may love you !”

His reason left its laureled throne,
His voice was wilder in its tone,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

And like a dirge the burthen fell,
Tho’ funeral, passing, wedding bell,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

They bound him there with iron bands,
They tied his long and classic hands,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

They bore him to the madman’s cell,
The wedding tale in sadness fell,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

And thro’ the grate they heard him say :
“ O angel Rose, my wedding Day !
Maids may love you, maids may love you !

“ And she will come with rose and flower !
The Rose and she will crown the hour !
Maids may love you, maids may love you !”

They heard him rave in eve of day,
(The shadows round his cell did play,)
“ Maids may love you, maids may love you.”

And other lovers thro' the night
Heard sounding there in pale moon light,
"Maids may love you, maids may love you!"

The grass was green upon her mound.
The latest watcher heard the sound,—
"Maids may love you, maids may love you!"

A little rose beside his cell
Did grow and bloom, had died and fell,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

And now the mounds are side by side,
The bridegroom and his lovely bride,
Maids may love you, maids may love you.

They lived and loved, to-day are dead,
The roses there are meekly wed;
But "maids may love you, maids may love you!"
Yet haunts the place where flowers bloom
And bear the burthen of their doom!

THE BUTTERFLY.

I.

Like a speck of sunshine
Flits the butterfly;
Like a little cloudlet
Hung up in the sky.

II.

Winging o'er the children
Like a wingèd flower;
Form of fairest beauty
In the summer hour.

III.

See the children watch it
From the flowery ground;
Wingèd bit of sunshine
Circling round and round.

IV.

Would they like to catch it,
Such a pretty thing,
With its myriad colors,
And bespangled wing?

V.

Yes, for all the flowers
In the little hat,
Did his hands not catch them,
Hands so chubby fat?



THE BUTTERFLY.

VI.

So my little wanderer
Heed those chubby hands,
Else your wing is drabbled
In the gritty sands!

WHAT MRS. GREGOR SAID.

Fort Sumpter ! And I shiver when I think ;—
The years have gone ; but still remains the link
That joins my tired old heart to things that were,
When war-clouds hovered, and my thoughts of *her*
Made wet these eyes where glasses lend them sight ;
And he so pale, and she so calm and white !
Oh dear ! I know 'tis past ; but, mother ! say,
Can you forget that dark and bloody day
When Harry, Henry, Jim, or Ben went down
The street ; and left their dear old native town
To risk their lives in battle for the sake
Of Country ! Daring tortures of the stake,
The Libby prisons, facing shot and shell,
The cannon's mouth, and, bidding life farewell,
To death in trenches going bravely down,
With you and I no thought that bronzed and brown,
Our boy was weltering in his blood ; no more
To glad a mother's heart ; but on a shore
Where hostile foe was thirsting for his blood,
In misery dying, dying where he stood,
Beneath the proud old Flag that rose in might,
And spread the word of "Victory !" to the light ! -
Then *you* are crying ! Stop ! The people say
'The war is done ; yet you and I may pray
For him we gave to make our Nation free,
And crown the glorious Cause with Liberty !
I know I falter. You as well as I
Can see a picture 'neath a southern sky,
That only mothers know, and you can paint
The babe you reared in love, half naked, faint,
Nor crumb, nor morsel, but the sentry's frown,
His bitter oath, and we in native town,
Their mothers, and so powerless to do ;
Our bins were full. O Mrs. Brown ! can *you*
Forget ? I know the proud world thinks me strange ;
But, son and father, both have left the Grange !
The father sleeps beneath the white shaft *there*,
And, Charlie !—Mrs. Brown, I know not where !

They tell me he was bravest of the brave,
And tho' unknown, he fills a hero's grave!
This makes me proud, but could I know just where
They laid him that I might one flower plant there,
A silent tear let fall, then I should be
A bit content; but, Mrs. Brown, I see
No hope, for there "unknown, unknown, unknown!"
In solemn line stretch 'neath the eye, no stone,
No mound; a ragged stick is all to tell
That here, or near, a hero fought and fell!
And was he yours or mine? I get confused;
But, Mrs. Brown, I would not be accused
Of saying that I go from truth. 'Tis you
That had a son fall 'neath the red and blue,
There was no white, they dyed it with their blood,
From wounds, wide wounds, that gaped with sand and mud;
And *she*, poor girl! like many thousand more,
She let him go. Of his true love she wore
A little emblem band, a ring of gold!—
O, Mrs. Brown! I saw my Charlie fold
Her fainting form within his manly arms,
And kiss forever her white lips! The charms
Of new first love! He left her! On his back
The knapsack hung. How hallowed shone the track
Beside the garden gate where ivies twined,
And flowers bloomed. The hope of love resigned!
The beauty of a trusting heart! She rose,
And: "Charlie Gregor! go and meet your foes!"
Mary was deathly white. She swung the gate:
"I'd wed a hero! Love that cannot wait,
Is else than love! This little golden band
You, Charlie, placed with love-words on my hand;
And both unsullied shall await return
Of bridegroom soldier! Go!" "But death may turn
The scales, and waiting Mary wait in vain!"—
And, Mrs. Brown, the tears fell down like rain!
But Charlie went. The war-news came. A year
Had slipped away, with hope, and love, and fear,
And Mary waited, but the little band
In holy beauty shone upon her hand!
The letters came. But, Mrs. Brown, at last
They stopped forever! And the dear girl cast
Herself upon the lounge, and wept. Then came
A letter from a friend. "'Mid smoke and flame
I saw him fall," it read; "a hero true
As ever fought beneath th' red, white and blue!
I tried to find him when the battle cleared,
For e'en in death, I knew he was endeared

To you and *her!* But all in vain. 'Unknown'
 Is all a friend can say!" And she alone
 With all her great big love went to the gate
 Where two years since, she left my boy, her mate!
 And there, O Mrs. Brown! she waited lone,
 A flower among the flowers, till night had thrown
 Her dusky veil across the wold, and stars
 Looked down from out the blue with great broad bars
 Of light among the trees. The great white moon
 Smiling on her face, and his unknown tomb!—
 Yes, yes, the tears will come. I know they say
 'Tis over now. Can *you* forget the Day?—
 And she! The months went by. The golden band
 That *he* had placed, was yet upon her hand!—
 And when she lay within her casket, flower
 Of "Love lies Bleeding" in her hand, the hour
 Too bitter seemed to bear, and heart-rung tears
 Fell there upon her face! The volunteers
 Were kin to kin in death, the hero, brave!
 And all that fill the valorous soldier's grave!
 They sleep, but not as lovers side by side,
 But each from each with valleys stretching wide;
 And he among the brave the unforgotten Band!
 And she unwed, the wedding ring upon her hand!

THE FLUSH OF THE MORNING.

The flush of the morning
 Was on her fair cheek,
 But love that he bore her
 No voice that would speak;
 He loved her in beauty
 When life was in bloom,
 But a dread filled his bosom
 That seemed like the tomb.

They played in their childhood
 By stream and by vale,
 But love like a burden,
 With cargo and sail,
 Hung heavy around him,
 And weighed on his tongue,
 And years seemed as ages,
 Where funerals were rung.

But came a fair morrow
When love was in bloom,
They wandered together
Where mound and where tomb
At least to the lover
So seemed the whole route,
But Cupid grew bolder
And rose with a shout.

“Oh Maid of the Mona,
My thought is of thee,
You seem to me stately
As ships of the sea,
And love turns a doubter,
And fills me with dread,
And life seems so weary,
I would I were dead!”

“O Leon, my lover!
Why should you despair,
When love comes unbidden
With wreaths in his hair?
I love you, my Mona,
Is easy to say
As bird on the treetop
To sing out his lay.”

“Oh Mona! you tease me,
And vex me for aye;
But Mona, I love you,
Shall love you alway;
I would to the altar
Now lead you a bride,
But love makes me falter,
And sway with the tide.”

“Then by, oh bye, darling,
For Mona must part,
From Leon her lover
With dread in his heart;
Your love is the dewdrop
That dies in the sun,—
Good-by, and forever,
With Mona unwon!”

“Oh linger, oh linger!
And wed my poor love,
Your eyes like the starlights
That shimmer above,

Have shone in their beauty,
And won from my heart
The love I now bear you
That death cannot part."

And home thro' the even
Went Leon and Mona,
His soul shaped to meaning:
" I'll never disown her !"
And the lamps of the heaven
Were bright in their beauty
When love to love given
Called priest to his duty.

THE BLUE AND GRAY.

Oh once I knew the boys in blue,
The boys that wore the gray,
But memory's tears fall like the dew
Upon the flowers of May!

CHORUS.

The Stars and Bars, the Stripes and Stars,
O Soldier ! which to you ?
The Flag with Stars ? the Flag with Bars ?
The faded Gray or Blue ?

You left alone with silent moan
A mother bathed in tears,
The homely hearth where love had shone
For many peaceful years.

You met in arms when war's alarms
Resounded to the sky,
And Nature there in all her charms,
Saw many a hero die.

Your hearts were bold, the cannon rolled,
The shells were bursting round,
And fell a thousand soldiers bold
Upon that bloody ground.

And then the gray was surely gray,
The blue was surely blue,
But brother soldiers which to-day
Is gray or blue to you ?

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

O comrades old, your eyes have told
They've faded into one,
God bless the heroes 'neath the mould,
Their deeds were bravely done !

And they that died are side by side,
The boys that dared to die ;
They mingled there the crimson tide,
There mingled let them lie !

AFTER THE BATTLE.

My heart was stout as any man's ; to face
The cannon's mouth, to take the leading place
With sword in hand, and lead the troops to battle,
And cheer them on where gun and musket's rattle
A chill of terror sent across the soul,
'Mid battery's horrid fire, and cannon's roll,
Like thunder from a thousand skies, was my
Delight, for where the hero born to die
That dares not bravely face his doom ? To cite
A hundred men who gloried in the fight,
Were task that history's page makes easy to
Reader who has at heart the Boys in Blue,
Or any just and valorous soldier. I
Make doubt if every man that dares to die
Deserves a place among the brave, the few,
Who win the laurels of a hero true
For murderers, cowards, robbers, thieves stark mad,
Have shown a lusty heroism. "The bad
Is oft interrèd with their bones," and they
Are soon forgot. They perish with their day,
And leave no linking shred behind, as he
Who valorous fought the battles of the free,
And died a bleeding hero for the right,
Another Ellsworth, dead before the fight,
Such valor stirred the soul. And I have seen
The gaudy army, brave zouaves, in sheen
Of sparkling gold, and tasseled cap ; arrayed
For boldest deed, with shining gun, where played
The golden sun on thousand beauties, they
With hearts afire, the treacherous foe to slay,
And weltering there in mingled blood, lend fame
To dearest country's high renown, in flame

Of battle, fog, and smoke, and din, the cry
Of soldier, biting foreign dust, where nigh,
Shy Victory stormed the field, and Stars and Stripes
Unfurled to the sky. And these the types
Of savage War that "listening senates" hurl
Upon a peaceful world, and townships curl
With volumed smoke to sure and pitiless woe,
That Arbitration knew no voice, that so
It shall not be; finesse of finer mind
With Eloquence shall better reason find,
And could the man of finest brain, high placed
Upon the throne of might, what war defaced
Once see as I, and thousands more, the scene
Where Battle left his dire remains, their mien
Of august prestige, as the ice when Spring
From earth, and sky, and air, does come and cling
With warm sweet arms about his frosty form,
His hate of war should rise above the storm,
And Eloquence, to every stony heart
Make bold appeal, till guns in frenzied art
To slay, should turn to memories gone, when War
Was famed in every land, the babe of law
That nursed the lower traits of man, and made
The carnage of the field, where braves were slayed,
A glorying theme. The smoke of strife has cleared;
You see the dead that lately fought and cheered,
And one of those who live to deck the tomb
That holds a fallen comrade, there the doom
I saw of many a brave young man, who died
In life's glad hour, and now are side by side
In death upon a conquered field, where horse,
And broken sword, and mangled limb, the course
Of insane Battle showed. The moon, so white,
Was stealing slow above the hill, and night,
With veiling wing, was vying with the stars,
The great round moon, to own (where Stars and Bars
Had sunk at last) the bloody field. And I
With comrades sought the dying. And no eye
Was dry of pitying tear that came uncalled,
And mingled with the ebbing tide. Enthralled,
We stood aghast; for wild excitement gone,
Our bravery fled, and there before the dawn,
We wept as cowards, where we bravely slew
The dastard slave that dared the braves in blue.—
After the Battle. Time has turned me gray,
But years can not obliterate the day;
No soldier ever yet forgot, and though
The Boys in Gray as comrades here below

With Boys in Blue, have mingled with the years,
May each enshrine with immemorial tears,
The memory of a scene that fades to-day,
Till holy Love knows not the Blue from Gray!

THE DYING VETERAN.

"Yes, brother Hal, old Jim is gray.
His face is bronzed and brown,
For twenty years have rolled away
Since last he won renown;
But all is over, as you know,
The blue and gray are one,
And where they laid our comrades low,
No more resounds the gun.

"No more the bugle on the blast,
The order: 'Arms, to arms!'
No more the war-steed prances past,
No more the wild alarms;
But dying here, dear comrade Hal,
The whole scene comes again,
And when I'd say, O faretheewell,
The bullets fall like rain.

"The old canteen? Ah! thing divine!
Come here my trusty friend;
Yes, yes, dear Hal, the thing was mine,
And shall be to the end;
To veteran Jim the canteen was
The dearest and the best;
And never had a soldier cause
To be more truly blest

Than when he marched from morn till night
Beneath a southern sky,
And when a lull came in the fight,
The canteen was not dry!
Ah! sweet as nectar to the lip,
The dearest drink of erst,
And reckless thirst had dared to sip
Where rebel shells had burst!

"And in the bivouac by the stream,
The tented field at night,
It had the sweetness of a dream,
The nectar of delight!

But, ah! my brother once in arms,
My breath is coming faint,
My mother in her holy charms,
They long since made a saint!

"So, brother Hal, 'tis you and I,
This dear old tin canteen,
Must part at last, for Jim will die
Ere morning decks the scene.
But see! To arms! They come! They come!
Fire! fire! charge the foe!
Each man for country, strike for home!
No rebel hound shall go!

"Hurrah! hurrah! the Stars and Bars!
The red, white and blue!
They sink! they rise! The rebel stars
Are fallen with their crew!
Yes, yes; I seemed upon the field,
God bless the Blue and Gray,
Poor veteran Jim ne'er yet did yield,
But he forgives to-day!

"Dear Hal—good bye—I feel afraid,
But not in battle grim!
Yet this tame death was never made
For bronzed and veteran Jim;
But, faretheewell! My breath is gone,
There, softly let me lean,
For I'd drink once ere death comes on,
From out the old Canteen!"

THE HONEST POOR.

A brother from your number, friends,
Would sing the poor man's song,
An honest man is more to him
Where peace and truth belong,
Than gilded wight in courts of ease,
With smirk and courtly smile,
For when the latest hour shall come,
'This wealth he will revile.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

CHORUS.

So, cheer, my toiling brothers, cheer,
Each man has his reward,
The claims of all the honest poor
Will never be outlawed.
The honest poor, the honest poor,
Tho' humble be their lot,
Shall find that He who shapes the storm
Has never yet forgot.

The storms may frown above your homes,
And crush your heart in woe,
But he who lives an honest man
A wealth no lord can know ;
For peace of mind and humble hearts,
A priceless boon to life,
And may he thank his lucky stars
He's poor and from the strife.

The very wealth that gilds the land,
And covers many a sin,
Stands out across the bended sky
To curse what 'might have been !'
O poor man ! rich man ! which of you
So severed in your ties,
Should send the penitential prayer
When earth's fair landscape dies !

Has gold made virtue from the mine
Of India's rarest wealth,
And shaped a guileless human heart
Where Heaven crowned by stealth ?
Has poverty cursed the labored wight,
And crossed his brow with pride ?
O rich man ! poor man ! severed here,
Your walks are side by side !

The creed may shape to gaudy wealth,
And twist the Bible text,
But he that lords this fleeting world,
May never see the next !
The rich man thro' the needle's eye,
With form of sorded gold,
May buy his way with Croesus' wealth,
With satins fold on fold.

But have a care, ye wights of earth,
The human judge is bought ;
But He who rules above the stars
May see that gilded spot !

The future life by earthly things
Should ne'er be judged by man,
It is a place where faith alone
With broadest hope may span!

So, cheer, my poor, and thank the gods
Your station, birth, is low,
For earth's temptations are the storms,
But honest worth the bow!
It has a promise born of love
To him who rules his heart,
And sees the glittering stars above
His hopes that ne'er depart!

THE RUSTY SWORD.

Yes, there it hangs, my dear old sword,
Against the crumbling wall,
With rust upon its shining blade,
Where blood did once appall.

CHORUS.

But, dear old Sword, you are to me
An emblem of the true,
You fought the battles of the free,
And now we honor you.

You led the hardy soldier on
Beneath the proud old Flag,
You held the front till she became
A blood-red tattered rag.

You led the brave against the brave,
The foe against the foe,
Till hostile banners rose and fell
Amid a scene of woe.

You struck for honor and renown,
The right of civil law;
Yet you to-day are but to me
An emblem of the war.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

But still, old Sword, I love you yet
 For memories of the past,
 And though the deeds are on your blade,
 I hope they were the last!

For now the North and sunny South
 Are bound in bonds of peace,
 And never such a glory shone
 From Rome or storied Greece!

But yet, old Sword, while we are here
 Forgotten and alone,
 We yet may be the truest friends,
 Tho' we are still unknown.

But God forgive us if we erred,
 We saved a Nation true,
 Brave Boys in Gray, O here's the hand
 Of one that wore the Blue!

JOHN'S MARRIAGE.

Of course you don't expect a pretty tale;
 Why should you? You have never heard me. But
 The bard that sang "Evangeline" so sweetly,
 The "Hanging of the Crane," and many others
 Purer than baby dreams, could not have told
 The beauty of their prestige in the homes
 Of purest love. So I. But even then
 My voice were dumb, if you had not implored me.
 The tale is short, and homely as the love
 Of Enoch Ardens, or the youth that bowed
 Before the shrine of the sweet Miller's Daughter;
 And yet the part most vivid was the song
 They sang, as, like two cooing doves, they sat
 Beside the winding stream where lilies nodded,
 And zephyrs played among the foaming waves
 And—told their love! The town is bigger now;
 'Tis changed. The railroad on its outskirts? No;
 It was as yet undreamed. The steam-fire-engine?
 No, no! The town was not so mad. The years
 Were needed for an act so bold; for farmers,
 They still believed in going slow. And so
 The god of Flames unchecked went here and there,

Despoiling many a flowery homestead, and
 Leaving in charred ruins holy fruits
 Of slowly rounding years. But times improved.
 A greater speed had come upon them, so
 Like many another town they ventured out
 From ruts deep worn, and bought an engine ! And
 The people stared. " Ah ! run by steam ? " " O how
 She shines ! " " Our homes are safe at last. " And thus
 The comment. True enough it proved a blessing,
 But farmers said : " Yes, yes ; but it is bad ;
 It teaches all our sons and daughters speed,
 A lack of moderation. Sure, it saves
 The house, but sacrifices children. " And,
 My reader, it was in this very age,
 This fast, fast age that John had ventured to—
 To ' woo too well, if not too wisely. ' And
 We see them there beside the laughing stream,
 She listening rapturously to all he said,
 And then both joining in the weird, weird song :

SONG.

O sweet, sweet love, O fair, fair maid,
 O pure, pure youth in love,
 You have, have, have, too long, long staid
 ' Neath star, star, stars above.

But yet, yet, yet, I know, know, know,
 Your love, love, love's in vain ;
 ' Twill end, end, end, in woe, woe, woe,
 And sweet, sweet pain, pain, pain.

But why, why, why, should I, I, I,
 Such wise, wise word advance ?
 For you, you, you, would die, die, die,
 Within the sweet, sweet trance.

But list, list, list, the tale, tale, tale,
 The bee, bee, bee will sting ;
 And love, love, love, in mail, mail, mail,
 Will do the same, same thing.

And thus they sang ; but ' love, love, love, ' had won ;
 And when the shadows gathered, and the world
 Was veiled in drowsy gloom, the maid said ' yes : '
 And John went nigh to falling, for the stream
 Sang there, and in his wild delight he stumbled
 And would have fallen if she he loved
 Had failed to grasp his toppling form. And so
 They homeward went, he singing soft the song

Some foolish limb of verse had writ. But John
 Was happy, and as Mrs. Vale, the maid
 He wooed and won, she too, was happy. And
 The years that turned them gray had more of joy
 Than woe. But he is gone; and I. Dear me;
 I loved him to the last. And that strange song
 Is dear to me as gold. But, girls, good-bye;
 Our love was not in vain. 'Twas death that stung.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O my Mary! Queen of Scotland!
 Lovely maid of fair Lorraine,
 All the world has heard thy beauty,
 Many a bard has sung thy strain.

But thy tale is still of sadness,
 More enchanting made by time,
 And across the ocean's blueness
 Has a beauty in the rhyme.

Years have gone since bonnie Scotland
 All your woe did there deplore;
 But to one who loves your country,
 Lives in beauty evermore.

And to France with fairest lily,
 Joined to Scotia till the last,
 Shall we turn to hear of Mary?
 Or the memory, is it past?

She the once unhappy princess,
 Daughter of the line of Guise,
 Who became a lovely victim
 To the lords of high emprise.

Oh ye remnant blood of Stuart!
 Oh ye latest link of James!
 Do the French and Scottish nations
 Honor none of Mary's claims?

Who that schemed to overthrow her?
 Tear her from the Scottish Throne?
 Born in Linlithgow of Mary,
 As the Queen of Scots alone!

And her father dead at Falkland,
From her birth no joy did gain;—
“It began and ends with woman,
And the Stuarts now shall reign !”

She became the Queen of Scotia,
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots,
Reigning there a blue-blood Stuart,
Lovely in her people's thoughts.

And a babe the regent Arran
Promised her Prince Edward's bride ;
But a high decree from Scotland
Severed them so close allied.

Then a war with jealous England ;
But the Pinkie Cleuch defeat,
Struck them like another Flodden,
Victory crowding their retreat.

And upon an isle of Monteith,
In this now renowned Lake,
Waited lorn and lovely Mary,
While they battled for her sake.

And the eldest son of Henry,
Henry second then of France,
Would he join the friendly nations,
Tho' his blood should dye the lance ?

Yes ; for Catharine de' Medici,
And the king do now agree ;
And the fleet of France is sailing,
And the sails are swelling free.

And the fairy Princess Mary,
With her friends are on the Clyde,
Whence she sails to meet the dauphin
To become his promised bride.

And the years were speeding sweetly
In her liliated France at court,
And old Ronsard taught her verses,
And old Cupid taught her sport.

And Buchanan taught her Latin,
And the days went merry by ;—
Oh my bonnie, bonnie Mary,
That for Scotland you should die !

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Now with pomp and courtly splendor
Are they wed in Notre-Dame ;
And no fairer queen of beauty
To the bridal-chamber came.

But she signs the secret paper,
And her troubles come apace,
And the bonnie bride of Francis
Finds the teardrop on her face.

She they dubbed a merchant's daughter,
Swayed the throne and court alike ;
So my Mary hied to Scotland
Where grim Death had dared to strike.

By the throes of Reformation,
Scotland trembled on her Throne ;
And her mother dying lately,
Left her Queen of Scots alone.

But ambitious were her kinsmen,
Those the lords of proud Lorraine ;
And they plotted for the kingdom
Where a mightier Queen did reign.

But she wept when she was sailing
From the bonnie shores of France ;
And her native hills of Scotland
Made her tearful in her trance.

But beneath the sway of Murray
Did the Earl of Huntly fall ;
And the dogmas with religion,
Now were spreading like a pall.

And the higher Courts of Europe
Were concocting bitter plans,
For the hand of Scottish Mary
To unite the hostile clans.

And the wedless King of Sweden,
And of Denmark, and of France ;
And the arch-duke Charles of Austria,
Would they come and break the lance ?

Yes ; my lords, and brave Don Carlos,
And Ferrara's noble Duke ;
Earl of Arran, Earl of Leicester,
E'en would dare her high rebuke.

But nor lord nor duke of Anjou,
With my Queen of Scots could reign,
For she loved the Spanish noble,
Proud Don Carlos, heir of Spain.

But her hopes were surely blasted,
And a Stuart was her choice;
And at Holyrood the wedding,
With a solemn scene and voice.

This was cause for insurrection,
With a Murray at its head;
And the Hamiltons commingled,
But ah! vainly that they led.

For she takes the field in person,
And she drives them thro' the Tweed;
But, my Scotland! other causes
That may make a kingdom bleed.

Only brief was Mary's triumph,
He that she had made a king,
Had a higher, vainer craving,
And the gauntlet glove did fling.

And he planned with Murray, Morton,
Ruthven, too, and many a one,
To destroy the throne of Scotland,—
And what murder have they done?

Only David, the Italian
Murdered in her ante-room;
But O son of Earl of Lennox!
Quick shall follow thy own doom!

"I shall be your wife no longer!"
And they locked in Holyrood
She that rose the Queen of Scotland,
By a kingdom had been wooed!

But, ah! Darnley, woman's wisdom!—
She has won thee back again;
Is it there to fall together?
Or together wisely reign?

Nay! Art fleeting thro' the shadows!
For your safety to Dunbar;—
And too soon within the zenith
Pales the waning Scottish star!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And the King falls sick at Glasgow,
 But in Edinburgh he lies;—
 Hark! that heavy blast of powder!
 And the king of Scotland dies!—

She has crossed the winding Solway,
 She is prostrate at the Throne;
 But in Fotheringhay they placed her,
 Where my Mary weeps alone.

And they place her like a martyr,
 On the bloody block of death;
 And the Queen of Scots, my Mary,
 They have hushed fore'er thy breath!

But my own true Scottish people,
 As you bow above her tomb,
 Can you see her traits of beauty
 Thro' the horror of her doom?

And my England, France, and Scotland,
 Do you now deplore her fate?—
 O my Mary! queenly Mary!
 Baser ones they have to hate!

THE WORM.

The young Spring leaves are thick above me,
 The evening dews are on the ground;
 The mock-birds sing from out the foliage,
 And all the world seems happy round.

I ramble homeward thro' the shadows,
 I think of Heaven above the earth;
 The myriad flowers are blooming round me,
 And all the scene is full of mirth.

The day is fading into even,
 The folks are walking on the street;
 The casual friends that wander homeward,
 A moment linger when they meet.

A difference, sure, among the people,
 The lighter ones go heedless by;

But arm in arm we notice others,
With thoughts that soar the drowsing sky.

The little worm all coiled and homely,
(Ah ! homely unto those that walk
Across the scenes of earthly beauty,
And hold with self no inner talk,)

Is struggling hard to cross the pathway ;
But haste thee not, O gentle thing !
These men that arm in arm are walking,
Would never harm you where you cling !

They even talk of things in Heaven
When there they see you on the grass ;
The lighter ones, they turn to crush you,
But half unconscious as they pass !

O little worm ! you preach a sermon,
E'en mighty Beechers have not known ;
And he that turns aside to crush you
Will never find the great white Throne !

THE PEBBLE STONE.

Little pebble softly shining
In the bottom of the rill,
Did I know your subtle meaning,
Could I pass you thoughtless still ?

Did you grow in graded beauty
Till you reached your present form,
'Neath the bended skies above you,
'Thro' the sunshine and the storm ?

Did you come of mother-Nature,
Or the Power above the skies ?—
We have poets, we have sages,
That are very, very wise.

But no bigger than a thimble
On my fairy lady's hand,
Yet you still remain a puzzle
To the wisest in the land !

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And I pluck you from the waters,
 And I hold you in my palm;
 But I cannot understand you,
 Yet my study makes me calm.

For I think of Him who reigneth
 Omnipresent unto all;
 And the hand that made the pebble
 Will it let the sparrow fall?

'Tis the pebble, not the mountain,
 Not the pyramids, nor Rome;
 Not the leaning tower of Pisa,
 That shall paint the heavenly Home!

For the simplest things are sweetest,
 And do more accord with Him,
 Who has dared to face for sinners,
 E'en a Death so dark and grim!

THE OLD CANTEEN.

I tell you, Jim, it ain't no use,
 A soldier can't forget,
 Those bloody scenes are just as fresh
 As on the day we met;
 But all the relics of the war,
 The broken sword, I ween,
 E'en knapsack old, there is none like
 The dear old tin Canteen.

You recollect as well as I
 The hunger and the thirst,
 The mad career of horse and men,
 Where rebel shells had burst;
 But after all, you gray old vet.,
 The best remembered scene,
 Was when we stole a chance to drink
 From out the old Canteen.

I know as well as any man,
 That wore the blue or gray,
 That war is hardship, e'en at best,
 Tho' Victory crown the day;
 But yet, dear Jim, you gray old bat,
 You know the freshest scene
 Was when you drank the last dear drop
 From out the old Canteen.

We were in Libby ! Yes, dear Jim
We were among the first,
And Marathon, Thermopylae,
The bloody wars of erst,
Knew not the woe of rebel pens,
The guard of haughty men,
But even there did we forget
To love the old Canteen "



THE OLD CANTEEN

Oh, yes, I know, the bit of rice,
The hoe-cake and the corn,
Like orient viands seemed to us
From dear old Plenty's horn;
But still, you one-legged, gray-haired Jim,
No memory is so green,
As when we risked our lives to kiss
The lips of that Canteen.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

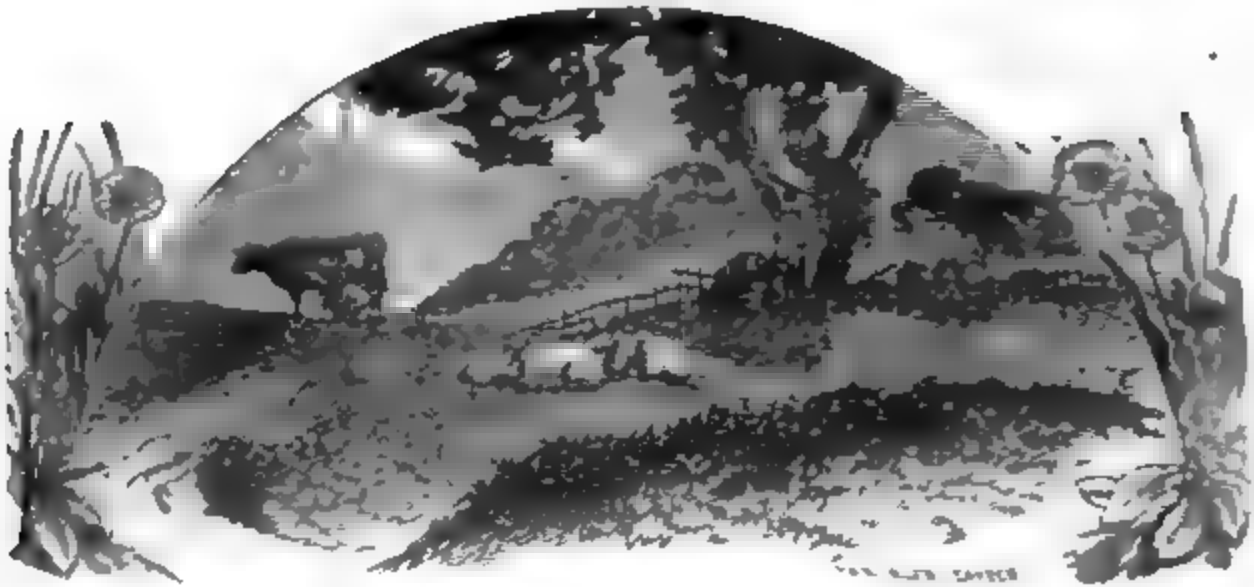
But in the dust together lie
 The boys in blue and gray,
 The war is but a memory gone
 Of that eventful Day;
 But as we wander 'mid their graves
 Where willows softly lean,
 We dimly see, thro' veiling tears,
 That holy old Canteen!

And while we bow above the braves,
 That death, dear Jim, made one,
 We must forget there ever was
 A battle fought and won;
 But if we cherish in our hearts
 Some dear and holy scene,
 Don't let the hallowed memory go
 Of that old tin Canteen.

THE NURSE.

O you that love the Soldier, and the Cause
 That he in valor late espoused, oh pause
 Amid the gay fantastic scene, the dance,
 The ballroom glare, for I would break a lance
 For valorous deeds that he has done, when home,
 And country, seemed a dear more glorious Rome
 Than true first Rome had ever been, and filled
 The world with loud applause, tho' blood was spilled
 By loveliest worth in noble-hearted beauty,
 And spilt upon the Shrine of fair-browed Duty,
 In Freedom's first front rank! A veteran I
 With many a scar beneath a southern sky
 In hottest battle won, and full of pride
 As any hero, though a modest bride
 Were not so shy of rosy blush as I
 Of deeds my history tells you, here would fly
 The tattered Flag as emblem of their deeds
 Upon a southern soil. When he that reads
 The history of a Nation's birth in blood,
 Where Time, with cold mechanic eye, has stood
 Till wounds have healed, and saddest flowers bloom
 In beauty o'er a mouldering hero's tomb,
 The wild applause resounds no more, the god
 Of Eloquence no more the magic rod

Displays in crowded hall and mart, but tame
And voiceless, there before the ruddy flame
That mounts above the and-irons, waits in peace,
And ease, for slow-won hours to give release
To god of Battles, and reclaim his art.
But I a soldier with a warm proud heart,
Can not forget. I see with vivid eye
The battle-smoke upcurl, a hero die
That might have won renown in senate hall,
Upon the rostrum, from the past recall
The deeds of daring by the brave, untold
As yet, but with a glory as of old
Grand heroes, waiting for the magic voice
Of him who makes the private soldier choice
Of theme, and not the Ellsworths, Grants, and Lees,
Whose deeds are blazoned thro' the world, the Dees,
The Doons, the Danubes, e'en the maddening Rhones,
Outsinging of their fame in myriad tones!
But though the memories of the War are great,
And myriad, still the wounded soldier, mate
With suffering, wooing Death with baby heart,
And knowing not a mother's care, the part
The quiet, holy nurse has ta'en, does seem
An angel presence in a holy dream,
And fills him with the beauty of a thing
That was, and with a seraph light does cling
A vine of hallowed freshness still about
The veteran's heart, a Hero's light held out
Till bold Leander is no more. I tell
As one who knows, and might have said farewell
To life, with wounds unhealed, if she, so calm!
So pure! so true! had not poured soft the balm
Of Giliad upon my troubled soul,
And made the joy-bells ring, where else did toll
The muffled funeral bell. The Nightingales
Of camp and field. The hero's glory pales
Before the beauty of their deeds, and sends
A prayer among the clouds. Their valor blends
With every noble act; and did I die
In camp or curtained bed, the great blue sky
Should hear my dying word: "O angel Nurse!
Sweet minister of the sick, I would rehearse
In prayer thy holy deeds, and all my love
For one that's fittest made to shine above.
God bless thee with thy brave and noble heart,
And when you die, an angel will depart!"



SWEET JUNE AT LAST.

And so you've come, my leafy June,
 With myriad nature all in tune,
 The rose and flower, and bird and song,
 And never seemed a merrier throng;
 We look to east, we look to west,
 But every field and farm is drest
 With leaf and vine, and freshest flower,
 That make my June the month this hour
 To woo the mind and heart of all
 In nature's lovely banquet hall,
 From lower thought and cares of life,
 The things that seem to be at strife,
 And paint a picture where the Spring
 Has gone a-wooing on the wing,
 And left the world a barren field,
 Where thyme nor floweret fragrance yield.
 Old Winter blew his blast in vain,
 From boreal haunts across the main,
 For April rose above his crown,
 And rained and rained till he did drown,
 And then my May with garlands gay,
 Rose blushing, blooming thro' the spray,
 And sang of Spring, the lovely Spring,
 That joy and plenty e'er did bring,
 And love and May went dancing gay,
 Till June came on in bridal 'ray,
 And smiling from her leafy bower,
 She sang of love, the May-day hour,

And twined her leafy garlands round
 The maid and youth that love had bound,
 And while she watched the heaving breast
 Of rosy love that stood confest,
 She took the harp that nature strung,
 And softly played and sweetly sung:

SONG.

"The May came in with shine and shower
 From loveliest southern clime,
 But winter winds o'erruled the hour,
 And jarred upon the rhyme;
 The maids that went a-Maying then,
 In meadow, field and farm,
 Found winter starred the diadem,
 And gave the buds alarm;
 But when sweet June with harp in tune,
 With bud, and leaf, and rose,
 Came tripping on across the dawn,
 The tragic scene did close;
 And nature like a laughing child,
 Loud clapped her hands for joy,
 And rosy June e'en modest, mild,
 With girl and laughing boy,
 Went tripping on together now,
 'Mid weed and tangled flower,
 For milder June had soothed the gale,
 And warmed the rosy hour."

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Years have gone since first we gathered,
 Years have slowly passed away,
 Till old age has come upon us,
 Streaking all our locks with gray.

Friends have gone and friends have parted,
 Friends have died we loved so well,
 And with tears and lowly sobbings,
 We have said our last farewell.

And the heart is filled with sadness,
 As we look thro' all the years;
 But we see them fair and faintly
 Thro' the mist of falling tears.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And the past seems even brighter,
As our memories turn the page ;
For the scenes of early childhood
Seem more lovely in old age.

And this aged couple bending
With the heavy weight of years,
Cannot help the tone of sadness,
Cannot help the falling tears.

For in memory have they wandered
Thro' the misty, gray old past,
Where beside the sorrowing sick-bed
Some sweet life has breathed its last.

And they see a sweet fair daughter
That has joined the ranks of death,
Dying like a floweret blooming
With its rich and fragrant breath.

Yet their Sarah, who had married,
She at last they laid away ;
But a son and fair-haired daughter,
Blessed that holy wedding-day.

Yet the years, ah ! years of sorrow !
Others in the grave have laid ;
But the memory of these children,
From these old folks, can it fade ?

Never, never, ah ! no never !
Never, never while shall be
Life that He so freely gave you,
Him they crowned in Galilee.

And the children still around you,
Cannot blot the woe of years ;
But their love can gently lead you
Thro' this vale of joy and tears.

Things of earth are fair but fleeting,
'Things of Life are staid and fast ;
Heaven the goal you hearts are seeking,
Ever Heaven first and last !

So, were earth a scene of sorrow,
So, were earth a scene of joy,
Still will Heaven crown the morrow
With a Hope earth can't destroy.

For the ones who love in duty,
For the ones who bear the cross;
And their graves will shine in beauty,
Tho' they're covered o'er with moss.

And this second marriage holy,
Is akin to second Birth;
And each heart so humble, lowly,
Is prepared to go from earth!

And again we meet here never,
Let us cherish all the past,
Till within the great Forever,
Every soul is joined at last!

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

Ho! ye knights, and ho! ye clansmen!
Ho! ye chiefs of every tribe;
For the King of bonnie Scotland
Gives an edict to his scribe.

All ye clansmen of the border,
Lowland nook, or Highland den,
Come as comes the wild December
When old Winter storms the glen.

Take the oaths of King and Queen, sir!
War no more for haughty James;
For the King, the King of Scotland,
Every brave insurgent claims.

And to Campbell, Colin Campbell,
Hie ye one, or hie ye all,
Else the snows of bleak December
As your winding-sheet will fall.

Come they from the shrouded Highlands,
Every pass, and every nook?
Yes, the brave insurgent Chieftains
Stream her sides like mountain brook.

See them there in tartan raiments,
In their Highland quilted plaid,
Once the chiefs that warred in Albyn,
Headed every border raid.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Now they bow in proud allegiance
To the Throne of William Third;
Yet the breast of each untamèd
As the haughty mountain bird.

But the Chief of Clan Macdonald,
In the valley of Glencoe,
Will he haste to cross the Cona
Ere December winds shall blow?

He alone of all the chieftain
Had not signed the high decree;
But he hastes to Inverary
Thro' the whirlwinds mad with glee.

Thro' the passes wild with beauty,
Thro' the valley of Glencoe;
Hasting on to Inverary
Thro' the storm-blast and the snow.

Little dreaming, little thinking,
Of the woe that was in store;
But my Scotland can I blame thee,
Tho' a hundred earls implore?

For the Campbell of Glenlyon,
And the haughty Earl of Stair,
All the valley near Loch Leven
Would they turn to mad despair!

All the scene is wild with beauty,
But MacIan are you late?
For a captain and a viscount
Have foredoomed your bloody fate!

Yes, my Chief! and thro' the valley,
Near the skirts of Inverness,
More than forty Highland corpses,
Never more shall need redress!

Two subalterns and a captain,
At the head of six-score men,
Swarm among the mountain passes,
Cross the rugged Highland glen.

And they come in kindred friendship,
To the vale of fair Glencoe;
And they dine beside the hearthstone
That they soon will lay in woe.

And they join the joke and jesting,
And they tip the blood-red wine;
And in jovial hospitality
With the fated household dine.

But the evening shadows gathered
In the vale and mountain pass;
And old Scotia's bonnie Jamie,
Went to woe her bonnie lass.

And the babe beside his mother
Was a-blooming like the rose,
While the gentle god of slumber
Every holy eye did close.

But the brave and mighty Captain,
With his brave and valorous band;
Rose up there amid the shadows
With the dagger in his hand.

O! how brave! you see them slaughter
Old and young, the bright and gay;
There a mother with her infant,
There a father old and gray.

When can fade such deeds of glory?
When was massacre more brave?
Scotland, Mary, and King William,
Thou untarnished by their grave!

Land of Burns! I cannot blame thee!
Land of Scott! a Breadalbane
Stands alone upon your history,
As the murderer of the slain!

THE BAREFOOT GIRL.

She stood half hid in the flowers of May,
In such an artless, artless way,
With so many a rare and rustic curl,
That all hearts loved the Barefoot Girl.

Her gown was made of a homespun stuff,
With sleeves that wore no dainty cuff;
But who may say a lord or an earl
Could not have loved the Barefoot Girl?

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Her hands were small and a trifle brown ;
But O my maids that queen in town,
The beauty was rare as the brooks that purl,
That God had given the Barefoot Girl !

The little farm house now just at her back.
That slept in its vines by its winding track.
Just by the brook where the waters swirl,
Was the soft sweet home of the Barefoot Girl.

And like a fawn she strolled o'er the grass,
Till the Barefoot Boy said : "Alas, alas !
From Ind or India there ne'er was a pearl
That matched the beauty of the Barefoot Girl !"

You see that flower on the old gray wall,
Nature has made it so sweet and small ;
And in her hair with its natural curl,
How sweet 'twould look on the Barefoot Girl !

And clambering there with a heart full of glee.
Said the youth : "That rosy I'll gather for thee !"
And soft in her hair ! O the joy of joy,
That came to the heart of the Barefoot Boy :

The May was sweet with the song of the birds.
And rustic and plain were the low-said words :
They stood just where the soft waters purl
The Barefoot Boy and the Barefoot Girl.

And Cupid, the imp ! O rogue in disguise !
Stood softly between them, and just of the size
Of the little red rose on the little red curl
That the Barefoot Boy gave the Barefoot Girl.

And love like this ! O where is it found !
Where wealth and where jewels in beauty abound ?
There's none like the love, there's none like the joy,
Of the Barefoot Girl and the Barefoot Boy !

Her dress it was short, and her ankles were brown,
And the curls o'er her shoulders in beauty hung down ;
No pride on her lip that anger could curl,
For God had made her a Barefoot Girl !

She knew not the arts that Fashion had 'rayed,
For Nature had shaped her a Barefoot Maid ;
And the little brown youth that the flower made glad,
O what was he but a Barefoot Lad !

His pants were rolled, one up, one down,
He knew not the arts that lord in the town :
But a part of Nature so good and so glad,
He was King of the earth, this Barefoot Lad !

She had no thought of her feet or her gown,
The little straw hat from her hand hung down ;
Her collarless neck, the untaught curls,
Her heart was pure as a Barefoot Girl's !

O who may say from the high throne of Art :
" 'Tis here the false pride, the pride of the heart !"
There's none that can match them, a lord or an earl,
The Barefoot Boy and the Barefoot Girl !

"I'll get you a lily to wear in your hair !"
Said the Barefoot Boy with an artless air ;
No thought that the lip in anger might curl,
For the Barefoot Boy loved the Barefoot Girl.

His clothes they were torn, and patches were there !
Her homespun dress ! But love made her fair !
And hand in hand together they strayed,
The Barefoot Lad and the Barefoot Maid.

The skies were bright in their beauty above,
And the whole world there seemed singing of love ;
The babbling brook was chiming a tune,
And the hours went by like a day in June.

The shadows of even fell soft on the scene,
And the lovely old earth was calm and serene ;
And the cows came lowing adown the green lane,
And the shadows fell soft on the old weather-vane.

And the farmer had wondered where the cow-boy went,
Why the cows came not, what the whole thing meant ;
But Love was aware, and he made her a pearl,
To the Barefoot Boy the Barefoot Girl !

She in her teens, and he a year more ;
And Cupid : "O why didn't you love her before ?"
But little we know tho' great was her joy,
Why the Barefoot Girl loved the Barefoot Boy !

And little we know why the love was returned.
Two lives had met, and for something had yearned ;
So, natural as brook that softly does purl,
The Barefoot Boy loved the Barefoot Girl.

THE LADY OF DARDALK.

No gold was the gain but a pure sweet heart,
 And cruel the years that shall tear them apart;
 For the rustic love of the maid in her joy
 Was all the wide world to the Barefoot Boy.

And she: O ragged the clothes that he wore!
 And he: O briars that the homely dress tore!
 But what if their clothing were tattered and frayed,
 The Barefoot Lad loved the Barefoot Maid!

And who shall say her love was less true
 Because her hat let the jaunty curl through?
 And love that he gave her less love unto him
 Because his straw hat was broke at the brim?

Away false pride! The love of the heart
 Is deeper than death, and higher than art;
 And love have his way he'll seem like an earl
 The Barefoot Boy to the Barefoot Girl!

And true to his nature young love will take
 The darling maid for her own sweet sake;
 And God shall join them in beauty arrayed,
 The Barefoot Lad and the Barefoot maid!

THE LEAF.

Here and there the birds are singing,
 Up and down the people go;
 For the sweet and flowery May-time
 Rings with joy-bells soft and low.

Here's a twig, and there's a blossom,
 Here are grasses thick and green;
 There some tangled weeds and posies,
 Soft outstart amid the scene.

Here the water tumbles softly,
 There a lilled babbling brook;
 Shepherds hie across the mountains,
 Some are leaning on their crook.

May is blooming, maids are laughing,
 Music peaeth here and there;

And the young swain wooes the maiden
Love has made so faultless fair.

And the leaf has clomb the tree-top,
Dancing on the tilting twig:
Till below the veiling branches
Children dance a merry jig.

Like their fathers half unconscious
Of the hand that made the leaf;
Thinking of the Father only
When the heart is weighed with grief.

Little sermons are you, leaflets,
Little prayers upon the tree:
Teaching sweet and holy lessons
Unto those that think of thee.

O how grand, and how suggestive!
Are the seeming trifles here;
When with holy inspiration
Man may watch them year by year!

ON THE MEADOW.

On the velvet grass that greens the meadow.
Near the elm trees drooping there,
I was watching, waiting, and was thinking,
Of the beauties everywhere!

"Sure," I thought, "the grand old earth is lovely,
In the vale, or on the hill;
And an inner music beats responsive
To the pebbled tinkling rill.

"Man were strange that could not think of Heaven
With such beauty 'neath the feet;
Thousand, thousand things are thus suggestive
In the meadow soft and sweet.

"But I wonder yet, and still I wonder,
How a heaven can be more grand,
When beneath my feet, and round about me,
Perfect beauty decks the land.

“Just before me sweeps a tangled river,
At my back the mountains rise;
Here and there, above and all around me,
Beauty’s landscapes meet my eyes!

“I am rapt with pictures in the heavens,
With the pictures here below;
If old earth is lovely, O so lovely!
Sure of Heaven no man can know.

“Yet they say all beauty, earthly beauty,
Gives no hint of what is There;
Only he that sees in lowly spirit
Finds this Heaven a place more fair.

“But old Earth to me so grand and lovely!
Were this Heaven more fair than thee,
Then the poet-mind has no conception
What this promised Land may be!

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

May was verging leafy June,
Birds were singing here and there;
Early roses blushed in tune,
All the land was sweet and fair.

Such the beauty blooming round,
Such the joy within his heart,
That he said: “O hallowed ground,
Can we ever, ever part?

“All your seasons smile for me,
I can love you thro’ the snow;
And this Land across the Sea,
Is it brighter? tell me so.

“Earth has beauty all the year,
Storm and cloud can hide it not;
And the heart that pictures clear,
Still more lovely finds the thought.

“Men are heedless if they think
Only Spring has Beauty’s garb;

All the Seasons link by link,
Touch with joy like Cupid's barb.

"Can I say: O faretheewell,
Lovely Earth! we two must part?—
For my friend the teardrops fell,—
Do not go! 'twill break the heart!

"Yes, they promise. Faith has said:
'Watch and wait, and bear the Cross,
And the One that humbly bled
Will repay you for your loss!'

"And I wait, while lovely Earth!
You may hint of beauties There,
Where the true ones find their birth
Far across the voiceless air!"

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Said a pretty maiden, soft and sweetly:
"Mother, what is Children's Day?"
And the little maid with golden ringlets,
Turned a moment from her play.

"Come, my child, and mother dear will tell you,"
And the maiden climbed her lap,
Toying half unconscious with her buttons,
And the frill around her cap.

"Years on years ago within a manger,
Was a little baby born,
Who had come of God to save the sinners
Wandering on the earth forlorn.

"And his father, Joseph, knew him Jesus,
Jesus Christ of Bethlehem,
Who was lowly born within a stable
To become the King of men.

"And from out the east came many wise men,
To the manger of the Child;
And among the sheep and lowing cattle,
Saw a baby meek and mild.

"And this baby in the manger, darling,
Grew so sweetly day by day,
That he won the love of all around him
With his pretty baby way.

"And he grew at last in strength and beauty
To a lad and then a man;
And his life so lowly and so holy,
Like a golden bow did span.

"And to show the world how well you love him,
In your sweet and childish way.
We devote a Sabbath to the children,
Calling it a Children's Day."

COME WITH ME.

Come with me across the meadow,
Nature smiles for every one;
Why so sad, when all around us
Beauties shine beneath the sun?

'Tis the thought if early Springtime
Finds no joy within the heart;
Surely yours must be a hard lot
If unwon by all this art.

See the grass with mingled flowers,
See the brook soft winding through;
And the panorama round us
Smiling sweetly 'neath the blue!

See the hills that tower grandly,
Rugged mountains farther back;
And the river winding sweetly
Down its long and snaky track.

Every man should be a poet,
Every maid a Muse of song;
Then were earth a place Elysian,
For the thought paints right or wrong.

As you think so seemeth Nature,
'Tis the mind that paints the scene;
Who can love that lies with fever?
E'en the flowers no lovely mien.

Health is Nature's truest artist,
We are Raphaels every one.
When the mind and heart in union
Laugh with beauties 'neath the sun.

So, my friend, you live in sorrow,
Else the landscapes laughing round,
From the holy skies would borrow
Loveliest scenes that there abound!

ON THE BRIDGE.

June was laughing everywhere,
All the world was sweet with song;
And together on the bridge
We watched the river move along.

Love was dancing on the wave,
Laughed and tumbled with the stream;
While our eyes together met
In sweeter hope than poet's dream.

Not a care came there to mar,
Every bird was singing love;
And our lives seemed pure and sweet
As bended sky that dreamed above.

Never June more lovely seemed,
Never bridge so fairy wrought;
"And a pleasure," Cupid says,
"There surely is in being caught!"

So we dreamed above the dam,
So the even drowsed the scene;
Till we wondered how the time
Had fooled us so with roguish mien.

Never thinking that our hearts
Never thought had won from time;
But instead our hearts had grown
United till they beat in chime.

And the stream below the bridge,
Winding in and winding out,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Like our lives had ever been,
With flowers and weeds along the route.

But my maid, do not forbear,
If he says: "Will you be mine?"
For two hearts that live for each
Will join the chorus: "Mine and thine!"

SWEETER THAN A DREAM.

She was sweeter than a dream,
And her merry eyes did gleam
In their joy;
And I knew her fairest fair,
With her holy seraph air
Shy and coy.

But a glance and you would love,
If your thoughts were turned above,
She's so pure;
And her native land is France,
And she'll put you in a trance
'Yond a cure.

Should you dare to come anear
Where this maiden doth appear
In her art;
For the god of nature 'rayed
Just this unaffected maid
For your heart.

So, I'd best to go alone,
For your heart is not your own
When she comes;
But a stronger man am I,
And I'll gently pass her by
When she hums

All the ditties Love has told
Since he saw her on the wold
In the sun:
And I'll hear her soft "tra la,"
And I'll never ask her pa:
"Is she won?"

Yes, I wed her out of spite,
When the moon was sailing white
In the sky ;
So I'll never boast my strength,
For the pressure comes at length
That will try!

SING ME SONGS.

Sing me songs, and sing them softly,
Full of memories of the past,
When my locks were bright and golden,
And the future seemed so vast.

You are old, and so the music
Will partake of scenes agone,
When we played as boys together
In among the tasseled corn.

Dearest friend, you well remember
Where the yellow pumpkins grew ;
Which the choicest in the orchard
Of the apples hung in dew.

Which the brook that sang the sweetest,
Where the lilies were the best ;
And the nook where maiden Mary
Heard the love that you confest.

Yes, I know, you're something older,
Not so quick to show your heart ;
But, my brother, tell me truly,
Would you have such scenes depart ?

You may think these only trifles,
But to me, I love them best ;
And to me your songs you sing them,
These are times the loveliest.

Memory loves them as no other,
Youthful scenes can never go ;
And the simplest songs will tell them
In a measure soft and low.

So my honest old musician,
Sing me of the times of yore
When my mother in my childhood,
Like an angel hovered o'er.

THOMAS BECKET.

Oh Thomas Becket, Becket,
A king shall ask of thee
The life your mother gave you,
Though Saracen she be.

Four barons gray and holy
King Henry goadeth on,
For death must claim his victim
When fated hour shall dawn.

The man that was a layman,
And after rose a priest,
The man that loved the beauty
That crowns the sumptuous feast.

'Tis you, my Thomas Becket,
The barons come to slay,
And Henry Second waiteth
To see the bloody day.

And Canterbury loses
The first one native born,
Who since the bloody Conquest
These holy robes put on.

A king would never honor
A common man with death,
So, hilt! my Thomas Becket,
Your life is but a breath!

A layman, then a deacon,
A deacon, then a priest,
But when you rose a bishop
They planned the bloody feast.

So, watch as he who loveth
His true elected bride,
Yet such a holy servant,
How better had he died.

The nobles are against you,
A ruler craves your blood ;
Within the shrine of Edmund
How better had you stood.

Was't wise in leaving Burgundy,
The holy fane of France?
Then England had not laid thee
In death beneath the lance.

The people are rejoicing ;
The borders of Touraine
Have placed the fated prelate
Within the See again.

But Thomas Becket, Becket,
Thy heart shall rue the day
That saw you hie from Fretville
To face a king at bay.

Four separate ways they near you,
Four barons grim as Fate ;
Four daggers flash to slay you,—
Brave Becket, will you wait ?

They gain the high Cathedral,
You hear them in the aisle !
That murderers here should enter,
Such holy robes defile !

The evening shadows gather,
The twilight makes a pall ;
And here, my Thomas Becket,
The lords will make you fall.

Their soiled hands are on you,
They cannot drag you out ;
But Thomas Becket, Becket,
Your mind has not a doubt ?

They seize you in the transept,
Their daggers flash alike,
And there before the altar
These barons dare to strike !

And there before St. Benedict,
Thy murderers see you lie ;
What holier place could servant
As bravely fall and die ?

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

But time has made the memory
A legend more than truth;
But history, Thomas Becket,
Has told us of their ruth.

So, Thomas, Thomas Becket,
We leave you unto Time,
The barons and their ruler,
For judgement on their crime!

THE SONS OF VETERANS.

I.

Sons of veterans, are ye brave?
Do the Stars and Stripes that wave
All unsullied o'er our land,
With emotions great and grand
Fill your souls?

II.

As the sons of those that died,
Sons of soldiers true and tried,
Do you love the land they gave?
And defy above their grave
Every foe?

III.

Are you proud with pride of men,
Of the deeds that there and then,
Made immortal every one?
Till the Nation: "Nobly done!
Nobly, braves!"

IV.

As you stand above the sod
Sanctified by blood to God,
Do you feel the fires of those,
That our Country's deadly foes,
Laid in dust?

V.

Can you paint with holy art,
Wife and husband heart to heart,
He as brave as she was true,
Daring death, and in the Blue
See him march?

VI.

Can you weigh the love that said:
"For my native land I shed
Every drop of honest blood!"
And together where they stood,
See them dead?

VII.

Sons of veterans, can you name,
Whether love or whether fame,
Made your fathers dare the foe.
From the hearthstone bravely go
To the front?

VIII.

What that made them risk the field,
Where the war-horse madly wheeled,
Where the Blue and where the Gray,
Battled in their mad array,
Unto death?

IX.

Love of Country? Ah! too true!
This that made them don the Blue,
This that made them do and dare,
Die in glory proudly there,
On the field.

X.

So, as sons of those that bled,
Let the whole world know you said:
"Fathers, we that bear your name,
Honor still your holy fame,
And your Cause!

XI.

"And till death we'll honor thee,
Honor those that you made free.

And the right hand offer all,
Who have seen, in Slavery's fall,
Justest act!"

CHILDREN'S DAY.

(SECOND VERSION.)

Little children, as we gather
In this merry month of June,
When the flowers are blooming sweetly,
And the world is all in tune,
Do you think this lovely Sabbath
Is a gift to those that pray,
And to every one that loves Him
On this happy Children's Day?

And our songs and recitations
Should accord with Jesus' love,
And as tributes from the bosom,
Unto Him they crowned above;
For upon the Cross to save us
Did He die in humble way,
So we thank Him for the Sabbath,
And this holy Children's Day.

And amid our songs and speeches,
We should bear His name in mind,
For His life was like the flower
That is blooming in the wind,
Clothed with beauty from the heavens,
Sweet and humble in His way,
Till the boys and girls in speeches
Thank Him now for Children's Day.

And I wonder if you love Him
With the love He bears for you,
And by faith you softly see Him
In His home across the blue;
By your eyes I think you show it.
And the notice that you pay,
While my verse I try to tell you
On this happy Children's Day.

Once a year we come together
 In the "leafy month of June,"
 On a Sunday for the children,
 With its flowers and lowly tune;
 And our parents round us gather
 With their smiles and locks of gray,
 For within the great Forever
 There will come a Children's Day.

And my little boys and maidens,
 If you love your Saviour true,
 You will find the Home in Heaven
 That is waiting now for you:
 For this hour is but a lesson
 •Unto every child, I say.
 Of the time when up in Heaven
 We shall have a Children's Day!

I'M NO PATTI.

I'm no Patti, Sugar River,
 Still I sing my songs of thee.
 Just to please a Slasher tender
 Wooed of Muses artlessly.

You have listened to my singing
 When the world was thoughtless cold;
 And my songs have found an echo
 With your songs so sweetly told.

Burns was but a bonnie Plowman,
 Yet immortal in his rhymes;
 I am but a brother workman
 Stealing solace from his chimes.

Will the crowds from fields of labor
 Rear a second Robert Burns?
 Hush, my Muse! the rhymster's question
 But in echo now returns!

Yet, my River! wildly turning,
 Hurrying now, and winding slow,
 You and I will sing together
 Where the flowerets bloom and blow.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

What care we for worldly laurels?
For an empty earthly crown;
Better die unknown in beauty
Where the fields are bare and brown.

Then some Patti may enshrine us
In her matchless song of songs;
For my Keats was made immortal
Dead, uncrowned, amid his wrongs.

Humble worth is more than honors
That are made for earth alone;
So the ones that here are crownless,
E'en a fairer crown may own.

WAITING TO BE LOVED.

See that maiden bending sweetly
Like a lily by the stream,
With her life as full of longing
As some holy poet's dream.

She will love and love you fondly
If you love her in return;
For the God has made her for you,
Don't abuse her if she yearn.

Love to her is true as heaven,
Plato thoughts engross her mind;
Love her with the highest reason,
Naught of baseness shall you find.

She will soft your coarser nature
With her holy presence nigh;
God has made her like an angel
Wingless from the vaulted sky.

What were home without her presence?
All her children cluster round;
But can Home be Home without her,
She that sleeps in hallowed ground?

Once the holy name of Mother
Is no more, no more,

What a vacant, vacant picture,
What a dark and starless shore !

She was yours. You made her holy
With the hallowed name of Wife !
But it was a Mother ! Mother !
That they clothed with holier Life !

And you wed her as an angel,
And you made her bride, a Bride :
But to-day you hold her memory
As a Mother that has died !

I MUST SING.

I must sing tho' you'll not hear me.
For the rapture of the mind,
Finds expression when the Muses
Float aerial on the wind.

Trees and flowers and birds around me,
Call them down from out the skies,
And the wild-birds far above me
Fill the heart with glad surprise.

E'en the weeds that fringe the roadside,
Have a beauty not their own,
When the Nine from out the ether
Reign for me, and mine alone.

So I sing as sings the brooklet,
As the chore-girl on the farm.
Little caring whether critics
Love my music's homely charm.

For the songs are born within me,
Unadorned of finest art,
Yet with something even finer
To be laid upon the heart.

Giving comfort to the lowly,
Finding beauty e'en in weeds.
Till the artless song has stolen
Joy for every heart that bleeds.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Doing good is even better
Than to sing the finest song,
For a lowly benefaction
Falls upon the heart in wrong.

So, my gently dowered poet,
Sing your songs from out the heart,
And a hundred lives will bless you,
Tho' the critics curse your Art!

A QUESTION.

Sugar River winding sweetly
In and out among the hills,
Do you know a gentle poet,
Rab of Scotland's merry rills?

He has sung of other rivers,
Bonny Doon and laughing Ayr;
And his maiden, Highland Mary,
That his love made sweet and fair.

And he sang the Cotter's evening,
Of the Bible great and grand,
With a rainbow touch of beauty
Making Ayr enchanted land!

Flowers to-day are blooming o'er him,
Doon and Ayr his lullaby,
To the breezes softly singing
That so sweet a bard should die.

And, my River! soft and sweetly,
Would he sing you were he here;
But in Nature's wildest beauty
Sleeps he lowly year by year!

So, a lesser bard may paint you
In the beauty of the Spring,
While the birds are sailing sweetly
On their bright empurpled wing.

And in all your sweet enchantment
Did I paint you in my verse,

Then should be a lovely poem
That the angels might rehearse.

But my Burns to paint the lily,
And to gild the finest gold;
So your rustic country-poet
Half your beauty has not told.

MY CREED.

I believe there is a Heaven
Somewhere made for man,
That the faith of "We are Seven"
O'er the gulf will span.

That the one who lives as lowly
As his heart shall say,
Need not fear a God so holy
Will forget that Day.

•
That the man who loves his neighbor
As a neighbor should,
Will his earth-deeds end in labor
Rounded into good.

He can move the ribbed mountains
Weighing on his life,
Make the hillside stream with fountains
Void of blood or strife.

War shall be a bloody vision
Honored in the past,
Love shall make the earth Elysian,
"Loveliest and the last."

Then were here on earth if ever,
Truest Heaven above,
Pictures of the great Forever
In the realms of Love!

Then were here our long-lost Eden
Of our mother Eve,
And the slaves should have their freedom,
With no voice to grieve.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Man to man should be as equal,
Here on earth below,
And the Heaven of heavens the sequel
When they murmur: "Go!"

WHEN FRIENDS ARE GONE.

How sweet to feel when friends are gone,
And every social tie,
That Hope is white above the clouds,
And beckons you on high.

How sweet to feel as days go past,
And glimmers not a spark,
That Hope and Faith together wed
Can see beyond the dark.

How sweet to feel when men arise
To crush our holy Book;—
A hundred years have passed away,—
In vain for them we look.

How sweet to feel that tho' the Word
Is false as false can be,
There never yet was such a guide
That man could offer thee.

How sweet to feel when in your doubt
This Book can give you hope,
And with a soft angelic touch
The heavenly door may ope.

How sweet to feel that more and more
Its friends still gather round,
And those that live yet look beyond
The graveyard's narrow bound.

How sweet to feel the loftiest plain
The doubting wise men reach,
Is far below the glittering height
The holy Book may teach.

So follow still the sacred Word
Till better shall be found,
And you will die in faith that spans
Beyond the churchyard mound!

THE BARD.

O my Bard! by Nature laureled,
Why these holy songs of of thine?
Were thy harpstrings up in Heaven
Put in harmony by the Nine?

Friend of bards and lowly singers,
Can you tell why rosy maids,
Steal the heart from out the bosom
When a-gypsying Cupid raids?

In his cage the dumb canary
Makes no voice for half the day.
While the woods across the meadow
Ring with carols wild and gay.

He's a bard that sings as natural
As the wild-bird in the dell,
Pouring forth in rapturous music
In a joy no heart can tell.

Cage the wild-bird, half the rapture
Dies from out his matchless song,
For he's lone within his prison
Where no merry mock-birds throng.

So the bard encrowned of Nature,
Sings his songs as she has taught,
Hardly knowing how he does it,
Why he sings or singeth not.

Take your pen and if your fancy
Maketh weeds like flowerets grow,
Then shall steal the numbers to you
In a rhythm soft and low.

And the song will half surprise you
With its beauty rare and choice,
When you hear no more, no longer,
That enchanting, dreamy Voice.

THE LOST RING.



LITTLE GRACIE'S SEARCH.

Little Gracie's lost her ring.
Can't you help her find it?
For she's such a little thing
Surely you'll not mind it.

'Twas the gift of Tommy Gray.
And, O dear, she's lost it ;
Can't you tell her, little maid,
Where some one has tost it ?

She has looked in every place,
In her trunk of patterns ;
And who'll say that Gracie was
Ranked among the slatterns ?

There it is upon her head
Where she lately found it,
Resting softly in her hair
With her ribbon round it.

I SAW A FLOWERET.

I saw a floweret by the stream
All friendless and alone,
And like a picture in a dream
Its beauty was its own.

It grew where Nature wild and grand
Had known no tawdry Art,
But with its beauty in the land
Had won the poet's heart.

Its sole companions were the weeds
That half its glory hid,
But like our bright unconscious deeds
Knew not the good it did.

I looked upon it as a god
Among a lesser race,
And crowned it there upon the sod
A flower of matchless grace.

And so it is with every deed
The poorman has performed,
It seems at first a-like the weed
By Nature uniformed.

A senseless thing that has no worth
In any walk of life.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And forms a baser part of earth
Where things are wed to strife.

But little weed and little flower,
Now standing side by side,
You teach the heart there is a Power
That made you and shall guide.

You are the rich man and the poor,
The poor man and the rich,
Now ponder each one o'er and o'er,
And tell me which is which.

PATCHES.

I saw him walking sad and lone
Where Fashion reigned supreme,
A little ragged barefoot lad,
With many a patch and seam.

He had the ways of one who came
From lowly haunts, and drear,
And in his eye I thought I saw
The slowly falling tear.

His hat was torn and at its edge
Hung many a straggling shred,
But clustering there the golden curls
Were dancing round his head.

His coat was rent, his sleeve was torn,
A ragged lad was he,
But still a heart I know he has
Whoever he may be.

For not the clothes that make the man,
The cut or style of dress;
And even in a ragged suit
A homely life may bless.

Some mother lone and gray in years,
May find the ragged boy
A little king with power to bring
A mother's only joy.

So don't belie him for the seam,
The patches hanging down ;
A world of love is shining from
His face so bare and brown.

We little know who he may be,
The boy of patches now :
For 'neath his time-worn, tattered hat
There beams a noble brow !

LOVE SOMETHING.

E'en though it be a tiny weed
That hails no passer-by,
For hearts that live and never love
Are living but to die.

They know no hope the lover has,
The maiden in her teens ;
The father in his cottage home
Where weeping willow leans.

The mother by her cooing babe
In twilight's rosy hour,
The grandame gray with look serene,
To see Love's holy power.

They live for self and self alone,
Without the boon of love,
E'en very misers that have died
With eyes unturned above.

A blessed thing it is to love,
Tho' prince or lord thou art,
For never was a holier gift
From out the human heart.

So, love the weed, or love the flower,
The vine upon the wall,
For what a precious age 'twould be
If love were lord of all !

And then should be a happy land,
A haven on the earth,

To us the soft reflection of
That higher, holier birth!

So love, my friend, for love will make
A heaven within the heart,
And leave a picture when you go.
Encrowned of holy art.

HOW SWEET TO THINK.

How sweet to think when friends are gone,
And all the world is drear,
There yet is something far beyond
The things we cherish here.

How sweet to think the earth may fade,
And vanish like a dream,
That yet a boatman loved and pale,
Will row us o'er the Stream.

How sweet to think that tho' the stars
May fall from out the skies,
There yet will be a presence left
E'en brighter in our eyes.

How sweet to think the sun may set,
And never rise again,
A loving Hand remains to guide
Us safely o'er the main.

How sweet to think tho' Chaos come
Once more upon the earth,
A perfect and a holy Judge
Will weigh us at our worth.

How sweet to think beside the grave
Of every dearest friend,
That death is all that stands between,
And only shows the end.

And but the end of earth's career
To every human kind,
And points the door to those of faith,
Who otherwise were blind.

For through the grave your friends must pass
To holier vales than this,
And when they die breathe *au revoir*,
Beneath your parting kiss!

A SONG OF HOME.

A song of Home is sweeter far
Than any song we sing,
For when old age comes stealing on
Its memories round us cling.

And far away upon the sea
Where billows loudly roar,
The loveliest and the last to us,
Our dear old native shore.

Tho' on the mountain's jagged height,
In far Italian climes,
The songs of home come floating there
In sweet and holy chimes.

We feel at last the sacred ties
That bind us heart to heart,
When on the doorstep of our home
We come at last to part.

You leave the workshop with its friends,
Where everything seems dear,
But when you leave your own true home
Unconscious falls the tear.

No place like home the poet sang
From out a humble heart,
And surely in his song he made
It shine above all art.

So, merry child, and thoughtless youth,
And old man gray in years,
Remember still the holiest spot
Is where your home appears!

The hallowed place, the humblest haunt,
Wherever you may roam,
The dearest, best, the holiest spot,
Your dear old native Home!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Spring was blooming sweetly fair,
Birds were songful in the air,
Kine were lowing in the field,
Springtide music softly pealed.

Down beside the winding road
Such a merry brooklet flowed,
That you knew the Spring was there
Blushing in her golden hair.

O the joy of Love's Young Dream,
Where the birdlings brightly gleam,
And old Nature twined in bays
Laughed in wild romantic ways!

Do I blame the rosy maid
If young Love has sweetly 'rayed,
Crowned her like the Queen of May,
And her heart has stole away?

Every maid that falls in love,
Fluttering like a wounded dove,
Has no cause for mother's blame,
Or the rosy blush of shame.

Once she blooms a flowery bride,
More than all the world beside,
To the husband of her heart,
Then she lives a higher part.

And a mother she has grown,
E'en a higher part does own,
With a holier love confest,
With her babe against her breast.

This is then her highest part,
When the children of her heart,
Round the picture to its full,
Baby hands as soft as wool.

So you see them in the shade,
Amorous youth and love-eyed maid.
He the soul of truth and love,
She an angel from above.

She is young, and sweet sixteen,
Where the vines are twining green,
Standing like an artless flower
In the rosy twilight hour.

He is plainer, has no art,
But the love that mans his heart,
More accounteth in her eyes
Than the wealth of Paradise.

"Do you love me?" O how trite!
Yet the moon so pale and white,
Smileth not because his eyes,
Shining bluer than the skies,

Overbrim with quenchless love,
For the maid that stars above,
Worship from their field of blue,
Saying: "Maid, he loveth you!"

"We have seen this many a year,
Seen the bitter, heart-rung tear;
And the moon with broader light,
Shone more radiant in the night,

"When true lovers 'neath her beam,
Lived and loved in Love's young dream;
And the world may think it old,
And the maid you dressed in gold,

"Trite as time; but ne'er despair,
Paint her 'fair, and faultless fair,'
Woo her 'neath the hawthorn green,
Dress her up in golden sheen;

"And the world indulge a smile,
Let them rave, with tongue revile,
Once we saw then 'neath the shade
Whispering to a rosy maid!

"They are old, and growing gray.
Let them laugh, and laugh away,
Love was once their master, too,
Now they rave and laugh at you.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

"Let them rave, and let them laugh,
Did we tell you only half,
How they wooed beneath the shade,
Till your light began to fade.

"You might join them in their jeer,
With a laugh from ear to ear,
Point your finger, say: 'Tra, la!
Why art married? Ha, ha, ha!'

"We have seen them gray as bats,
Fifty years, the sly old rats,
Smirking, smiling in our light,
'Talking love for half the night.

"Old enough for better sense,
But their love seems more intense,
And their shining, gray bald head,
Seems to shine when they would wed,

"Like an ivory billiard-ball,
'Neath the lamplight in the hall,
Till you know 'neath stars above,
Fifty years can fall in love!

"So you'll woo her as you choose,
And her heart she won't refuse,
If old Cupid shot as good
As the archer, Robin Hood!"

BESIDE THE GRAVE.

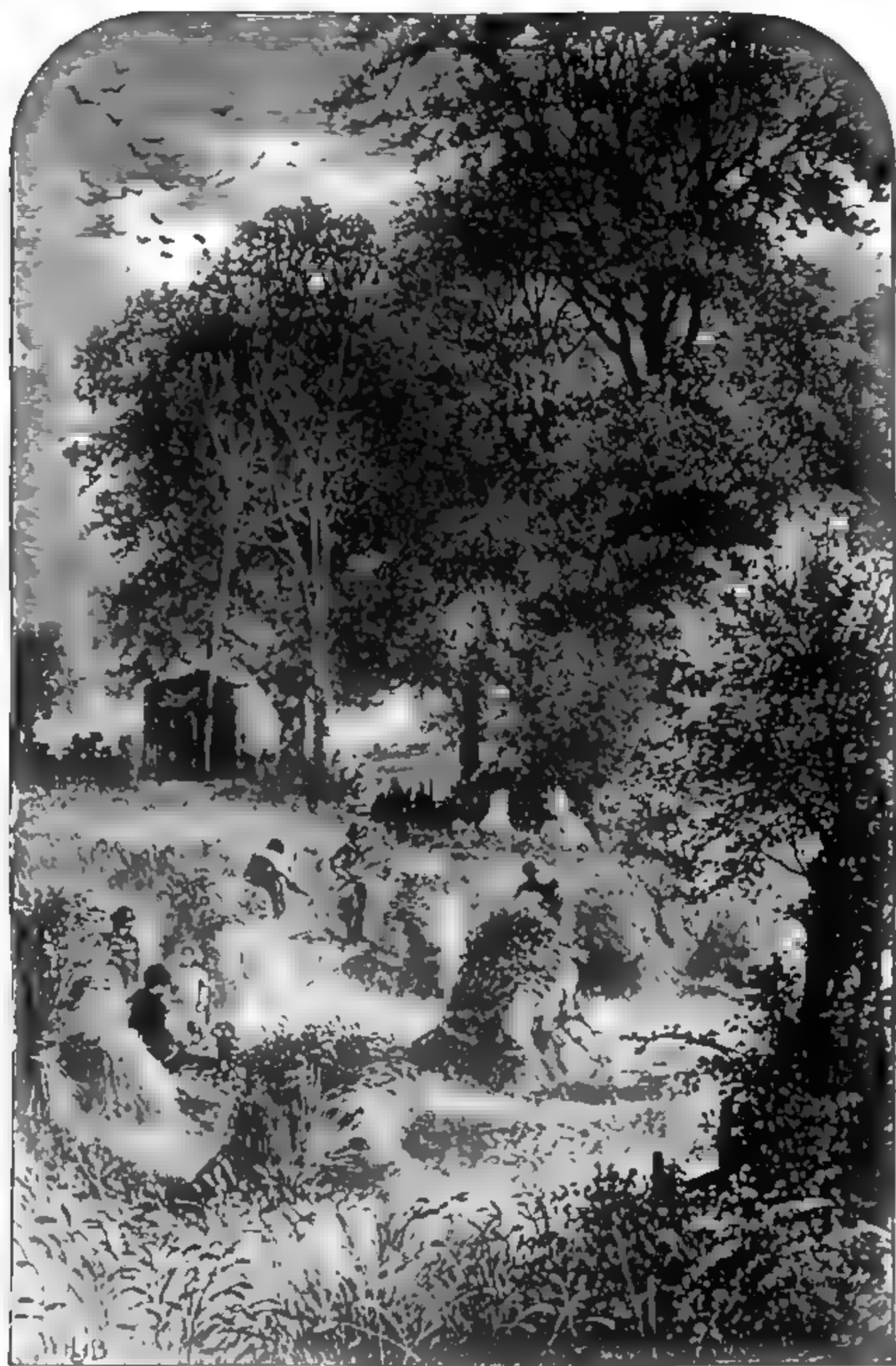
The garden rose had faded tehre,
The moss was on her stone;
But what a pity one so fair
Was sleeping there alone.

And why so fair? Because I saw
The marks of truest love;
But each had bowed to death's cold law,
And now were gone above.

I knew her loved, I knew her fair,
Else why the relics round

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AUTUMN.

That Love's own hand could fashion there
Above the hallowed mound?

For many years I knew him dead,
Else why the moss so gray?
The rose he planted there instead,
It bloomed for many a day.

But there the weeds and wild-flowers grew,
Above the sunken mound;
And naught refreshed them but the dew,
The rains that pattered round.

The signs were there in carved stone,
The fancy iron rail,
A lover's heart found there alone
A place to weep and wail.

But years had mouldered side by side
The one that loved her true,
And she that might have been a bride
When life was fresh and new.

But ah! how many a grave I find
That tells the same sad tale;
But Faith is there. I am not blind,—
I see beyond the Vale.

AUTUMN.

Now has come the golden harvest,
Now has come the golden grain;
See the children, men and women,—
Soon will come the laboring wain;
For old Autumn, gray and hoary,
Bows beneath his yellow load;
For the raindrops and the sunshine
All their freighted wealth bestowed.
Till the fields are ripe and golden,
Till the fields are loaded down
With a harvest for the kingdom
In the old home by the town;
For if any man a kingdom,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

'Tis the farmer blessed of God,
With a homestead 'mid his acres,
For his gold lies 'neath the sod;
And no man can take his kingdom.
And no man usurp his crown;
For from out that holier Kingdom
All his blessings shower down.

TO MY MUSE.

Patience, little rural maiden,
'Neath the hawthorn and the yews,
I became your bonnie lover,
You became my bonnie Muse.

And we twined the fragrant laurel,
Making such a little crown,
That we laughed as if a Cupid
From the tree was smiling down.

And a jolly time together,
'Neath the hawthorn and the yew;
I was like a silly lover
Thinking all the world of you.

And together in the shadows
Of the hawthorn and the tree,
We were singing soft and sweetly
Of the future that might be!

For I loved you like a poet,
Even more than lover true;
And I told you in my fancy
That my songs were all for you.

And I promised 'neath the hawthorn,
And the gently bended yews,
That the world should come to know you
As a Slasher tender's Muse!

For amid the haunts of labor,
Like another Robert Burns,

Did I tell you I would love you,
Love you constant, not by turns.

But the world has never heard us,
Tho' we sung with all our might ;
Yet a little, lovely maiden,
And our ship will hail in sight !

YOU FLATTERING POET.

Just a word, my flattering Poet,
All this nonsense you have told,
How you wooed and won and loved me,
And would dress me up in gold.

That the world would crown together
Her sweet Bard and lovely Muse ;
And it sounded like a party,
Sugar party 'neath the yews.

And you threw your arm around me,
'Neath the hawthorn and the tree ;
And your soft and sweet professions,
'O I think the world of thee !'

And I listened to your ditty,
And I thought another Burns
Was to crown a queen of Poesy
With the lovely bays and ferns.

And my heart it beat responsive,
And I loved you for your song ;
And I thought a rustic maiden
Such a bard would never wrong.

And I stood beside the Slasher,
And I watched you while you wrote :
And the noise from wheel and gearing
Like a lovely song did float.

But the world has never wondered,
Never once has thought of me ;
And a pretty story was it ?
'O I think the world of thee !'

And your ship is but a castle,
"But a castle in the air;"
And a pretty piece of nonsense,
Is your maid with golden hair!

THEN FARETHEEWELL.

Then farewell, O lovely maiden!
Faretheewell if we must part;
But our lives once torn asunder,
It will break the poet's heart!

For together in the springtime,
When the flowers were blooming fair,
Did we wander o'er the meadow,
Did we build our castle there.

Little caring for the morrow,
Little thinking of the time,
When the world so far outside us
Might find beauty in our rhyme.

For our Poesy's lowly numbers
Fell like incense on the heart,
Till the muse had wed the poet
In his rustic country art.

Till the muse had wed the poet,
Till the poet wed the muse;
Till the oaten reeds of shepherds
Were a-piping 'neath the yews.

So my bonnie, bonnie maiden,
So my bonnie, bonnie maid,
Don't reject your bonnie lover
In the bonnie, bonnie shade.

For the world is cold and heartless,
For the world is heartless cold,
And they fail to see your beauty,
Tho' I dress you up in gold!

So you'll wait a little longer,
And I'll place you at the head;
As Columbia's rarest maiden
That the rustic poet wed!

YOU ARE A LOVELY TALKER.

O you are a lovely talker,
With the honey of the bee;
And the wild-bird is no sweeter
In his song upon the tree.

And you loved me thro' the winter,
And you loved me in the spring;
And the air was full of music
From a harp of golden string.

And I listened to your numbers,
And your lowly rustic song;
And I thought the world would love you
Ere the days were overlong.

For your art was like the brooklet
That has sung for Burns alone;
With a vein of mournful sadness
In the harp you loved to own.

But the days they grew to summer,
And the autumn winds were drear;
And the snows were on the mountain,
But your ship did not appear.

And the years were rolling onward,
And the poet yet unknown,
Was beneath the spreading yew-tree,
With his bonnie maid alone!

And the stars were cold above us,
And the skies were dull and blue;
But my little rustic poet
Not a one had thought of you!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Yet, O yet! I cannot leave you!
 For I love you as you are;
 And across the eastern heavens
 I can see a rising Star!

HOW JOHN PROPOSED.

"Good evenin', John," said good old Farmer Brown,
 His broad moon face with wrinkles runnin' roun',
 Lookin' the soul of goodness. "How de deau;
 I thought I herd yer tred. It must be yeau,
 Sez I; but somethin' ails our John. Yer tred
 Was kinder-like unsartin. One who hed
 Our best respec's, John, wouldn't har fumbled so
 In comin' thro' our great hall door, yer know.

"But lay yer hat aside, and take a chair;
 The evenin's cool, John. Yes, right over there
 I once proposed to Nancy's mother. Start
 I see yer deau; but there she gave her heart
 Jest where yer set. I see yeau blush; e'en I
 Was bashful then. But there I did it. Try?
 I came here twenty times or more. At last
 I mustered courage.—Parson tied us fast.

"And then the world was Paradise. A cow
 Was all she hed as dow'ry. Lord knows how
 We kep' the wolf away. But I was strong;
 And yeau believe me, John, it warn't long
 Afore we hed this leetle farm on tick;
 And 'twere a puzzle, too, e'en to old Nick,
 How fast the mortgage melted. But, friend John,
 She was a very Queen with aprun on!

"And Nancy. She, John, came to help us bear
 Our burdens. Bindin' heart to heart. The care
 Of her hed taught us patience, and our love
 Grew stronger.—Nancy? Yes, a leetle dove
 From out the sky. And you'll agree, of course;
 For as the friend of Farmer Brown, the source
 Of love were fountain false that could not see
 All homely virtues in ther lovely Nancy.

"But, John, yer sick? Tho' maybe what I say
Is tirin'. Nancy's ma is out. To-day
She went to Deacon Bland's. If Nancy'll deau,
I'll hitch the old mare up, And she and yeau
Can kinder keep the candle trimmed; and, John,
You'll stay till I git back. With bubbles on,
The cider's in the mug. I'll call my Nan,—
And here are apples picked by her own han'.

"Now, Nanny, here is John, our neighbor's boy,
An honest lad. You'll take my place. I joy
To see an upright man in these fast days;
But every age has its peeculiar ways.—
The fire. It won't go out. If so it should,
You'll find right *there* some logs of hard oak wood.
So, now good-by." And down the Autumn road
The loud "Hud-ups" sound where the brooklet flowed.

And Farmer Brown went jogging on. A tune
His love-days knew, brought back an old time June,
When Nancy's mother was a fair young maid,
He wooed and won when corn was in the blade.
And gray old Bess kept time with the old-time song,
While he and she went jogging slow along;
And came the stars and blinked upon the scene;
The winds grew strong. The air was cold and keen.

As farmers will, the hour was somewhat late,
When "Whoa!" stopped the old mare right at the gate;
But dark as pitch was Farmer Brown's abode,
He scarce could see the grass that lined the road;
And Nanny's ma said "Hush!" as Farmer Brown
Uttered a "by-word" as he clambered down,
And caught his left foot in the tangled reins,
Muttering "that some folks didn't have any brains!"

A flickering match soon lighted up the room,
And there, O dear! across the partial gloom,
Old Farmer Brown and Nanny's good old ma,
Indulged together in a loud "ha-ha!"
For, do believe it, all the fire was out,
The candle flickered from its greasy spout,
And Brown said something then about a "sheep,"
For there sat Nan and John both fast asleep!

MY MOTHER.

Who can read a mother's heart,
Love her in her lowly part,
As a son or daughter should,
Who has known her to be good?

When I think of mother's cares,
Of her holy, whited hairs,
Of her life-work unrepaid,
Do I wonder she will fade?

That already years have told
"Silver threads among the gold,"
Painted on her noble brow
Furrows that I number now?

Can I see her as I ought
In her sweet and bitter lot,
Picture all her doubts and fears
Thro' the long and weary years?

Children! what a mother bears,
What a mother does and dares,
In her bright and sad career,
To a child may not appear.

And to Heaven alone must she,
Look for things she cannot see,
For the great reward to come
When the years shall take her home.

You may think you love her well,
And you do, but till the bell
Sounds at last across the wold,
Was your love so sweetly told?

Once a mother is no more,
And the last sad rites are o'er,
Then, and then alone you see
All her love and purity!

Children! I am older now,
Love your mother ere her brow,
With the wrinkles here and there,
Looks so holy and so fair!

Fair, because so sweetly pure,
When the angels seem to lure,
Far from out the holy sky,
To a brighter realm on high!

Yet a father you may own,
But a mother is alone
Far above him in her sphere,
Swaying like an angel here!

Did I speak from out the heart,
I should say: "To me thou art
More than mother unto me,
Tho' your worth I do not see.

"And I know I ne'er shall pay
Half the debt I owe to-day,
For a mother's love is more
Than her children's o'er and o'er!

"But, my Mother! know my heart
Half its love can not impart,
And at times I hold aloof,
Yours is still the sweetest roof!

"Yours is still the happiest home,
And my footsteps from it roam,
Still on earth it is to me
Sweeter far because of thee!"

And the poorhouse? O not so!
Children! will you let her go?
God forbid! Her holy hair
More appealeth than a prayer!

Think of hours when death was nigh,
With the teardrops in her eye,
How she watched thro' day and night
O'er your form'so still and white!

How her sweet benignant face,
Like an angel in the place,
Hovered like a fluttering dove,
With its wealth of Mother's love!

Then when years have turned her gray.
Left her halting by the way,
Turn your back upon the past!—
O the love that can not last!

And the mother once so good,
Loving as a mother could,
Place her in the Poorhouse there,
With her face so heavenly fair!

Can you? can you? God forbid!
Rather 'neath the coffin lid
Would you look upon her face
With its holy, heavenly grace!

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Who will care for mother now?
Who will kiss her holy brow?
Love her in the years to come,
When the moss is on her Home?

She has done a mother's duty,
And her life has been of beauty;
All her children loved her truly,
Tho' the boys were once unruly.

Who could fill a mother's place,
With her meek, forgiving face,
Rock the cradle aye and aye,
Never tired from day to day!

Yet, my child, you do not see,
She is tired, though patiently
Like an angel from the skies,
Sits she there with watchful eyes.

But the years have rolled away,
And her duty, day by day,
She has done as only can,
Loving mothers, little man !

But your father she has laid
Where the flowerets bloom and 'fade ;
Tears were in her sweet blue eye,—
One by one the loved ones die.

Then her heart seemed nearly broken,
Every hour was but the token
Of the joys that once were there,
In the home-scene faultless fair.

Then a wedding took away,
Sweet, fair Margaret, loved and gay,
Leaving such a vacant spot,
Bitter seems a mother's lot !

Then the baby of her heart ;
Cruel death that made them part !
Now he sleeps among the flowers
'Thro' the long sweet summer hours.

She is looking through the past,
Blooming flowers will fade at last ;
Two green graves are in the scene, —
Once she danced upon the green.

Round her porch the flowerets grew,
She had twined them when the blue,
Not a star had fallen out,—
Rang her children's merry shout.

"Here is where my children played !"
And the light does slowly fade ;
O'er her face the shadows come,
She a mother ! and so dumb !

Rob has sailed the foaming sea :
"Is he dead ?" "() it may be !"
And alone she waiteth there
In her holy, faded hair !

But the years are going, going,
Salt sea breezes softly blowing
Fetch no wandering Rob, the sailor,
She is fading, none bewail her !

Strangers came and smoothed her pillow,
"Has my Robby crossed the billow ?"
Only "No !" and only "No, dear !"
Then the sadly falling slow tear.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Then the light was fading, fading,
Stranger hands were soothing, aiding,
And the candle flickered, sputtered,
"Is he come?" was all she uttered.

HAVE MUSIC IN YOUR HOMES.

For music has a power to charm
The social circle round,
And floating there upon the air,
Makes home enchanted ground.

It softens down the harshest mind,
It soothes the soul of all,
A heaven-born guest from out the skies
In gentle strains to fall.

It fills with joy the social hour,
Temptation drives away ;
It keeps the wayward youth at home
Beneath its gentle sway.

It has the power to win the mind
To earth's more lovely things,
A precious boon from out the skies,
A dove with snow-white wings.

It never tires, but still as sweet
It echoes here and there,
Till every heart responsive breathes
Its own sweet holy air.

And home is rendered dearer far,
Diviner in its art,
When music like an angel strain,
Steals softly to the heart.

O Music sweet! of Heaven born!
How holy is thy sway,
The Poet lays his pen aside,
The bird forgets his lay!

The world seems flitting like a star,
A charm steals o'er the brain,
For all are wrapt within the spell
Of Music's witching strain!

THE CRITIC.

I would find the coming Poet,
Where to look I hardly know;
Six have graced our lovely borders.
Three have gone where flowerets blow.

In the churchyard you will find them,
'Mid the flowers they loved so well;
Making Nature even sweeter
Now with her they've gone to dwell.

One that caroled of the woodland,
Of the holy and sublime;
Teaching us in Thanatopsis
Life and death should sweetly chime.

Others, too, in lovely diction,
From the Cultured scholar's desk,
Sang the homely, lowly fireside,
Like a sweetly wandering Esk.

One was brilliant; I forgive him,
His a weird, a wayward mind;
Burns was swayed by every feeling,
He was swayed by every wind.

Three are living; let us cherish,
In this lovely land of ours,
Each sweet life till death has made them
Even sweeter 'mid the flowers.

And the harp they touched so lightly,
And the crown they wore so well,
Let us place them with our treasures
When we say our last farewell!

And with pious love enshrine them
 Till a worthy bard shall come,
 Heir in Poesy of the Singers
 Death so sweetly beckoned Home!

DEATH.

They told me that Death
 Was a horrible breath,
 That blasted the flowers of Spring,
 To low and to high,
 Like a curse from the sky,
 It fell with a blackened wing.

The diamond stars were flashing bright,
 The watchful moon shone calm and white,
 Sky and cloud were still as death,
 Sky and cloud, sky and cloud,
 As life were dead in a starlight shroud;
 And not a zephyr, and not a breath,
 'Twas silent all as a silent death;
 And Nature there in moonlight lay,
 A mellow form of gaudy day;
 And palace, and hall, and hut,
 And palace, and hall, and hut,
 Rose here and there like a silent town,
 Where Death had come and mowed them down,
 Tenant and master, chief and lord!

THE PEN AND BARD.

PEN.

"O pretty bard ! O lovely bard !
 Say something sweet of me,
 And you shall win the prize, I know,
 For I'm *the* pen, you see,
 That's mightier than the sword!"

BARD.

"Your name I can't recall,
 My little flattering pen,
 But once I get you in the ink,
 You *average* one of ten,
 Your name and worth I'll know."

PEN.

"My maker's, that is all they ask,
 Just try me, that is fair,
 And then like honest judge proclaim:
 'You're matchless, I declare!
 And King, a King Steel Pen!'"

BARD.

"Now critics, judges, bards, and men,
 Old Esterbrook's, I know,
 Is just the very best pen out,
 And I am sure and slow,
 In giving my opinion;
 But here's a *stranger* claiming more
 Than—Heavens! Just—just look!
 A perfect Pen I do declare!
 And—Zounds! an *Esterbrook*!"

THE PEN OF GENIUS.

While reed-pens, quill-pens, steel-pens, too,
 Still reign alone by right of worth,
 The stylus, and the proud gold pen,
 The Pen of Genius springs to birth!

The "Whittier" pen, that o'er them all
 Will trace the smoothest, clearest line,
 And, like the Quaker poet's muse,
 Will write in numbers half divine!

The quill-steel-pen, with arching point,
 That brings old Homer back to life,
 To see this new and wondrous pen,
 That needs no constant use of knife!

It is of steel, and yet the quill
Seems moving soft beneath the hand,
And from the gray old past recalls
The masters once that made it grand!

O Genius! you've combined in one
All perfect pens that come of skill;
And in the hand of friend or foe,
'Tis better far than gold or quill!

And proud should old Columbia be,
That such a Bard can give his name—
The last one of the illustrious three,
And Bard and Pen be one to Fame!

CAPTAIN OF THE GRAY.

They made him Captain of the Gray,
He fought the Blue for many a day,
In the War.

Upon a Southern soil he stood,
We saw him charging thro' the flood
On the foe.

He knew the North had been his friend,
But all his love was now at end
In the strife.

He did not question right or wrong,
Upon his lips a martial song
Nerved his arm.

He led the bravest of the Gray,
'The Blue was slowly giving way
In his path.

'Twas valor stirred his noble soul,
And there the drumhead's random roll
Moved his blood!

Now just in front his brothers were,
His Southern heart applied the spur.—
"Charge the Blue!"

The Banner with its stars and bars,
In blood now kissed the Stripes and Stars
On that field.

The muskets rattled, cannon brayed,
It seemed another "Light Brigade"
Charged the foe.

The sulphurous smoke in clouds hung there,
The horrid battery stormed the air,
On that day.

O what a wild chaotic mass!
O god of War, alas, alas!
That they died.

No, hardly could I tell to you
Now which was gray or which was blue,
In the smoke.

I knew that every man was brave,
That Stars and Stripes at last would wave
Over all.

For Justice crowned the Boys in Blue,
I knew they'd pull the old Ship thro',
At the last.

I loved the Captain of the Gray,
For all his valor on that day,
Tho' my foe.

He thought his cause was just as right
As those that met him in the fight
On that time.

But now the Captain's old and gray,
And many a scar he shows, they say,
Of that battle.

And age has changed his Southern view;
"Ah, yes! I fought the Boys in Blue,
To the death.

"But when I look thro' twenty years,
My old gray eyes are brimmed with tears,
Could it be?

"They told us things.—Can great men lie?
Then, comrades, can you tell me why
It seems strange?

THE LADY OF DARDALE

**"The Southern cause could not to-day
Make me once more put on the Gray,—
I have changed.**

**"And let a veteran say to you,
My valorous boys that wore the Blue,
It was wrong.**

**"And now I know," the Captain said,
"That tho' we fought and nobly bled,
'Some one blundered!'"**

**"The bloody War should not have been,
The strife was simply kin with kin,
Unto death.**

**"But let us pity those that fell,
And honor in our last farewell,
The Blue and Gray!"**

NOTHING BUT FLAGS.

**Nothing but Flags—but simple Flags;
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the host of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in the days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.**

**Nothing but Flags! yet methinks at night
They tell each other their tales of fright!
And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
'Round each Standard torn, as they stand in line.
As the word is given—they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the Battle's storm,
And once again through the smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a Nation's life.**

**Nothing but Flags—yet they are bathed in tears;
They tell of triumphs—of hopes—of fears;
Of a Mother's prayers—of a Boy away;
Of a serpent crushed—of a Coming Day,
Silent, they speak—and the tear will start,
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,**

And think of those who are ne'er forgot—
Their Flags came home—why came THEY not?

Nothing but Flags—yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at these types of Death!
Nothing but Flags—yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray though the lips be dumb!
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved Flags come home again,
Bathed in blood—and purest, best;
Tattered and torn, they are now at rest.

*NOTHING BUT FLAGS.**

Nothing but flags all tattered and frayed,
Nothing but flags in their beauty arrayed,
Yet soldier of Blue and soldier of Gray,
How sad is the story they tell of the Day,
When the hearts of the people were beating in woe,
And the Nation's rich blood in a torrent did flow!

Nothing but flags all tattered and torn,
Nothing but flags that our heroes have borne,
Yet mother and father now gray in your years,
Your old sad eyes are filling with tears,
For the emblems of Victory that rose in the strife,
Now tell the sad tale of a dear lost life!

Nothing but flags now seamed in the red,
Nothing but flags that waved o'er the dead,
But Battle has torn them and struck at the stars;
O bonnie sweet Flags that rose o'er the Bars,
And waved at the cheers of the Boys in Blue
When Grant into Richmond like a bomb burst thro'!

Nothing but flags now waving no more,
Nothing but flags from a conquered shore,
Tattered and torn by the rebel shot,
But their deeds in the heart are never forgot,
For we cherish them now as we cherished them then,
When they waved, ah, so proudly, at head of our men!

*Through mistake the poem preceding this was publicly attributed to me, so I have reproduced it here with verses under the same title.

Nothing but flags with a gash in the blue,
 Nothing but flags where the shot went thro',
 Yet dear to the heart as the babe of the breast,
 Are the dear old flags in their beauty confest ;
 Yet silent they mingle in hallowed array,
 The emblems so holy of the deeds of that Day !

Nothing but flags with blood on the white,
 Nothing but flags that gloom on the sight,
 Yet dear to the heart my bonnie old Flags,
 Tho' the rebels have shot you to tatters and rags,
 For you rose like a star o'er the field of the dead,
 Where the best blood of our heroes in valor was shed !

Nothing but flags ! O God of the skies !
 Nothing but flags to the tearwet eyes !
 Yet holy they are to me and to you,
 For many a brave soldier that fell in the Blue,
 Was wrapt in their folds, once waving so proud,
 And laid in the ground with a flag for his shroud !

So, hallow the memory of the old battle flags,
 For mute they appeal from their tatters and rags ;
 Keep them, love them, cherish them aye,
 They rose in the fight when the Blue met the Gray,
 And taught the wide world America shall be
 "The land of the brave and the home of the Free!"

DEAD !

"Stop ! I say !" the voice rang loud ;
 "See her dead cold face !" He bowed ;
 "Father ? Yes, she was my child ;
 Sweet and loving, tender, mild ;
 All the world was less than she ;
 Rob, he loved her. It may be
 They will marry. But, O Wave !
 Well-nigh, well-nigh, wert her grave !"

And the sun went sinking down ;
 "That so fair a maid should drown !"
 Said the people. Evening fair ;
 One by one the stars came there ;
 And the moon with mellow eye
 Shone with pity from the sky ;
 But the father !—only gloom,
 Only woe at Lilian's doom.

On the waves beneath the stars,
 Merry lovers sang "tra las;"
 Boats went skimming 'neath the blue,
 Flowers were bending in the dew,
 Rang the laughter with the stream;
 "Ha, ha, ha, a fairy's dream!"
 And my Lilian! other maids
 Cupid tried with prankish raids.

"O my God! the dank sea weed
 Blinds the eye that may not plead!
 And he left her! Cruel Love
 Art forever flown above?
 Such is life. They woo and win,
 On the tomb: 'It might have been!'"
 And his gray hairs in the night
 Lent his brow a strange weird light.

And his fainting form at last,
 (Where the waves had loving cast,
 "Airy, fairy Lilian's" form,
 And the winds were moaning from
 Hidden caves,) there fell as dead;
 As in death the twain seemed wed;
 Merry laughter struck the ear;
 With the dewdrops fell the tear.

Boating lovers on the waves
 Had no thought of two new graves
 Shining in the moonlight. There
 In the graveyard Lilian fair,
 And her father, side by side.
 She that Rob had made a bride.
 Such is life. And hand in hand
 Joy and Woe go thro' the land!

THE LITTLE SINGERS.

I.

Sweet musicians, hear them singing,
 Singing, singing like the birds,
 All their rustic music pealing
 To the sound of happy words.



THE LITTLE SINGERS.

II.

But, my reader, are they happy?
Do they sing for joy alone?
Is the music born within them,
Falling there in rapturous tone?

III.

Listen, listen she is singing,
Though a baby seeming yet;
But, mayhap, she has no mother
That will fondle and will pet!

IV.

He may fiddle in his smiling,
She may sing with glowing eye,
Yet I venture that their shelter
Is the great blue dome on high!

V.

Who can tell me? tho' the pillars,
Massy built from hoarded gold,
Frown upon them, as if saying:
"We have stood till we are old,

VI.

"Just to show what Wealth is doing,
Wealth has done these many years,
While the little street musicians
Still may sing amid their tears.

VII.

"For they sing not as the birds sing
Down beside the wooded way,
But that Hunger may not greet them
When the evening veils the day!"

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Nothing could he see in her,
Just as sweet the bitter myrrh,
True, she was a pretty maid,
Where the rose of May had stayed,
But a hundred women there
Seemed to him as sweet and fair.

She could nothing see in him,
And a picture far and dim,
Showed a hundred just as good,
Showed a courtship in a wood,
Showed a city full of men,
Any one was good in ten.

Cupid heard their pretty talk,
Sitting on a hollyhock,
And he smiled a little smile ;
"I am blind, but wait awhile,
I can see a thing or two,
Old gray beard, and so can you !

"Love was once in Eden fair,
Biggest rogue was ever there ;
Since that apple-eating time,
He has gone from clime to clime ;
When they won't, he says they *will!*"
And the hollyhock was still.

She had seen him once before,
He had met her on the shore,
Where the Coney Island waves
Sing their grand melodious staves,
And he thought her "passing fair,"
Much like any maiden there.

"But," says Cupid, "look-a-here,
I can make a trickling tear
On a Roman nose a gem,
Crown her with a diadem,
And a jewel she will be
Unto love, I do agree."

Thus the thoughts of each one ran,
And the drama there began ;
Comedy ? Yes, I do avow,
Full of tricks, and what and how ;
Tragedy ? Yes, to those that played,
"Airy nothing," I'm afraid.

But the prompter says : "Take care !
In the Green Room sweet and fair,
Lies a slipper soiled and old,
That will turn to reddest gold,
When Aladdin with his light
Turns night to day and day to night.

And the play is moving on,
But they laugh the play to scorn;
"What an act with doughty parts
Is this game of winning hearts!"
But the little Cupid boy
Shot his arrows, mad with joy.

He that met her by the waves,
Singing old and Runic staves,
Met her on Manhattan beach,
And a look from each to each,
Told a tale that Cupid saw,
Old as hills, and strange as law.

Darling summers slipped away,
Hoary winters grand and gray,
Clothed the wold in spotless white,
In an armor dressed the height,
On the mountain held his throne,
Where the winds do sigh and moan,

And he loved the glittering scene,
In the rapids of Lachine,—
But no matter where he was,
By some strange unsolvèd laws,
Whether here or there he strayed,
His thoughts were on the "Nut Brown Maid."

"Keally!" and he twirled his chain,
"Something's buried in my brain,
Never known to me before,
And it 'grows from more to more,'
Till in day or even's light
Shines a figure sweet and white!"

Yes, a figure! Ha, 'tis so,
Love will ever banter so,
But the fates have made it so—
"Who he is I'd care to know!"
And she stood before the glass
Sweet as any "Highland lass."

Cupid meanwhile fired his darts—
"O the game of breaking hearts!"
And a cruel little god!
All the air was "Maud, Maud, Maud!"
Till he said: "You little rogue,
All your talk is broadest brogue!"

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

"And your gem, and Roman nose,
And your diamonds on the rose,
Dewdrops likened to her tears;
I have known her years and years,
And I could not love her so
Did she not outmatch the bow!"

"Pshaw! he cannot see a fault,
In her gait a trifling halt,
On her face a Roman nose,
On her cheek the faded rose,
For old Cupid with his dart
Made her Queen in Roman art."

Once again the grand old waves
Sing their sad melodious staves,
And on Coney Island sand,
Walk they softly hand in hand,
All unconscious people stare
At the maiden "passing fair."

Now they sit beside the fire,
She in sweet and comely tire,
He with slippers on his feet,
In his wild and country seat,
And the fireplace roaring there
Sends a ruddy homelike glare.

"But for Captain Cupid, ha!
In this little Trafalgar,
All the forces would have failed;
But the Captain lightly mailed,
Like another Nelson fought,
Till they tied the Gordian knot!"

TO THE SLASHER.

You and I have been companions
Many a long and dreary week;
Not a shred we knew of Latin,
Not a half a line of Greek.

But we couched our border lances,
And the tourney-lists we sought ;
And we struck for native English,
While the pronouns bravely fought.

But a hardy-browed mechanic,
Did we trip on many a verb ;
And the nouns like wild Mazeppas
Caracoled without a curb.

So the parts of speech like Modocs,
Went a-skulking here and there ;
Getting in the strangest places,
Till they drove us to despair.

And our history like our grammar,
Was as ready for the fray ;
And old Scotland went to Ireland,
And old Ireland moved away.

Waterloo was fought in Holland,
And Thermopylæ in France ;
And the fray of Seven Oaks, sir,
Did they fight it with a lance !

And the battle of Bull Run, too,
Saw the brave Italians fall ;
And America was a fortress,
With her ancient Roman wall.

And our Grant was king of England,
And Victoria lived in Rome ;
Burns was plowing by the Danube,
And the Alps had gone from home.

Homer courted Highland Mary,
Dante sang of Ireland's woe ;
Red wine in a "silver tassie"
To Caucasian lips did flow.

Thomas Moore was in a Harem,
And an Oriental king ;
And the last sweet Rose of Summer,
To its thorny perch did cling.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Yankee Byron was a Corsair
 In an Adriatic sea;
 And the Duke with great Napoleon,
 Was a-stalking by the Dee.

But my big and noisy Slasher,
 With your noisy whirling gears;
 All our luck with grammar, history,
 Is enough to bring the tears.

Yet I cannot, sure, forget you,
 For you lined my "flaccid purse;"
 And we turned an honest penny
 While the Muses did rehearse.

Time may show the "silver lining"
 Of the cloudlet in the sky;
 Then my unambitious Slasher,
 Must we say our last Good-bye!

THE GRASSHOPPER.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow mortal. —Burns.

"Oh, wad some power the giftle gie us
 To see oursel's as others see us!"
 —"*To a Louse.*"

Hay, ye little chap, what's up?
 Look before you leap next time;
 For a little skit like you
 Art nay worth a poet's rhyme.

But you've come a long way up,
 Hundred feet, I doubt me, more;

So I'll put you in a verse,
While, my friends, the critics snore.

They'd not venture here, I trow,
Only poets dare to climb;
And a hoppergrass like you,
Caught at last within a rhyme.

Seven flight of stairs the years
Saw the duck-leg poet mount;
But we'll sip, my rural friend,
From the Heliconian fount.

This is nectar from the spring
On old Delphi's cloudy top;
This is Pegasus, my dear,
Yes, my little grasserhop.

Mount him, never such a steed,
Wild Mazeppa seems so tame;
Byron had this steed in view
When Mazeppa fled for fame.

But so strange that you should come
From the hayfield and the corn;
For you are the very first,
Just as sure as you are born!

Did you hear me piping soft
In the size-room all alone?
Even such as you, I think,
Love the rural harpstring's tone.

Seven years with weary leg
Has the poet climbed the stair;
Piping while the Slasher run,
To the heated Dressroom air.

And, my chit, you are the first
That has sought the unknown bard;
Yet I have no cushioned chair,
But a bench that's low and hard.

But my little jerky chap,
Legs and wings above your back;
Critics seldom find the bard
Walking in a scholar's track.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Here's our country big with brains,
 Bursting with its wealth of mind;
 Yet, my little jumping-jack,
 No great Poet do we find.

Critics stand with hat in hand
 At the archèd college door;
 While a Burns's rustic harp
 Wins the world forevermore!

Genius seldom crowns the lord,
 Little jumping jack-of-apes;
 For does Patience try the heart
 With a thousand varied shapes.

Genius in a tattered coat
 Boldly throws the gauntlet glove;
 And the signal: "To the fray!"
 Wins with Patience and with Love.

But my hopping hoppergrass,
 Thousand blessings on your head;
 For the country Slasher poet
 To the world is good as dead.

So he welcomes to his shrine,
 In the garret of the mills,
 Any rural rustic chap
 Loving brooks and babbling rills.

But you little wee-eyed chit,
 With a "body lang and long,"
 If you'll "trip it on the toe,"
 I will pipe a dancing song.

There you go; now right and left,
 Down the centre; drive the blues;
 For you "tread a merry measure"
 With the Salsher tender's Muse!

Forward, back; now all hands round,—
 'There's the millbell; waltz to seat;
 But the query comes to mind:
 "When again shall we three meet?"

SIR CRITIC.

**"But any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humors lead,
A meaning sulted to his mind."—Lord Tennyson.**

**Please now, Mr. Critic,
See'f my harp's in tune;
For the babbling brooklets
Sing a song to June.**

**And they sing so natural
That I'd mimic them;
Then my rustic harp, sir,
Would your guild condemn?**

**See that pretty cradle
With its babe of snow;
Shall I tune my harpstring
To a ditty low?**

**Or in classic cadence
Move the raptured cords;
For they're sweeter, dearer,
Then our titled lords?**

**Pipes the matin skylark
Far among the clouds;
All his songs he flingeth
Thro' his vapory shrouds.**

**From his heart he singeth,
Would you have him strain;
And a trifle classic
Be in his refrain?**

**I've no art, Sir Critic,
Yet I sing my stave;
Would you kill the wildbird
By the sad sea wave?**

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

"In the crannied wall," sir,
Is a modest flower;
He that dares to pluck it
Takes away its power.

See that rose upon her,
She that lieth dead;
Has it lost its beauty?—
Angel rose instead!

There's a bird-nest hanging
On a leafy bough;
Art had made it better,
Shall I rob it now?

Unaffected beauty
Wins the heart of all;
So the nest is sweeter
In its cloudy hall.

Is the greatest painter
He that painteth true?
He that paints a sky-scene,
With a sky as blue?

Is the greatest poet
Born and never made?
On the Harp of Delphi
Burns the sweetest played!

Scholars throng our nations,
Born of high degree;
Every tint of rainbow
In their art they see.

Fame has crowned the poet
With the highest meed;
Here's a lowly shepherd
Piping on his reed.

Art has never known him,
Nature tunes his lay;
He a Scottish mavis,
Pipes and pipes away.

Something in his bosom,
Something in his soul,
Seems to shape the numbers
To a perfect whole.

How he does it, Nature
Holds the secret yet;
Tell me, Mr. Critic,
For the Harp's my pet.

Did he sing more classic
Books would be his guide;
Then the maid of Delphos,
Would she be his bride?

See the bard of Cambridge,
What a perfect Art;
Yet he never reaches
To the human heart!

Boasted Education,
Poesy makes you bow;
Else your million scholars
Sang as poets now.

Music, too, and sculpture,
And the painter's art;
For these four are Genius,
Born within the heart.

Do I differ, Critic,
From accepted codes?
I prefer the wildflowers
Skirting country roads.

You may love the hot-house
With its flowerets pied;
Give me rosy Nature
In the world outside.

Yes, I know your business
Is to cut and prune;
Give me weeds and flowers
Tangled up in June.

See the Slave of Powers,
Neck, and nose, and chin;
And "one touch of Nature
Makes the whole world kin."

But he fails in Nature,
Statue lacketh shame ;
Had he chiseled truer
Anguish in her frame.

Numbers cold and classic
Come from highest art ;
Down beside the brooklet
Wildbirds touch the heart.

So I think, Sir Critic,
Tho' I love your skill ;
I will sing as natural
As the babbling rill.

This an empty Art-age,
Numbers squared and pruned
I prefer the viol
By the muses tuned.

Read the chiseled verses
By a scholar's hand ;
You can hear the chisel
Echoing thro' the land.

But the bard of Nature
Sculptures from the heart ;
Making up in sweetness
What he lacks in art.

One is stony statues
In a classic church ;
Other, Nature's songsters
In a silver birch.

So with all respect, Sir,
For your perfect art ;
I prefer the numbers
Welling from the heart.

So my Harp be covered
With the moss of time ;
Let me twine it sweetly
In my bashful rhyme.

Then I'll be remembered
Long as wildflowers grow ;
Tho' the daisies o'er me,*
Moulder where they blow !

THE POET AND HIS MUSE.

"It seems an after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine."
—Lord Tennyson.

MUSE.

"Let me ask you, gentle poet,
Do you think you use me right ;
Tho' you deck my hair with lilies,
And you dress me up in white?"

POET.

"But I thought you were converted
Unto every act of mine ;
And you long ago confess'd
All my numbers were divine."

MUSE.

"But I'm getting more impatient
As the years go rolling by ;
For a Slasher poet's maiden,
May she never, never die?"

POET.

"There's a man that goes to college,
There's a fisher by the pool ;
But my little rosy darling,
Mine's a different kind of school.

"Both of these may show their patience,
And surmount the highest goal ;
But my tender Delphic maiden,
Mine are diamonds in the soul.

"Only Genius can obtain them,
'Tis a rugged, rugged mine ;
But the jewels that I gather,
Are alone for thee and thine."

*Keats.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

MUSE.

"But your style it is so different,
Why, sir, don't you sing like Burns,
All so sweet and lowly natural
In among the weeds and ferns?"

POET.

"For the reason that the robin
Down across the meadow vale,
Never singeth like the skylark,
Or the matchless nightingale."

MUSE.

"There's the singer of *The Princess*,
And the riveless *Queen of May*;
Can't you steal the rich afflatus
That is glowing in his lay?"

POET.

"Who can paint the rosy rainbow
Now so golden in the sky?
Who can match the diamond dewdrops
On the lash of Beauty's eye?"

"Who can fashion in the starlight
Sweetest lilies of the vale?
Who can teach the merry mock-bird
In the moonlight soft and pale?"

"Who can woo the Delphic muses
From their hilltop in the blue,
So the bard on earth shall hear them:
'And we sing alone for you!'"

MUSE.

"Years have gone since first you wooed me,
'Neath the hawthorn, as I said;
And you told me pretty nothings
In the sunset soft and red.

"And an artless country maiden,
Did I listen to your tale;
And beneath the gathering shadows
Cupid dodged about in mail.

"Were you half as good a poet
As you were a lover then,
The unlettered maid beside you
Would have made the Muses ten."

POET.

"Ten already, rarest maiden!
But the world is dull of eye;
And the men of greatest genius
Are not known until they die."

MUSE.

"Then the mournful graveyard flowers
Must entwine our mossy tomb,
Ere the world shall wreath the laurel
That is fadeless in its bloom?"

POET.

"So I said of highest genius,
Not the workman's halting rhymes;
If I win, the Maid of Delphi
Must attune my coarser chimes."

MUSE.

"How to know which bard is greatest,
Whether muse be muse at all;
Tho' they twine the rarest flowers
On a fairy garden wall?"

POET.

"Critics like the greatest poets,
'To the manner' have been born;
So 'tis genius seeth genius,
And the laurels place upon.

"Thus our Emerson, our Carlyle,
First did place in high repute;
While the world so vast and mighty,
Stood so silent and so mute."

MUSE.

"Then our union was a wedding
That was born of truest love;
And the skies will be propitious
As our star shall shine above?"

POET.

"Yes, when you and I were wooing
'Neath the hawthorn and the tree
We together took our chances
With the future yet to be.

"I could promise like a lover,
Like a lover name the day,
When our ship with rosy garlands
Would come speeding to the bay.

"Something then but half unconscious,
Seemed to whisper in my ear:
'Woo and win the lovely muses,
And they'll gild the golden year.

"'Life shall seem a dream of Faery,
Time will sweetly melt away,
With an Eden full of honey,
And the wildbird's song for aye.

"'And your numbers shall be modest,
For she'll be a bashful muse;
With her rustic country garments
All bespangled with the dews.

"'You will woo her 'neath the hawthorn,
Where the wildflowers deck the scene;
And your brow is wet with labor.
She will be your lovely queen.'

"So, my darling, did I woo you,
Did I win you to my side;
And a 'yes' was in your answer,
And you soon became my bride.

"And no king of 'merry England'
Ever knew the rapturous joy,
When the golden-sandaled muses
From the Slasher did decoy."

MUSE.

"Is a poet idiotic,
And a monomaniac,
And will turn to saltiest salt, sir,
If he ever looketh back?

"For you tell a lovely story,
But 'tis good to look ahead,
For the past is full of promises,
That like autumn leaves were shed.

"Yes, it is the 'old, old story,'
With its castle on the Rhine,

That will melt beneath the vision,
Like a fog-bank on the brine.

“If your castle is a castle,
And the guard will let you in,
Let us buy some flour and enter,
Ere they say: ‘It might have been!’

“Flowers, and lilies, and laurels,
Whortleberries, and sweet thyme;
Roses, and posies, and nectar,
Good in their season and time.

“But the cabbage and potato,
And the corn upon the ear,
May not touch so high emotions
As a beauty’s diamond tear.

“But I notice when at table,
All your doughty butterflies,
Have they turned to wingèd biscuits,
And your lily-pads to pies.”

POET.

“Give me time, for time’s the master
That has crowned the greatest bard;
But I’ll love you, lass, forever,
Tho’ unhonored and unstarred.

“Pious Cowper sang at fifty,
And our Milton sang as late;
He must woo the maid of Patience
Who would stand among the great.

“I’m not working in a garret
With a single crust of bread;
But amid the haunts of labor
Till the sun is sinking red.

“Till the falling dews of even
Have so sweetly kist the rose,
That the soft imagination
Has a sky with tinted bows.

“Till the god of love is wandering
Thro’ the silver-evened grove,
And the maids are in the starlight
With the only one they love.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

MUSE.

"You, no, never are you practical,
In your after-dinner talk,
But you'll sing of old Canary,
And the nodding hollyhock.

"Old potatoes turn to peaches,
And to viands pork and beans;
An imaginary servant
To a muse of rosy teens.

"When I get as blue as indigo,
And the sky seems falling down,
Sing you yellow-banded lilies
By the roadside dusty brown.

When the world is cold and heartless,
And the earth seems cold and drear;
You will turn the bitter teardrop
To a diamond in the ear.

"And you never lose your patience,
As the days go flitting by;
Tho' the bitter, bitter teardrops
Still are gathering in my eye."

POET.

"You are wed to golden ducats,
But a sweetness in the verse,
Would reward me tho' it never
Should enlarge my flaccid purse.

"Since I sing for all the beauty
In the earth and sky above;
And the harp will sound the sweetest
That is tuned to perfect love.

"Wait, and 'mid the golden harvest,
Like a Ruth among the corn,
You shall stand with glittering garments
On our golden wedding morn."

MUSE.

"You could turn a stone to diamond,
And a cheese to rounded moon;
Yet you seem to be unconscious
As the bard that sang of Doon."

POET.

"But our after-dinner chatting,
'Cross the walnuts and the wine,'
Makes it seem a knightly table
Where the guests were all divine.

"So we'll part as truest lovers
In our love's own truest law ;
While the 'music from the dishes'
Joins our lowly *au revoir!*"

SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

Soldier of the gaudy Blue,
Soldier of the Gray,
Do your hearts remember now
Vicksburg's bloody day?

When the winter winds were drear,
And the sun was red,
And the valiant soldier boys
On the field were dead?

Do you hear the cannonade,
And the gunboats' fire,
Where the naval forces brave
Waged the battle dire?

Can you see the shipping now
Crowding to the shore,
Hear the heavy cannon peal
Echo more and more?

Where the Mississippi stream
Gurgles like a song,
And the stately Union ships
Grandly sail along?

In your veteran hearts, I fear,
Do you ponder well,
How the Mississippi boats
Hurled the shot and shell.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

But attack, ah! all in vain
From the naval force,
Tho' the batteries thundered there,
Cannon loud and hoarse!

So, the boats bombard no more,
And the gun is still,
And the fleet has sailed away
By the rebel hill.

Yet, O Southern men, I cry,
Tho' from Memphis there,
And from New Orleans at last,
They've gone, have a care!

For the potent Grant will come,
Eighteen sixty-three,
And he'll storm you fore and aft,
And right gloriously!

Now on land you hear his tread,
See him on your rear,
All the iron-clads have gone,
But you know the cheer!

And my Vicksburg! thou art doomed,
For he crosses bold,
O'er the stream at Bruinsburg,
Soon to storm your hold.

Marching on to Jackson now,
Where your forces lie,
Under General Johnston where
Rebel banners fly.

And he sweepeth like a storm,
'Gainst your fortress there;
You can hear his ponderous tread
On the quaking air!

Now your garrison he storms,
And your grand old town;
"Fling the starry banner out!"
And the Bars haul down!

All communication gone,
Fortification falls;

Now hurrah for General Grant,
Storming rebel walls!

Now six weeks have rolled away,
Vicksburg town is won,
While from conquered Gettysburg,
Echoes Victory's gun!*

Gone the true ones, and the brave,
Gone the Blue and Gray;
Yet in memory liveth now
Vicksburg's fated Day!

Crown the generals of the siege,
Crown the soldier true;
Crown the bravest there that fought,
But crown, crown the Blue!

And dear Memory paint the scene
With an angel brush;
And the boisterous soldier speak,
Honor echo: "Hush!"

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Yes, in eighteen sixty two,
When the April sun was red,
Many boys that wore the blue,
On the battle-field were dead;
Yet when April morn arose,
On the fatal second day,
Thousands of their valiant foes
Were as dead and cold as they.

You that saw them in the fight,
Did ye doubt they fought, and well?
And the stars that came at night,
How their holy beauty fell
On the man that wore the Gray.
On the man that wore the Blue,
Corpses now of stiffened clay,
Fast in death for me and you!

*Gettysburg was won on the same day.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Grant was proud to lead them there,
Grant the laureled and the brave,
Sherman with his soldier air
Dared the rebels and the grave;
Hark ! that heavy soldier tread,
March, march 'neath April skies ;
Many a man that nobly bled,
Many a man for Freedom dies !

Meet the armies with a shock,
But the Johnston findeth Grant
Firm as fatal Inchcape Rock
In the surf of some Nahant ;
And the Shiloh Church resounds,
And the cannon ball is sped,
Echo Battle's horrid sounds,
O'er the wounded and the dead.

Shiloh, all thy memories come,
'Gan thy hero nobly bleeds,
Sounds again thy martial drum,
All thy dead 'mid tangled weeds,
Flowers, and thy bloody sands,
Seem to rise on Shiloh plains
With their meek, imploring hands,
Raised above their red remains.

Down the sweeping Tennessee,
Cannon echo and resound,
Yet no Sherman to the Sea
Thundered over rebel ground ;
Potent armies met and fought,
Potent generals led the fray,
Are their valorous deeds forgot?
Who shall brand that April day?

From Corinth their march is made,
Are the federals falling back?
Yes, but never yet dismayed,
'Tho' a Lee were on their track !
But, O Johnston ! flushed with hope,
Speeds a treacherous rifle ball,
But a Beauregard shall cope,
'Tho' the Southern General fall.

But the gunboats on the stream,
And artillery on the shore,
In the sunlight flash and gleam,
O'er the muskets loudly roar ;

Till the April sun went down
Far behind the western hills,
And where cannon late did frown,
Sang the birds and babbling rills.

Hark! the second April day
Wakes to many a horrid gun;
Beauregard may lead the fray,
But the battle is unwon;
Honor to the Union side,
Honor to the leaders brave;
Publish to the world outside,
Flag of Freedom still shall wave!

DEFENDING A HOME.

I.

Little fledgelings, life's uncertain,
Snakes are hidden in the grass,
And among the flowerets blooming
By the roadside as you pass;
And your home in all its beauty
Still on earth may seem secure,
But are dangers all around you,
Some to kill, and some to lure.

II.

And, sweet birdlings, when thy mother
Felt no danger could be nigh,
Did a horrid danger meet her
With a cruel, treacherous eye;
And in vain the coiled monster
May thy mother there assail,
For his fangs are sharp and deadly,
And his form is clothed in mail.

III.

She might leave you, and go winged
Thro' the summer scented air;
But did ever yet a mother
Leave her dear ones in despair?



D. Smith

No, no birdlings, wildly crying,
 In your nameless, helpless fear;
 But she cannot, cannot shield you,
 Though to her you are so dear.

IV.

So it is, among the flowers
 Greatest dangers oft are found,
 Sweetest flowerets sometimes hiding
 Things that crawl upon the ground;
 Oft does danger come in beauty,
 Come in many a myriad guise,
 Till the snake concealed in flowers
 Flashes up with glittering eyes!

BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

Arms I sing of Blenheim,
 In Bavaria there,
 Where the doughty Germans
 Every foe did dare;
 Where Bavarian generals
 With an army brave,
 Dared the might of England,
 And a soldier's grave.

Where with mighty Tallard
 Bravely at their head,
 Marched the hostile army,
 With its banner dread;
 Daring all of Holland,
 And the Marlborough's might,
 Every man a hero,
 Valorous for the fight.

August sun was rising
 O'er Bavarian hills,
 Shooting thro' the valleys,
 Sparkling on the rills;
 When the allied forces,
 With eight columns brave,
 Marched to bloody victory,
 Thousands to their grave.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Back! O mighty Tallard!
Marsin! draw thy blade!
Can the bay of heroes
On a hero fade?
O thou brave Elector;
O thou generals brave,
Fearest not the Marlborough,
Where his banners wave?

Seven! hands were pointing
On the Höchstädt clock,
When Bavarian armies
Felt the fatal shock;
Felt the might of Marlborough,
And the Prince Eugene,
Thousand dead Bavarians
In the cold ravine.

Thousands in the Danube,
Thousands on the ground,
Never more to answer
Cannon's sullen sound;
Five o'clock is fatal
In Bavarian time;
Goes the fame of Marlborough
To the farthest clime.

Thro' the dauntless Frenchmen
Burst the German force;
Burst the might of Savoy,
Cannon baying hoarse;
Burst the brave of Portugal,
All the Austrian band,
Till from captured Tallard
Falls the bloody brand.

Evening shadows gather,
Kiss Bavarian dead,
Fall upon the heroes
Tallard bravely led;
Yet thou matchless Marlborough,
Fame has lit thy brow;
And the allied Nations
Honor Marlborough now.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF LONGFELLOW.

I.

Ah! who will listen to my Song of songs,
And listening softly, hear my story through?
Since hoary Death has cut the golden thongs
That bound his heart to ours. Beneath the blue
I watch and wait. Our land and poet grew
In beauty side by side. The muses led
Him on from sweet to sweet. The falling dew
Was on his flowers in rarest beauty shed,
Till plains in lesser song: "Our lovely Bard is dead!"

II.

O Nature loved of all! why not a bard
Of lesser worth? for others we had spared
From out our native land; for he was starred
By loving hands, who long, long years had cared
For all his wants, as by the stream he fared,
The castled Rhine, or on the crested sea,
Whose boundless grandeur he had loved and dared,
Till in his songs "we see or seem to see,"
The blended beauties of the Future yet to be.

III.

For back through lonely years we gently look,
And more than three score years and ten like sand,
Fall one by one, as though an open book
Of all his lovely life, were in the hand;
And as we read, a picture great and grand
In soft imagination shapeth fair,
With flowers and vines, within a lovely land,
Where all things sweeter seem, with seraph air,
Because our holy bard with love had wandered there.

IV.

I did not say he was the greatest; nay,
A critic true shall draw the line; 'tis I
Will call him greatest in the poet's lay
Who sings of homely beauties 'neath a sky

Where Home the dearest, holiest presence nigh,
 And all the native worth of lovely Hope,
 Shines over all, the eye is still undry
 From recent pity that a heart did grope
 In Misery's dungeon shade no brighter scene to ope.

V.

And if I sing my lay from out the heart,
 And sing the best I know, and all the world
 Shall love me for the sweetness of my art,
 The high, the low my banner have unfurled,
 The maid that stood beside the brook that purled
 So sweetly, shepherds on the naked hills
 'Mid woolly flocks, and homes where softly curled
 The fireside smoke, why need I check their wills?
 For love is natural yet as springtide's babbling rills.

VI.

The scholar great with line and rigid plumb,
 May find an accent out of place, a word
 With less of force than one would like; but dumb
 The mind that seeks for nature's rarest bird
 In native tree or dell, where sounds are heard
 In natural sweetness, when amid his songs
 In evening's twilight hour the mind is stirred
 As merry bells in snow-time, golden gongs
 By lovely fairies struck, unstained of earth's sad wrongs.

VII.

One likes his wine, and boastful of his grape
 Fat bellied in the sun now tempting there,
 Does mock at beer, and stares like clown agape
 At mention of the name; while hanging fair
 The rich impurpled grape does tempt the air,
 And every bibber of the luscious juice,
 Till rarest judges in a half despair,
 A vain cessation cause, and offer truce
 That only tends to show the clustered berries' ruse.

VIII.

For Fashion's tricks are oft supreme, till time
 With quiet sway steals on, and new is old,
 And old is new, and things from foreign clime
 As dear invited guests from land of gold,
 Supplant the reigning Queen, till we behold
 A fashion out of fashion, and a band

Of strangers in a golden chariot rolled,
That seem the loveliest in the loveliest land,
Till captive we are led by Fashion's varying hand.

IX.

And so I love for loveliness of Love,
Not caring who may join me in my song.
The maid is mine, she seems like stars above,
E'en though her dress is wry and hanging wrong.
The tinsel of old Fashion's jeweled throng
Could not persuade me that I love her less.
I'm sure the days will not be overlong
When I shall love her more because her dress
Won not my willing heart, nor made my love the less.

X.

But he is dead, and all my love in vain.
I never touched his noble hand; his eye
I never saw; my song within the brain
Took lovely shape, and neath the lovelier sky.
Would sing itself with lovely beings nigh,
Whether I would or not; but captive led,
I willing sing with moisture still undry,
That he to such a lovely Muse was wed,
Till cruel, cruel March had told us he was dead!

XI.

Yes, dead to all the beauty of the earth,
In valley sweet, or by the laughing stream,
On mossiest height, where flowerets find their birth.
And lilies in a drowsy beauty dream,
Unconscious that the stars that flash and gleam,
Are smiling on a poet's grave, with stone
To mark the spot, where Death does lovely seem,
Because the Laureate sleepeth there alone,
That Death made lovely now, had claimed for his own.

XII.

Too late I mourn? Does beauty ever die?
Can we forget the beauty of a thing
That was? You saw him walk beneath the sky,
Amid the beauty of the amorous Spring,
With happy children that like vines did cling
About his presence, till you loved the bard
Of Charles's winding stream, and heard him sing
In printed book of homesteads yet unmarred,
Of lovely, hoping hearts that he had gemmed and starred.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

XIII.

I hold it right to love the twisted vine,
And mingled flower, with close approaching weed,
Beside a dusty road, where some sweet Tyne
A breezy lullaby outsings. I bleed
For lowly loveliness, and richest meed
I offer unto him who lowly sang,
And piped upon his rural, rustic reed,
That years on years in perfect beauty rang
In every humble home, the balm to many a pang.

XIV.

The Nation yet unripe, with scanty shore,
For Freedom struggled hard, and poet's verse
The least demand; the Autumn's bounteous store,
In fullest barns, of these they did rehearse
In natural song from out the heart. In terse
And lowly diction rang the layman's song;
And many a hero in a funeral hearse
Had given life to right his Country's wrong,
With hope that Freedom's birth would come ere days were long.

XV.

The land was new, a babe of vainest dreams,
Where Stars and Stripes o'er homes uncertain waved;
For British bayonets with their fitful gleams,
Were constant dread, for Child so ill behaved,
That Mother-country stormed, and fought, and raved,
Till horrid War was sounding in the land,
And death on many a lowly home was graved,
By many a foe with stained and treacherous hand,
That swung the glittering blade at head of hostile band.

XVI.

So no demand for poet's loftiest lay,
For axe was ringing 'neath the greenwood tree,
Or hunter's gun where deer had gone astray,
Or wily Indian striking Liberty
Her fellest blow. But now I sing of thee
With sixty millions, ranking you at last
Among the vastest Nations, on the sea
As free to sail as vastest of the vast,
Thy busy, potent sails outspread before the blast.

XVII.

And yet he grew in sweetness and in love,
In home historic, winning all the hearts

Of those who meekly look to scenes above
For perfect joy. Not trusting Hope in marts,
In cultured rooms, where Art's divinest arts
Are classic gods, and teach that tinsel show,
Is better for the actor in his parts,
Than humbler scenes of lowly and the low,
Where true and honest worth unrecognized may go.

XVIII.

A bard he was in love with nature's sweets,
His simple songs were perfect in their way,
And every heart unto his language beats
In inner song ; for such his holy sway
Before his death, and even now, the gay,
The rich, the proud, do homage at his shrine,
And bow before the beauty of his lay.
A general chorus: "Lovely bard of mine,
We love the loveliness of lovely songs of thine.

XIX.

"And could our hearts have held thee captive here,
Amid the scenes you knew and loved so well,
The world had never seen our poet's bier,
And o'er our dying heard our last farewell ;
But all our tears and sobbings could not swell
The beauty of your life, so Death, and dread,
Would turn another way, and stop the bell
That told the nations that our bard was dead,
And moaning muses to the cypress shades had led."

XX.

But still thy songs remain, and will not die
So long as Beauty lingers in the land,
And stars fall not from out the great blue sky,
And loveliness still blooms on every hand ;
For these were thine, with golden bow that spanned,
And far across old Ocean's emerald blue,
Till smiling stars, in all the world had scanned,
Our poet's presence, fresh as morning dew
Upon a new-made grave beneath the bending yew.

XXI.

Evangeline is sweet as poet's dream
Amid a storied haunt in flowery vale,
And like an angel does her presence seem,
When for her Gabriel she will weep and wail :

The measure takes no interest from the tale,
 And those that strike a blow in critic art.
 Will die ere sweet Evangeline is pale
 In death, for she alone has won the heart,
 While they, what have they done but hurled the wingèd dart?

XXII.

Too much we have of Art in empty line,
 For by extremes the world must ever go;
 And so we dig in never-ending mine
 For e'en a brighter gem that seems below;
 And let the lesser flowers that bloom and blow,
 Die weltering by the dusty road alone!
 It is not right, and you will tell me so,
 When once you see the madly-rushing Rhone
 Is not the only stream with beauty all its own.

XXIII.

The rainbow has no force but Beauty's hue;
 But what a wondrous arch across the sky!
 What blended shades across the deeper blue!
 What blended beauties to the raptured eye!
 How glorious in the realms so spanless high!
 And such his verse from Beauty's higher thought;
 And those that come in love will not deny
 In Poesy's perfect numbers he has wrought,
 And sweetly with his songs to holier mansions brought!

XXIV.

I doubt me if the bard that stirs the soul,
 With martial numbers and the sounding fife,
 The blatant drum with loud and ponderous roll,
 The charging heroes madly risking life,
 And bloody standard thro' the bloodier strife,
 Is more a bard than he who sings alone
 By quiet streams, where native beauties rife,
 Do lend a loveliness at once their own,
 And win you heart and soul by Music's softened tone.

XXV.

All pretty landscapes basking in the sun,
 With smiling, nestling lakes, (the arching swan,)
 With pebbly shores, and pastures reaching dun,
 And over all the laughing of the dawn,
 But teach us of the day and hour forlorn,
 That took him from our hearts; for these suggest,
 In beauty all the beauty of the morn

That looked in vain o'er fields that he had blest,
Ere pale Columbia wept that death was her behest.

XXVI.

And even now is he forgot? His tomb
Is known to many a friend, the wildwood flower
Has sought him there, and there will sweetly bloom;
And thro' the winter and the summer hour
His song shall sound in many a lovely bower;
And on, and on thro' eve and morning's prime,
Till sun on suns have clomb the highest tower,
And all the beauty of his magic rhyme
Has gone in lowly song from clime to farthest clime.

XXVII.

With different tastes we love a different bard;
But every poet true has more or less
Of nature's beauty, and we find him starred
For certain traits. With holly will we dress
Our cultured bard we love, tho' still confess
He was not Keats, nor England's chosen one,
But just as lovely in his loveliness,
Beneath the brilliance of a smiling sun,
On Poesy's highest goal that he in song had won.

XXVIII.

If I may choose, my Byron seemeth great;
But only places here and there shall hold
The cultured thought. When years are waxing late,
And Tennysons have dressed their maids in gold,
With sweet and delicate guise, and public taste
Has learned to know the poet's matchless skill
In forming numbers rich, and rare, and chaste,
This bard will sail on dark Oblivion's rill,
And be at last forgot upon the Muses' hill.

XXIX.

For those that judge the verses of to-day,
Are more exacting than a Delphic god,
And though all native beauties grace the lay,
They give the head an artificial nod,
And hint the flower outbloomng by the sod,
A trifle out of season seems to be;
And so they lay the Critic's chastening rod
Upon the happy singer of the sea,
Because he sang as true as he who sang of Dee.

XXX.

For he who looks for faults will find them there,
 Since as you think a man may seem to you;
 So Burns found Highland Mary "faultless fair;"
 So love will rear its castles in the blue.
 But only certain things retain the dew;
 And these are very rare. So much is said,
 So many soar, we just retain the few;
 And many that we cherished soon are dead,
 They held us when in view like sunset's sinking red.

XXXI.

My favorite bards are few; and yet I love
 Them all, for each his special trait of beauty
 That ranks him o'er the rest. The stars above,
 That shine from out the blue, to one in duty
 Across the heavens shine at night. Their beauty
 Is what the poet sees; and like a Keats,
 He'd vote confusion on the man of duty,
 Who with his bolder, scientific feats,
 Places his rigid law in Beauty's rare retreats.

XXXII.

I read them all, and like my song of bards
 I puzzled still remain, for reading one,
 He seems the best. The flowers in country yards
 Their thousand claims. Beneath the glowing sun,
 By myriad beauties is the poet won;
 And while the crowd still wander thoughtless by,
 He paints the wondrous things that Time has done,
 In every field and valley 'neath the sky,
 Until he longs to live and never, never die.

XXXIII.

But he is dead! O Death! how came'st thou here?
 Didst wander on, and knew not where you went?
 You had no pity that we shed our tear:
 You came a stranger, and the banks of Trent,
 Had known you just as well, until you bent
 The horrid bow and winged the fatal dart,
 With such unerring force, we knew it meant
 Our Poet's death! And every sorrowing heart
 From one so long endeared, how could they tearless part?

XXXIV.

Could not my love have wooed thee back? Ah, no!
 Thou art relentless! No respecter thou

Of any person. All our tears might flow,
And all our nation meekly fall and bow,
And all our plaints and wails beseech thee now,
And yet you had not stopped, you will not pause,
Not even now, though piteous word and vow,
Had gone to thee; for thy relentless laws
Are swerveless to the last as time's decisive wars.

XXXV.

But, Death, you cannot rob us of the sweets
He has so lavish left! And yet we will
Not laugh at thee, for once you slew our Keats
And Shelley sweeter than the meadow rill!
And who can say, when lov'd form is still,
In thee, that it were not e'en better so?
I pause in doubt beside his flower-mound hill,
And while the straying wild-bells bloom and blow,
I ask in sadness now: "O who of men may know?"

XXXVI.

That holy Book would answer with a "Yea,
'Tis better so!" But yet I mourn him lost,
Because I cannot see him since that Day
So isolated from the rest! The cost
To me is hidden as the brook that crost
The valley, and has mingled with the stream
That sweepeth to the ocean; for he wast
So interwoven with my life and dream,
That when he went away he with us still did seem.

XXXVII.

And yet if death were better, so we do not see,
Because we have not gone beyond the tomb,
Nor crossed with silent Boatman o'er the Sea,
That now divides our bard from flowers that bloom
Within his hallowed home or study-room,
Now by his children train'd how to grow;
For long ere him their Mother did assume
An angel's robe, and to the grave did go,
The amaranthine wreath an emblem of their woe.

XXXVIII.

He mourned for her as we for him, and vain;
For once the pale-faced steed is come, our tears
Are all we have; for o'er the silent main
The soul has gone, with days, and months, and years,
Into the vault that heedeth not our fears,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Our moistened eyes, for dead is kenless Death
 To every piteous plea, and never cheers,
 But silent alway, as a mermaid breath,
 And yet we understand the message that he saith.

XXXIX.

Oh do not say I mock when I would mourn;
 My grief is mine, and let me have my way;
 You may not miss him, but his life was torn
 From out the haunts I loved to roam; for they
 Were part and parcel of my joy, and day
 Was often crowded far before I found
 The god of Sleep, (soft mingling with his lay,)
 Was Captain brave on lately trespassed ground,
 And hid the flower in Night with beauties drowsing round.

XL.

Your grief was sudden; mine has come at last,
 And I shall mourn from out a lovely mind
 That he has made, for lavish he has cast
 His beauties at my feet. And was I blind
 To all the good he gave? Nay, gentle Wind!
 You wafted many a sweet to me from him,
 And to his training high I was resigned,
 Until a presence faint, and far, and dim,
 Stole o'er his threshold-stone with visage cold and grim.

XLI.

And then they said my bard was dead. I wept;
 The tears were on my face, and when they cried:
 "Why weep?" the welling tears were scarcely kept
 From off my cheek. "Why! many a bard has died!"
 And I? The great world never seemed so wide;
 And in the crowd I seemed the most alone;
 I seemed to hear the surging of the tide;
 I seemed to see a white, sepulchral stone;
 I seemed to mourn for him as he had been my own!

XLII.

And but for staring faces I had dreamed
 My grief was all unnoticed by the throng;
 And while the teardrops on my eyelids gleamed,
 They seemed to mock me. But I did no wrong;
 I mourned him for the sweetness of his song;
 For all the lovely diction of his verse,
 And down a pleasant stream was borne along,
 Till sudden did I see a darkened hearse,
 And he was still in death! O could they treat me worse?

XLIII.

A silent grief with teardrops in the eye,
Does sap the life, and slowly day by day,
Beneath the blue and over-arching sky,
Beneath the moon where lovers pipe their lay;
In any haunt, or shepherd's winding way,
In nook, or street, or city's busiest mart;
For grief will wound the gayest and the gay,
Will strike the deepest to the human heart,
When death has coldly winged his still unerring dart.

XLIV.

"And see his tears!" had met me here and there;
"'Twas but a man that died!" And so they said;
But unto me he was so pure and fair,
I mourned him like a bride that he was dead;
And yet our hands and hearts were never wed;
I knew him through the sweetness of his words;
For he had sung the sunset's dazzling red,
And he had sung the song of happy birds,
And woolly hillside flocks and meekly browsing herds.

XLV.

He was a something unto me my verse
Cannot express. A maiden o'er the rest
You fondly love. Willst in a song rehearse
Why she of all the world to you seems best?
And wast the way in which her form wast drest?
An arching foot, the roguery in her eye?
Yet she of all the wide, wide world has blest
Your life, and not the art to tell the why,
And yet when she is gone a word could make you cry.

XLVI.

And so with me, and all my voiceless grief;
I read the book of life, and page by page;
At last I turn, to me, the fatal leaf,
And then I cry. I do not storm and rage;
I mourn with all the graveness of the sage,
A mournful face, a sigh, a falling tear;
I do not seize my hair, and beat my cage;
For still I know that death has wandered here,
And made this unto me the fatal, fatal Year!

XLVII.

But not because I loved him, or his friends,
His brothers, or his children, but because

What knoweth death, where every beauty blends,
 Of broken homes? He comes by swerveless laws;
 And as I mournful write my hand may pause
 In rigid lifelessness. The day is mine
 At every risk. A silent hand withdraws;
 A rush of wings. A voice. It is divine,
 And then we hear it say: "I ask this life of thine!"

XLVIII.

And do we say: "I cannot go. My time
 Is all engaged. Please call upon the morrow?"
 But death will find you in the farthest clime,
 And unannounced will drape your home in sorrow;
 And all the solace that your friends can borrow,
 Is that you sleep at last, from toil and care,
 Have now forever gone. And comes no morrow
 That can disturb him while he sleepeth there,
 Though cyclones cross the earth with peoples in despair.

XLIX.

"Why mourn him now?" another one may say;
 "In storied Abbey rests his noble bust.
 He's half forgot. The crowd has turned away,
 And all your song is o'er a poet's dust!
 His shining pen has long since gathered rust;
 And other bards are clamoring for his place!
 'Twas cruel death that gave the fatal thrust;
 And since 'tis so, and gone his smiling face,
 Why now parade your grief with such exceeding grace?"

I..

O World! O People! what to think of thee,
 I hardly know! With wonder and amaze,
 I look, as you were something strange to me;
 And yet I love you in your wildered ways;
 I see your past, your years, the winged days,
 That went so heedless by; your griefs, your joys,
 Were by extremes. You had no gracious Mays,
 No holy Junes with laughing girls and boys,
 But many a windy March with gold and base alloys.

II.

To sit in quiet nook with book in hand,
 Amid the unheard songs of Nature, seems
 A tale that's told of some enchanted land,
 To thee. And yet the beauty of your dreams

In gracious night where many a starlight gleams,
Is kindred picture. Go with me alone
Where fays and fairies in their rustic teams,
Seem reining here and there, and you shall own
A thousand untold joys to careless lives unknown.

LII.

And when the sweetest singer of them all
Shall lay his pen aside forever, you
Can mourn with me; for then the poet's pall
Will have a glory 'neath the starry blue;
For every poet loving Nature true,
Will sing her beauty in his flowery rhyme,
And then the leaves, the sparkling dew,
Will teach you of the dear remembered time,
When white death wandered there and holy bells did chime.

LIII.

But why complain? Our dearest friend will go,
And leave us to our grief. We shed the tear;
The eye is dry. The flower will bloom and blow
Above his grave. We saw him on the bier;
But now we find another friend as dear;
Since half forgot, we careless turn away;
For memory fadeth with the fading year,
And weeds are on his grave, and mosses gray;
For, dear and holy dead, grief cannot last away!

LIV.

And yet it suits me thus to sing. My song
Is to a calmer grief, and more of thought
Than weeping eye; for tho' they did no wrong,
I feel the holy presence of the spot
Where once he sweetly sang, but now is not;
I may not tell you why; but do you think
Of no dear past, in memory half forgot,
That now will hold you by the slightest link,
A time as sweet, mayhap, as some dear rose or pink?

LV.

Your locks are gray. You bend with heavy years;
A twig, a flower, a word, a gadding vine,
And all your past in memory reappears;
'Tis distance makes the picture half divine,
And half unconscious will the memory twine
About your shaken form. You know not why;
You seem a sailor on some castled Rhine;

You seem away from self, beneath a sky
That such the beauty round, you willing there would die.

LVI.

There's strangeness in the sun, and strangeness, too,
In every field. The more you think, the more
You get profound. In earth, the starry blue,
In weed, in tree, in sand upon the shore,
You find the marks of—what? Ah! o'er and o'er,
You ask, and cannot tell. Nay, who has told?
The sage? the magi? Dumb forevermore?
O mystic Earth! art old, and very old!
And yet thy tale by man, is yet, is yet untold!

LVII.

How strange it seems! I sometimes feel afraid
Of thought; for when I think, my hands are chill;
My breath is faint. A digger with a spade
Is scooping out my grave! The night is still;
I seem to hear the babbling of a rill;
The starry heavens spread above my grave;
I enter there! Yet will this madman fill
The cell? Ah, yes! The willows o'er me wave;
I tear my clotted locks! 'Mid worms and weeds I rave!

LVIII.

And yet we all must enter there! 'Tis stange,
Yet so it is. But shall I perish here?
Ah! many a grave beside the rural grange!
Thy friend will drop the sympathetic tear;
But that is all; and varying year on year,
You there will lie alone. Nor shall the day
Be day to thee, the night with mellow cheer;
And men shall make a path across your way,
Your children's children, too, unconscious there will play.

LIX.

And yet, is this the last? To native dust
Shall I return, and that is all? I start;
I feel the vault; there is the smell of must!
O where the solace for the loving heart!
And where, O Consolation! when they part,
Shall kindred find thee? If the grave is all,
Why still this horror of the wingèd dart?
We drink the wine-dregs, and the bitter gall,
And yet we cling to life, a flower too soon to fall!

LX.

And yet they laid my Poet there ; and stars
Look down alone, aye watchful of his rest.
Across the fields we hear the rushing cars ;
The sun has shone ; in beauty there has drest
The flowery scene ; and now across the west,
Is wheeling like a fiery shield ; and yet
They do not tell me if my bard is blest,
Or that some kindred spirit he has met,
Who like himself has paid to death so dear a debt.

LXI.

They do not tell me if his gracious soul
Has gone to Heaven ; if Heaven there be. The doubt
Has crossed the page. The waters seem to roll ;
A wide and angry sea. The lamps are out ;
A bell ; there seems a never-ending route ;
Is Heaven at the end ? O Wordsworths write !
O Carlyles ! Dantes ! Bards of Avon ! Shout
The hoarse waves. Far across a fathomless night ;
And yet a glimmer there of a Throne of spotless white !

LXII.

Ah, who may say ? Write back, O lovely Bard !
And with thy language born of heaven say :
"O ye of earth, the lowly and the starred,
Shall find a heaven lovelier than the day !"
But comes no voice. 'Tis still'd aye and aye ;
For from the tomb no man may make reply.
We turn the leaf, and flowers are dead in May ;
And yet that he of all the rest should die !—
I know my tears are vain ; is't wrong that I should cry ?

LXIII.

Forgive me if I mourn above his worth ;
Yet mine is not a wild and sudden grief ;
He dropped his pen and children hushed their mirth ;
I saw their tear-stains on the bordered leaf ;
For death had come upon them like a thief,
And fell their tears like rain. While I alone,
Saw all his life-deeds gathered in a sheaf ;
A grand career, and at the end a stone,
Beside his new-made grave that it should still be known.

LXIV.

But weeks and months had rounded out the years,
Ere all his worth was known to me ; so now

I drop for him my unaffected tears,
 And like a friend beside his tomb-stone bow;
 And should you ask, I could not tell you how
 I find him loved at last. You love the maid,
 And all the world has not her like. You vow
 Your vows. You know not why your heart has strayed;
 So death and time to me have holier sweetness made.

LXV.

A sweetness that is sweeter in its tears,
 For death and lowly worth are side by side;
 They lend a beauty to the perished years;
 For, ah! until our dearest friend has died,
 We know not he in all the world beside
 Was greater with the greatness of his love,
 And for his like the world is not so wide
 To hold his equal. So the stars above
 Have sadly mourned his death. We see a winged dove.

LXVI.

A thousand things have touched us now. And birds
 Of holiest wing seem sweetly hovering round.
 We seem to hear the beauty of his words;
 The soulless earth is now enchanted ground
 Where once he walked. A thousand things abound
 With myriad claims. We love them now! But then
 We knew them not; for while his voice did sound,
 The sky, the cloud, the bird from mossy glen,
 No more the thought had held than march of armed men.

LXVII.

For once they passed their presence was forgot.
 Our greatest wish shall still prevail. We bow
 Unconscious to our fate. We see a blot,
 And tho' to blame, we still are wondering how
 It came about. The dust from some old mow
 Has filled our eyes.—I get confused. My thought
 Has led me wild. 'This prestige I allow,
 Till from a mouldy dungeon I have brought
 A medley of ideas to motley shapes enwrought.

LXVIII.

But yet the tangled threads I gather up;
 For e'en confusion has a charm. I joy
 At times, in myriad scenes. The sparkling cup
 O'erbrims. Above the emerald waves "ahoy!"
 In sailor's twang is heard. I am a boy

With all a boy's imagination. I
Fling out the reins to thought. The painted buoy
Is dancing as my mind. The bended sky,
With many a sailing cloud, is speechless there on high.

LXIX.

And yet it seems as wild as I. The mind
Has made it so; and yet it is a dream
Of imagery. What castle do we find
Upon the banks of some historic stream,
When wildered fancy roams unchid! The gleam
Of bannered turrets flashes on the eye,
The swashing wave. How natural all does seem;
A reaching wood, and over all the sky
Where many a cloudy ship in majesty passes by.

LXX.

And yet wherever fancy roams there starts
The sweet suggestion of his presence. He
Had made himself the guest of many hearts,
In many a foreign clime beyond the sea,
And there in homes of rarest heavenly beauty,
A welcome bard he sang his lay. The pure
He made more pure. His lavish love was free,
And with it did he inoffensive lure
To bright eternal skies. For him they would endure.

LXXI.

And so he led them on; and when he died,
They felt his loss. They mourned it. And the tears
Were on their lashes. Near him side by side,
In thought they stood; for golden were the years
To them because of him. They had no fears
That he should go; but how to spare a friend
They loved so well; and yet no hand appears,
To offer high rebuke. Their prayers blend,
And by a slab they pause that tells them of the end!

LXXII.

O Death! why art so reckless in thy choice?
Why take the purest life of all? His door
Was ope to every one; but with no voice
You passed through! The clouds began to lower,
And then the news of death, from shore to shore,
A sad unlovely tale, went winged far,
Till maid and peasant told it o'er and o'er,
Till from the heavens fell the falling star,
Till thro' the mourning street slow passed his funeral car.

LXXIII.

But he is dead! From out a happy land
 His spirit went; and there in holier clime
 He dwells at last, if so we understand
 The teaching of divinest Word. The chime
 Of happy bells was broken; bordered rhyme
 In plaintive numbers rang. A chorister led
 A mourning choir, and rose with wounded time
 The voice of grief. The parting tear was shed,
 And sorrow filled the heart that lovèd bard was dead!

LXXIV.

And such a life! E'en faultless as his verse
 In briefest song. A thousand we could spare
 For one so sweet. And yet I need rehearse
 They still remain to us; but he is—where?
 A spirit hovering in the voiceless air?
 Or mouldering in the sodden ground alone,
 Where tangled weeds and flowers grow, and Care
 Has been dethroned? for once the life is flown,
 Our one remaining act is sculptured on his stone.

LXXV.

The wreathèd stone that tells the last sad rite
 Is o'er of earthly love. The rest is doubt
 Or faith that reaches thro' the kenless night
 Spanning between the tomb and ended route,
 Where human eyes with chastened Hope reach out,
 Till ship at sea, no land in sight, they fall
 At last, and earth with naked limbs that flout
 In Autumn's blast, becomes an herbless ball,
 And thou, mysterious Night, the canopy over all.

LXXVI.

But lovely Hope! I own thee to the last,
 Though wise men tell me thou art vain; for I
 Exalt thee o'er the Doubt that sweepeth past,
 And says there is no God. And though I cry,
 I still have faith that tho' my poet die,
 His soul has gone to Heaven. And 'twere not so,
 Yet still I'd soar the great mysterious sky,
 With largest hope, though I may never know
 What lies beyond the grave, where every route may go.

LXXVII.

And yet a something in the human heart
 Has told us all is well. For He is good

Beyond compare; since even when the dart
Of death has pierced the bridegroom where he stood,
We know the maid that he so fondly wooed,
Will find a solace for her bitter tears;
For reason comes, and better so it should,
To sweeten yet the ever-varying years,
And give her ripest fruit with Autumn's golden ears.

LXXVIII.

At first she could not think it for the best,
But higher law instinctively prevails;
And when with sweetest flowerets she has drest
His cold white form, amid her tears, her wails,
A something seems to come from quiet vales,
And "all is for the best!" And so the bride
New made in twilight hour, with freshest gales
Upon her breast, finds solace tho' he died,
For e'en in greatest grief sweet Hope is at our side.

LXXIX.

And so the friends of our dear Cambridge bard;
They could not spare him; still when he was gone,
They felt an angel choir had crowned and starred,
'That this was but a brighter, lovelier dawn,
And that the robes celestial were put on
By more than earthly hands, and now at rest,
The cares might cross the flower-beds on his lawn,
And he amid the kingdom of the blest
Be free from gnawing care that lately had opprest.

LXXX.

So even death may be "our dearest friend;"
And could we know the splendors yet to be,
When all the nations of the earth shall blend
Before that higher Court beyond the Sea,
That now divides the world from Heaven, beauty
Would crown the flowery mound we call the grave,
And all the fields of earth would soon be free
'To run to weeds; for Man no longer Slave
To earth's more horrid doubt at death would never rave.

LXXXI.

But life is sweet. We love and cannot prove;
We long to choose the best; the eye our guide,
For faith is in the thing we like or love,
And to the skies in grandeur spanning wide,
We strain the natural eye. And when he died,

'Twas faith that saw. So little do we know,
 We join what seems to us the surer side,
 And rather stay than as a traveller go
 To what we cannot prove. And was it ever so?

LXXXII.

Ah, yes! The human mind will seek for rest.
 A wedless maid is ne'er at ease, but lead
 Her to the altar and her life is blest,
 Contentment on her face the world may read;
 But with the mind atilt on faith, we need
 A patient heart. But once we reach the goal,
 A load is lifted from our lives, and freed
 From every burden joy steals to the soul,
 And all our golden years seem rounded to a whole.

LXXXIII.

For after all, the mind gives most of joy,
 Gives all our joy. So he who'd win in life
 The sweetest part, the freedom of the boy
 Must have; no irritation at the strife
 Of men. But where the simplest things are rife,
 There must he go; for moderation sweet
 Will lend a rare content, the reed or fife,
 The hautboy, or some instrument rare, a treat
 He has not dreamed before in Nature's rustic seat.

LXXXIV.

For Nature in her simple rustic guise,
 Will lend enchantment to a life unknown;
 For here with rarest treat and sweet surprise,
 The heart may find a pleasure of its own,
 Amid the birds, the deeper undertone
 Of streams below the mountains, crashing trees,
 And toppling giants of the hill, the moan
 Among the woods, monotony of the breeze,
 And Nature's thousand things that such a mind may please.

LXXXV.

And here amid the grand old woods your thought
 May loving turn to him who sang their songs
 In forest Hymn, for he is unforgot;
 And part of old Columbia's love belongs
 To him, for Justice never poet wrongs,
 Tho' he may sing a different strain; for all,
 I hold, have bound us with the golden thongs
 Of love, and by a shred however small,
 Yet still it holds the heart, tho' death has spread his pall.

LXXXVI.

In spite of critics truest songs will live,
Though Art has never writ Evangelines;
Yet all the world will love them, for they give
A sweet delight. The epicure that dines
On dainty food, and rare Canary wines,
Will learn at last the sweetest things can cloy,
For things are dearest sought in deepest mines,
That Plenty taketh more than half the joy,
That still we love the maid with manners shy and coy.

LXXXVII.

Yet Art I love, but not for Art's sake. I
Prefer a weed among the flowers. To see
A world of sweets!—Variety's in the sky!
If only blue, satiety there would be
To every kind. Our Cowper loved the lea,
But rarest variation in the scene
Was his delight. For Art's monotony,
As all our Wildes have shown. But hollies green
Are on the brow of him of Poesy's rustic Queen.

LXXXVIII.

In hands of few, a Keats, a Shelley, and
Our Tennyson sweet, Art has won the world,
And led them more than captive by the hand;
For in their songs the brooks have sweeter purled,
The stars upon their banners shine unfurled
With more of beauty. Art in lesser hands
Is only Art. The Autumn leaves are whirled,
And Desolation sweeps across the lands,
Yet only Genius sees. Art never understands.

LXXXIX.

But what avails? Each man shall have his taste.
And who's the judge to say him nay? Not I.
I love the lines of Maud, they seem so chaste,
And Enoch, Hanging of the Crane. The sky
Has myriad splendors. Clouds are moving by;
I find a beauty in them all. So they,
The bards, have won me, and I know not why;
But rarest beauties all along the way,
Have half unconscious won. I love them while they stay.

XC.

And when they've gone; for each has left a line
That has a beauty of its own. A snatch

Of song, of verse that seemeth half divine ;
 And when I lay a hand upon the latch
 Of him who sang and died, I seem to catch
 The inspiration that he still is there ;
 And yet I know him dead with none to match
 The beauty of his song. And on the stair
 I seem to see him come with still unfaded hair.

XCI.

And yet, O Death ! I know you crossed his walk,
 An uninvited guest ; but still I doubt ;
 And with his friends I seem to hear him talk
 In his old kindly way ; and yet are out
 His study-lamps. And naked treetops flout
 Against his windows. Darkness in his room,
 And darkness in his home, along the route
 Where he had walked alone, amid the bloom,
 Ere thou, O tearless Death ! had placed him in the tomb !

XCII.

But now ! What can I say ? O empty House !
 O flower-beds all in vain ! O lovely nooks
 When he was there !—That sound !—The stealing mouse ?—
 Nay ! nay ! a form with empty hands and looks !—
 A sadness in the babbling of the brooks !
 A voice is crying through the solemn nights ;
 We seem to hear the cawing of the rooks ;
 His pen has stopped ! a flashing of the lights ;
 And then a sweep of wings, and Death has crossed the heights !

XCIII.

And then, O World ! the sad tale went : “The trees
 Of Spring were budding to the leaf. The land
 Was clothed with green ; in nook and dell all beauties
 Greeted the eye ; and sweetly hand in hand,
 The Paphian boys of Spring, (while breezes fanned,)
 Tripped softly here and there and everywhere ;
 And rosy Loves on many a flowery stand,
 Made little speeches to the ‘faultless fair,’
 And laughing maids were crowned amid the gladdening air.

XCIV.

“The world seemed never sweeter ; all around
 The land was gay ; and life was on the wind,
 With rarest beauties scattered o’er the ground,
 Till Pleasure ruled the heart, the head, the mind,
 And rarest joys went rampant, unconfined,

With not a hint of slow approaching woe,
 With not a hint the teardrops soon would blind,
 With not a hint the summer flowers would blow
 Upon a new-made grave of him we lovèd so!

XCv.

“But wanèd March, and like a bloodless thief,
 A whited form shot thro’ the night; and when
 We lookèd, *Death!* was writ upon the leaf!
 And stillèd was the hand that held the pen!
 We seemed to hear the chirping of a wren;
 A sudden sadness seemed to cross the land;
 And came a strangeness o’er the hearts of men;
 A little child could lead them by the hand,
 For true unfeignèd grief the people had unmanned.

XCvi.

“And then the great House he had made so grand,
 Took on the weeds of woe. Upon the bell
 A dark crape hung. They could not understand,
 The children he had loved when all was well;
 And when the news came he was dead, with knell
 Of some sad bell, they could not realize
 What had their dear and lovèd bard befell;
 But some one told them that in Paradise
 He now had gone to dwell with th’ true ones and the wise.

XCvii.

“And last, they saw the sadly winding train
 Go slowly down the streets. The solemn hearse
 They saw it move. ‘As mist resembles rain’
 His death resembled sleep. O what was worse
 Than that the lovely singer of their verse
 Should move so slowly to the silent tomb,
 And thou, O Mother Nature! as the nurse,
 High falling from thy office see the bloom
 Of Auburn’s saddest flowers with all the land in gloom!

XCviii.

“How sad, O March! to hold so dear a form
 In verge of Spring, the wild vines clambering there
 In wanton ‘ray, as if to breast the storm
 Of thee, O March! and guard the precincts where
 They laid him!—Such is life. The bravest dare
 ‘The coming bulk of Death;’ but at the last
 The stoutest heart will bow; the sweet, the fair,
 The high, the low; and treetops in the blast,
 Will breathe a solemn dirge while friends their flowerets cast.

XCIX.

"Yet death is commonplace; thro' all the land
He marches bold; but when he plucks the rose,
We sometimes pause and cannot understand;
We sometimes pause and wonder at our woes;
We see a life that came to sudden close;
We look in vain for reason in the change;
We cannot rank this death among our foes;
And yet this mystic power that does estrange,
We cry against, against; we cry against the change!"

C.

But faretheewell, my sweet immortal Bard!
And faretheewell, and faretheewell! my love
Is all I have; but Heaven and Earth have starred;
And I can hope thee crowned in realms above!
I know thou wast as gentle as the dove;
And who of earth could wish thee more than I?
Thou hast of heaven and earth the rarest love,
And sad was all the world when thou didst die,
Though every loving heart felt thou wert crowned on high!





WHAT SAY THE WAVES?

Wafting their treasures from over the seas,
 Kissed by the sunlight and fanned by the breeze,
 Sparkling in beauty and laughing with glee,
 Dancing with mischief, capricious and free,
 What is the message the merry waves bear
 Unto the child in its innocent care,
 Building mock castles of sand in its play—
 Laughing to see the tide sweep them away?

Waiting the answer of weal or of woe,
 List to the waves in their murmuring low:
 "Hope without fear
 Brings but a tear;
 Loss is a portion that childhood must bear,
 Learning the lesson of patience and care,
 Till the o'er-tried are forever at rest
 In the sweet Home on the shore of the blast."

Speeding their legions from many a zone,
 Spurned by the tempest with thunder and moan,
 Voicing an anguish they never may know,
 What do the sullen waves whisper of woe?

What do they say to the sorrowing one
 Mourning the absence of husband or son—
 Loved ones they never again may restore
 To the arms outstretched and heart that is sore?



Waiting the answer of weal or of woe,
 List to the waves in their muttering low :
 "Youth is a tear ;
 Manhood's a fear ,
 Grief is a burden humanity bears,
 Less'ning the woe or escaping the cares,
 Only when hearts are forever at rest
 In the sweet Home on the shore of the blest."

Under the glow of the westering sun,
 What do they say to the wearisome one,
 In whose locks glisten the silver of years ;
 Who thro' the gloom of his desolate tears
 Sees in each ripple a vanishing tie,
 Hears in each throb of the breakers a sigh,
 Knowing that never again will he roam
 Over the billows light crested with foam?



Waiting the answer of weal or of woe,
 List to the waves in their whispering low:

 "Born of a tear,
 Living in fear,

Man may escape from his worry and toil,
 And the dark billows no longer turmoil,
 Only when hearts are forever at rest
 In the sweet Home on the shore of the blest."

—George Waldo Browne.

LIFE-THOUGHTS.*

They say: "We've babbled, babbled many a day,
 Ere Man was known, and Chaos reigned supreme;
 We saw our waters parted from the land,
 And light from darkness years and years ago;
 The great destruction of the reptile world,
 The horrid monsters wallowing in our depths;
 The sweep of great Omnipotence, at last,
 Across our waters, and the darkened earth;

*Suggested by the dainty poem "What Say the Waves?" by my friend and publisher, G. Waldo Browne.

And then the coming of the being, Man,
In all his glory, clothed with beauty rare,
And radiant features of a god, a picture,
Of the great God of gods who reigneth in
The skies, and sways the myriad worlds with power
Omnipotent through all eternity great;
The sweep of Time, the rising Sun, the Moon
That shed her glory on the midnight world;
The twinkling stars, the beauty of the dappled
Skies, Man then roaming lord of all created
Things, till, to-day, we see him near the Nile,
And hear of Pyramids that reach the skies;
The birth of worlds, the wonders of the storm;
The majesty and the glory of the Father
Of all created lands and peoples; then
The myriad hosts that line the borders of
The world, till trackless forests bloom with flowers,
And builded cities raise their thousand turrets
Against the far unclouded skies. Then Time
Sweeps on, and those that rose from Eden, fall,
And all their seed, then came the floods, an Ark
The one remaining haven of the land,
'Till all our waters fell, and land on Ararat's
Unwatery Mount gave tidings of the end
That was to be. And then the valleys bloomed
With rose, and twining vine made beauty there,
And all the land was dry. Man multiplied
Upon the earth, till Sin, bold fronted, came,
And then the reign of Woe that brought our God
From out the thronèd Heavens to herald Peace,
Good will to man, and all his kin, till late
We saw a better world, and heaven on earth
To those that will, with Plenty smiling in
The land, and preachèd Word in Egypt's vales,
And old Australia's Pagan shrines, upon
Our waters, and along the shores of Night,
The offspring of benighted minds, till Time
Has shot his arrows through intensest glooms
Of Ignorance and Doubt, and thousand things
That once perplexed the human mind, and chained
The world to golden gods of worship, now
Thrown prostrate with the earth. And thus our waves
Have seen and said in never-ending tale,
For Time is endless, and so long as time,
These things will be, will come and go, and leave
No trace behind save that of Truth, and things,
And deeds, and works, akin of Him who reigns
Above the myriad worlds in all His glory!"

CAROLINE.

"So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple."—Lord Tennyson.

From the city he had come ;
"Yellow-banded bees that hum
Softly 'mid the summer flowers,
Do you love this world of ours?
Love the quiet country nooks,
Where are springs and babbling brooks?
Where from morn to even's prime,
Sweetest joy-bells softly chime.

"I am lonely even here,
Tho' the land be full of cheer,
And the birds and flowerets fair,
Have a soft angelic air ;
For a name has come to me,
Like a music o'er the sea,
And it soundeth half divine
In the name of Caroline."

And he rambled o'er the wold,
Where the flowerets red and gold,
Bowed their heads with sparkling dew.
Nodding back as he went thro' ;
And the grasses dewy green,
Waved amid the flowery scene ;
Yet above them, half divine,
Fell the name of Caroline.

"What is love?" and o'er the wall,
Where the flowerets sweet and small,
With the weeds were tangled up,
Side by side the dews did sup,
Clambered then the city youth,
Clambered careless of the ruth
Of the god beneath the pine
Softly singing Caroline.

Covered o'er with clinging moss,
Where the zephyrs sweet did toss

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Many a floweret blooming lone,
Ran the wall with tumbled stone;
While the farmhouse there anear
In its vines did soft appear,
Till the weed and tangled vine
Breathed the name of Caroline.

Then the farmhouse with its flowers,
Seemed from other worlds than ours;
And he sat upon the wall,
Thinking, thinking of a small
Little foot he once had seen
Near a home embowered green,
Where had lived the maid divine
With the name of Caroline.

He was hunting with the lark;
Early morn had flung her dark
'Gainst the lovely western skies;
From the east the mellow dyes
Painted beauties on the wold;
While a scene of gaudy gold,
Lay so sweet beneath his eyne
Birds seemed singing Caroline.

"Hunting in the early morn,
By a huntsman half forlorn,
Ere the lark has flung the dew
Off his wing beneath the blue,
May be sport for country swains;
But to me a voice complains
Far from cave or hidden mine,
In the name of Caroline!"

And the sun climb up the hill,
Sparkled down the mountain rill,
Pierced the forest waving green,
Lent a beauty to the scene,
Painted pictures by the brook,
Nature's panoramic book,
Where he read the magic line;
"All the world is Caroline!"

"Why a certain maid to me
Has more beauty than the lea,
With its flowers pied and blue,
Drinking in the morning dew,

With its verdure rich and rare,
Flinging beauty everywhere,
Passes all the art of mine, |
When I think of Caroline."

And a ditty seemed to frame
'Round the beauty of her name,
'Till a song both sad and sweet,
All the birds did there repeat,
All the streams, and all the rills,
Echoing o'er the sunlit hills,
'Till the air and earth divine
Breathed the name of Caroline.

SONG.

As a harebell in the breeze,
With a language half divine,
Poets sing the lovely name
Of the lovelier Caroline.

She is sweet, and she is fair,
She's a jewel from the mine,
And the flowerets in her hair
In their beauty there may shine.

From the city came a youth,
Singing soft of auld lang syne,
And his heart went pit-a-pat,
When he saw our Caroline.

Flew the days and darling years,
Sang the waters sweetly by;
Who could blame the maiden fair
For the lover's sob and sigh !

Since of earth she was a flower
In her own dear native dale;
Blooming like an artless rose
Down beside the sobbing vale.

Naught of art had made her fair,
Nature made her as she was;
Sweeter than the highest art,
Never solved by lovers' laws.

And he saw her by her home,
Hidden in its dusty vines;

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And the air was full of songs,
And the lovely Carolines.

Now we see him hunting there
For the wild and fatted game;
While the hills and meadows round
Seemed to echo but her name.

Till he said: "I will propose,
And the priest will come divine;
And the heart I'll claim for aye
Of the faultless Caroline!"

And the maid a floweret fair,
With the lilies in her hand,
Was to him a sweet Queen Mab,
Loveliest lady in the land.

To his "will you?" said she "yes!"
To his questions said she "aye;"
Till you hear the merry bells
Tinkling out their wedding day!

And the tale went round about
"He was luckiest out of nine,
Who with pretty words and wiles
Won the lovely Caroline!"

OUR MABEL.

Little Mabel, did you know her,
Did you know her in her bloom,
Ere the whited steed of Heaven
Laid her gently in the tomb?

She had passed her sixteen summers
Like a lily of the vale,
Till we saw her still and silent
In her beauty sweet and pale.

For a shadow came unbidden,
And when softly fell the night
Did we see our lovely Mabel
Like a lily cold and white!

And the night was long and dreary
 With our darling cold in death,
 With no quiver in the eyelid,
 And no movement of the breath.

And so still! and oh so silent!
 Oh so cold and marble white,
 Like a lovely wingless angel
 In her robes celestial bright!

And her hair so soft and lovely,
 Gently veiled her marble brow,
 Lending more than earthly beauty,
 More than earthly beauty now!

Once she seemed like other maidens,
 With her pretty girlish ways;
 But in death it seemed that Heaven
 Had encrowned with starry rays!

Soon the cars were speeding onward,
 For in pretty Somerville
 Slept her little sister Annie
 In the graveyard white and still!

In the saintly rosewood coffin
 Was our little Mabel laid,
 And with lilies of the valley
 Was her lovely form arrayed!

And a pillow made of flowers,
 White as winter's driven snow,
 Seemed to bloom with holy beauty
 Tho' the teardrops there did flow.

And the pretty name of *Mabel*
 Out of violets blue was made,
 And a sickle formed of roses
 On the coffin there was laid.

And the saintly calla lilies
 Vied with many a lovely rose,
 While the softly trailing smilax
 Twined in little knots and bows.

Flowers cut, and sweet tube roses,
 Bouquets fresh and lilies rare,
 Lent their white and saintly beauty
 To her beauty faultless fair.

But at last the farewell teardrop
On the holy features fell,
And amid the lowly sobbings
Fell the parents' last farewell!

Then amid the glistening snow-fields
Was the funeral cortege staid,
Till within the whited churchyard
Pretty Mabel there was laid.

And with little sister Annie
In the graveyard there she lies,
With the glistening snows around her,
'Neath the cold and pallid skies.

THIS WORLD IS BUT A DREAM.

This world is but a dream; we come and go,
And in the churchyard lies a broken stone
That tells with faded letter all we were,
A nothing in the world of things; and yet
We strutted from the cradle to the grave
As all the earth were ours, and we alone
The captain of a wondrous host; but dead,
Our name is soon forgot, and thro' our dust
The trampling school-boy goes, the clown, or king,
And not a shred to tell them once we were;
Oh foolish dream! The drama is a farce,
And puppets of a freakish will we act
The part of clowns, and call it great,
And when we die we think the world will bow
Beside our new-made grave! And yet we look
From first to last, and tho' a god of wisdom,
The world has never missed us, scarce a tear
Has dropped; a thousand more, it seems, fill up
Our place. The sun does rise and set, and Business
Goes bustling thro' the streets as yore. Take heed,
You come unasked, and soon inherit traits
The world has known these thousand years. The path
Is worn by myriad feet; and still you think:
"'Tis I! and ever such a man before?"
And proud of what is gray with years you strut
As tho' the first of human kind. And worlds

Have bowed? No, no! 'tis siren Fancy, she
Has made you so. But move within your dream;
The mother that has rocked your cradle, she
Has made you god of all the world; but time
Will soon forget you both. The laureled warrior
Has wiped his sword, and time forgets his deeds.
Pause. Life is power. Glittering crowns are mockers
Upon the head of fools, or on the corpse
Of kings. But he that lives in death is great,
And Immortality shineth white upon
His brow! So live not that the world may stare,
But so that death may never kill; for such
Have been, and may be still. Let Heaven stare
And not the world; and when the hour is near
To lay your gray hairs in the tomb, feel death
Is but the door to life that never dies!

SUSIE MAY.

Once did little Susie Nichols
Bloom in beauty, bloom in love,
In a home made joyous, happy,
By her presence, little dove;
She was pretty, she was handsome,
With her lovely auburn curls,
Rosy cheeks and lily features,
"The very pattern girl of girls!"

Always sweet, and always smiling,
Full of fun, and lively, gay,
Three years old, a little woman,
Every pretty maid would say;
All in love with flowers and pictures,
Liking nature gaily dressed,
Ever good and sweet to mother,
All the household sweetly blest.

But the spring was hardly blooming
When her beauties 'gan to stray,
And the roses for the lilies
Left the cheeks of Susie May;

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And a-like a tender flower
In the chilly autumn dew,
Life was fading, life was fading,
From her pretty eyes of blue!

And she took the hand of mother
As upon the bed she lay,
Saying: "Kiss me, kiss me, mamma,
Kiss the lips of Susie May!"
And that mother full of sorrow,
And a nameless, nameless dread,
Kissed the lily cheeks of Susie
As her darling then were dead.

"For I love you, mother, mother!"
And she took her mother's hand,
"So my mother lie beside me,
Lie beside me!" And the Land
Where the wingless angels wander
Seemed outstarting from the scene,
While the stricken, stricken mother,
O'er the deathbed soft did lean.

Then the shadows deepened, deepened,
Till a Presence came at last,
And a spotless wreath of beauty
On her little brow was cast;
Then the tears, and then the wailing,
Then the sobs and bitter grief,
For the hand of Death had written
SUSIE on a bordered leaf!

Then we saw her sweetly sleeping
In her casket white as snow,
With the calla lilies o'er her,
As to hide her mother's woe;
While upon the little casket
Was a wreath of roses rare,
Vying with the placid beauty
Now so pallid, white and fair.

And a bouquet, too, of flowers,
There was resting on the lid,
Whitest roses, whitest lilies,
With a whiter Flower amid;

But to-day she's softly sleeping
'Neath a little grassy mound,
Where the wildbirds sing their carols,
And the wildflowers deck the ground.

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheeks like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels at once gave me a kiss.

Where did you get that pretty ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you pretty things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

How did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here!

—George Mac Donald.

UP IN HEAVEN.

Where have you gone to, baby dear?
Up in heaven where they shed no tear.

What have you done with your eyes of blue?
Up in heaven they're looking at you.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

That pretty forehead so smooth and high?
The Angels will tell you by and bye.

The cheeks that seemed like a warm white rose?
Gone to the land where the pure baby goes.

And that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Up in the skies where the starlights kiss.

What have you done with that pretty ear?
Up in the blue it is bending to hear.

And those dimpled arms and chubby hands?
Waiting to lead you to holier lands.

Those rosy feet, such pretty things?
They fly thro' the air on cherub wings.

But God has taken them all from you?
I'm an angel baby across the blue.

But why did you leave us, you little dear?
God wanted a baby, and so I am here!

YOU ARE ALL IN ALL TO ME.

You are all in all to me,
And my heart is light and free,
When I know that you love me,—
My mother.

When the stars are in the sky,
And the great round moon on high,
Do I ever find you nigh,—
My mother.

I remember long ago,
When a child I did not know
All thy value here below,—
My mother.

When you watched with me at night,
And the teardrops dimmed your sight,
Falling on my face so white,—
My mother.

While the fever raged and burned,
And your eyes that fondly yearned,
Up to heaven in prayer were turned,—
My mother.

Then how thankful when it past
And restored to health at last,
Both your arms were round me fast,—
My mother.

Ah! but now I know your worth,—
Thou the one dear one of earth,
Where of love there is no dearth,—
My mother.

And when sickness comes to thee,
By thy bedside would I be;
Thou art all in all to me,—
My mother.

And, my mother! did I stay
Ever with you night and day,
I could not thy love repay,—
My mother.

Thou art patient and so kind,
E'er so loving and resigned,
Ever leading up my mind,—
My mother.

All in all you are to me;
All in all you e'er may be;
And I'm proud to say to thee,—
My mother.

What more holy and divine
Than to call you mother mine,
And to say with loving sign,—
"My mother?"

Bless you! bless you! May you be
Ever precious till the Sea
Rolls between us, you and me,—
My mother.

Then so precious, even more,
Till I reach the pearly Shore,
And shall say at Heaven's Door,—
"My mother!"

AMONG MY BOOKS.

You ask me, dear, what perfect thing
I find in all my wandering
These ancient Sanskrit scrolls amid,
Where India's deepest heart is hid.
Nothing, I answer, half so wise
As one glance from your gentle eyes!
Nothing so tender or so true
As one word interchanged with you!
Because two souls conjoined can see
More than the best philosophy.
Yet, wise and true and tender lore
Waits him who will those leaves explore,
Which, plucked from palm or plantain tree,
Display, in Devanagari,
The grand, sonorous, long linked lines,
Where through that 'Light of Asia' shines!

— *Edwin Arnold.*

The little clock is ticking; soft
Its silver notes have gone aloft,
And all alone I sit and think,
The little fancies, link on link,
Are caught as flitting butterflies,
Beneath the warm sweet summer skies;
And roguish Fancy, left at will,
Now laughs at system, like a rill,
Soft wanders here and there, till Queen,
The mind is led thro' pastures green,
By shady nooks, and babbling brooks,
With coyness in her pretty looks,
A bride to win unwilling hearts
With shy and unaffected arts,
And lead the savage captive bound,
With daintiest garlands twined around.
The winter with his crystal snows,
Has fled the fields; a warm wind blows,
And evening shadows gather; lights
Are seen across the gloom. The nights
Are precious treats to me. My books
Resting as soft in quiet nooks

As things of life they were, with thought
 By time to finest culture wrought,
 Till each a gem I wonder how
 They come to charm me so. I bow
 Beside their sweet uncurtained shrine;
 Though few are mine, forever mine!
 Yet scarce a hundred books, I know,
 But spanning o'er me like a bow,
 With myriad beauties soft enwrought
 Till in their meshes I am caught
 A-like a Luna queen that time
 Has placed in some old classic rhyme.
 But pardon, reader, you may love
 The green grand fields, the skies above,
 The myriad stars that gem the blue,
 As if they shone alone for you;
 And yet my books are more than these,
 In laureled bindings they can please,
 And joy my every mood. Of old
 The poet wandering on the wold
 Beneath the warm sweet skies could tell:
 "I love my books, and love them well;
 And all the beauty of the spring,
 The native birds that know to sing,
 The babbling streamlets' rustic song,
 As thro' the dells they pipe along,
 Are less to me, yet but for them
 Where were my poet's rarest gem
 To make these very books!" The land,
 (And let me lead you by the hand,)
 That flows with honey of the bee,
 With hoarded wealth from o'er the sea,
 And California's golden grains,
 The garnered wealth of harvest rains,
 Are less to me than my beautiful books
 Now resting in their hallowed nooks!—
 With many a picture rich and rare,
 My poet Rogers shineth there;
 His songs were simple; yet to me
 Pleasures of Memory, light and free,
 Has taught me many a quiet taste,
 That seemed for earth too pure and chaste;
 For Keats, you know, found coarseness here;
 To Hunt the skies were sapphire clear;
 To Byron ruined splendors shone,
 While all outdoors my Burns would own.
 Campbell, so sad and softly sweet,
 Showeth the binder's magic feat,

In bevelled covers gilt and blue,
With twining vines soft running thro';
Pleasures of Hope they come to me
Like lowly benison o'er the sea;
While Gertrude with her lovely smile,
A Waldegrave's heart did soft beguile,
And taught that love in purity
Was holy in its liberty,
And holier far when from the heart
It comes in maidhood's rustic art.
And Coleridge shrined beside him there,
Together placed in binding rare,
The same dear book shall hold them both,
And, critic mine, I am not loath
To see them shining side by side,
With each to each in love allied;
The gems of both are garnered here
By some wise hand. The glittering tear
Like dewdrops have they fallen down
From some sweet eyes in some dear town
Upon the chastened page. E'en now
A rustic bard may fondly bow
Beside their shrine of verse, for time
Has hallowed all their magic rhyme
To one as yet unknown to fame,
None knowing whence or how he came.
Enough! what bard loves not the verse
That balms his life? He may rehearse
His holy numbers, for 'tis sweet
To revel in the wild retreat
Of muses born in heaven, for there
All things are pure and sweet and fair.
Dante! O Italy fair! I own
He has a sad and sober tone,
And he is thine, but, na'theless,
We love him in his somber dress,
A foreign land may claim him too,
For here the skies not just so blue
As yours o'er soft Italian homes,
Would place him mid her rarest tomes,
And shrine him in the heart. I love
Them all. My Goldsmith pure. Above
The stars are shining on his grave,
And here beside the babbling wave
I listen for his echoed song;
For where the waters sing along
In holy sweetness, time has said:
"I know my lovely bard is dead,

His harp still echoes far and near,
 And rarest mind with glistening tear,
 Has not forgot he once has been!"
 Ah! who shall reach the goal and win
 The love of all the world? My bard,
 Nature has crowned you, she has starred,
 And all your love has been for her,
 On earth her loveliest worshipper!
 The Poets' Lives. Oh Johnson writ
 With magic pen. 'The owl's to-whit
 May boom across his page, yet he,
 In numbers solemn as the sea,
 Has told their tale, a Boswell true
 To every lovely bard! In blue,
 With glittering gold and twining vine,
 A book that seems of heaven divine,
 My Shelley comes. No forced speech,
 No gnarled oak, no rugged beech,
 But cedars soft, and singing pines,
 In solemn sadness move his lines,
 And yet no mercy had the wave,
 He sank. It wellnigh was his grave;
 He sank! The last dear book of Keats
 Was next his heart! The same tide meets
 The shore; but time has not a word;
 The sky-lark sings; is't Shelley's bird?
 O Earth! and who of all shall solve thee?
 And may the wisest man resolve thee
 Into greater truths that are to be
 When time's gulfed in Eternity?
 My Wordsworth! all the world may hate thee,
 'Tis hard to find a bard to mate thee.
 For me I love thy quiet song,
 And where the insect you would wrong?
 The little flower that would not say
 A something worthy of thy lay?
 A yellow primrose by the brim
 That did not give a hint of Him!
 And do I love you none the less
 Tho' yours a rustic country dress?
 Each bard his trait. I love them all;
 And who would let one floweret fall
 And wither in the roadway dust?
 I sorrow when the pen does rust
 Of him who built such holy songs,
 For him the crownless poet longs.
 O rusting Pen! thou hast no word,
 And yet the mind a voice has heard

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

In melodies for earth too fine,
 The ear cannot hear. 'Tis divine.
 It tells of beauties once that were
 By time and tide made lovelier,
 Of days that saw the glittering pen
 A guess of time. The quill was then
 A thing divine. My Cowper, I
 Still feel thy holy presence nigh.
 Thy book of sober green, with gold,
 Is faded like the Autumn wold
 Where greenest grasses grew, but still,
 I hear the merry-voiced rill
 Soft creeping through thy rural verse;
 But last they laid thee in the hearse.
 The muses loved thy quiet ways,
 The birds could understand thy lays,
 And all the world was better made
 Because you sang e'en while you prayed
 For friend and stranger. But adieu,
 The world has worse to love than you,
 My Bard of Olney!—Gold and red,
 With tiny harp, where time has shed
 A mellow glory, is a book
 That babbles freshly as the brook
 Beside the Rimini routes; 'tis his,
 My Hunt's, the friend of Keats, I wis,
 Who loved him dearer than a brother,
 And when without him found none other
 So dear. The Feast of Poets, sung
 By him ere hoary time had strung
 The later jewels on the line,
 The singers that the laureled Nine
 Have won from nature's coarser arts,
 And balmed them in their heart of hearts,
 Forever and forever. Then
 In order, strangest man of men,
 Proud Byron, bound in dark grass green,
 Making the Leaves of Grass, I ween,
 Come surging on the mind, for like
 Suggests a like. Each bard may strike
 The same gold harp, and sad and weird
 The tones are falling. There appeared
 Both weeds and flowers, and who may say
 There's none of beauty in Whitman's lay?
 Would's't have me love the rose alone?
 A little weed if sometimes known
 Might teach the way to Heaven. Despise
 No little thing. Beneath the skies

Ensemble has its perfect work,
 For in its subtilities may lurk
 The germ to teach of things to be
 Within the great Eternity!
 My lovèd Milton! On the back
 The laurel bushes clime a winding track
 Of shining gold. A tint of red,
 A very artist's flower-bed,
 Now vying each to lend a charm
 To hance my grand old bard, so calm,
 That very Heaven is taught us. He
 Might teach the future yet to be.
 The Prince of Bards, his organ tones
 High echoing to the skies. He owns
 The glories of a heavenly verse;
 What other bard might so rehearse?
 Yet each his style, his special trait,
 His art. Both early morn and late,
 They woo the lovely mind, and earth
 Is e'en more lovely for their birth.
 Then Scott, outbreathing of the field,
 The fragrant dell, where music pealed
 From mavis-bird, and waterfall,
 And Nature reigns the Queen of all,
 Does join my song; the warrior bard,
 With gems and diamonds, silver-starred,
 In many a line. How fresh he seems!
 The Tweed, the Yarrow, softly gleams
 Along his verse, with greenest trees,
 And flowers, and little babbling Dees,
 Aye proud of Scotia's laughing vales,
 Her warriors clad in glittering mails,
 Her shaggy heaths and mountain sides,
 And dear old Scotland's rustic brides.
 Adieu, my Scott! I love thy Lay;
 Beauties I find along the way
 Like gathered flowerets wild and gay
 Half hid with many a tangled weed;
 But hark! the music of the Tweed
 To Abbotsford has gone to sing
 O'er him who never more may sing;
 So, Dryburgh, hold his precious dust,
 And what cathedral holier trust!
 My reader, you may love the stone
 That seems a thing of life. I own
 The two are kindred, music rare,
 And Raphael's art; the four are fair,
 But fairest of the four the song

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

By magic poet writ. I wrong
No one; I love them all. My taste
Is for the last, it seems so chaste
In Shelley's, Keats's lovely verse,
And Bard of England: may the hearse
Ne'er halt before his door, so pure,
So sweet, the muses he would lure
To rustic grot now made divine
With the dainty beauty of his line.
In red and gold, O Robert Burns!
Thy book lies there. 'The leaflet turns,
And crimson-tippèd flowers by Dee,
On shaggy braes, and by the lea,
Outstart in loveliest colors drest,
By little zephyrs kist, carest,
Till by the Dee, the Ayr, the Doon,
A thrallèd bard beneath the moon,
Is walking all alone, till Shanter
Goes whirling by in wildest canter;
And then the night is fading. Morn
Is stealing o'er the hilltops. Lorn
And lone the poet turneth back,
The sands are glittering in his track
That late were golden grains. The dream
Is gone, and Burns is dead! O Gleam
From out the past! you came a ray
That like the caroled wildbird's lay,
Was e'en too sweet to last. One turns
In sadness from the tomb of Burns,
And wipes the unbidden tear. O Time!
Thou'st put a discord in my rhyme,
The very flowerets that he sang
Are on his grave. The bushes hang
Above the Dee. He once was there!
He thought his Mary faultless fair;
But both have gone. The sweet ones dead
Can never more return. They plead
With death, he had nor word nor tear,
The pale white flowers upon their bier,
Were holy all in vain! To die
Is sad beneath the great blue sky,
But sadder when a life so sweet
Has ebbed away, a wild retreat
The rustic sepulchre to birds
A home, for friendship's quiet words
Have died away at last, and Keats
Forgot in nature's wild retreats!
In binder's plainest dress he comes,

And yellow-banded bee that hums
 To every summer flower, is caught
 Within the golden meshes wrought
 Of gossamer threads by Tennyson!
 His art the daintiest art; 'tis done
 With nicest skill, till other bard
 Finds scattered gems within his work-yard
 E'en worthy of his humbler muse;
 And still, my reader, could I choose
 The bard I love the best, 'twere vain
 To try; with dainty thought and brain
 They woo my taste, till like a maid
 I falter in my choice. They raid
 My brain, while each the lovelier seems
 Till other beauties throng my dreams.
 Dear Critic, do you love them all?
 For even Moore can win and thrall
 When soft occasion offers, though
 His flowers do not so perfect blow
 As his who wears the anadem
 Of all the wide world's love. A gem
 Is more a gem beneath his touch;
 Yet all his beauties are of such
 A nature, that the reader's art
 Must spring in beauty from the heart,
 And be perfected, else the line
 Has lost its beauty half. Divine,
 With holy heart, my Cambridge bard
 Comes in the train, with children starred
 Soft clinging round his presence. I
 Can find no grot beneath the sky
 So beautiful as his great love!
 More tender than the cooing dove,
 As perfect as the stars above,
 He lived within his native land;
 The children took him by the hand,
 But death knew not their tender hearts,
 And slowly, sadly there departs
 The pure sweet Bard of Cambridge! Time,
 Deal gently with his hallowed rhyme,
 For none there be to take his place.
 I turn in vain. A half hid face
 Seems pushing through the mists. But doubt,
 Away! The face is gone. Far out
 To sea a tiny skiff is sailing,
 And baby zephyrs are assailing
 Its mast, and, too, the bellied sails;
 An Argosy the poet hails,

With new-born Bard? Ah, no, and never!
He watches ever and forever.
The face has gone, the gilded ship;
A tremulous question on the lip:
"O eastern skies, bring happy day,
And with it bring the flowery May,
Or any lovely month to be
That holds my lovelier bard of beauty,
High destined here to wear the crown
Of heaven's immortality!" Down
Beside the hay-field in her bloom
She stands. The rugged hilltops loom
Against the sky. The Quaker bard
Is part of Nature. In the yard
Beside the country home you see
The weeds and wildflowers growing free
In freedom's wildest will. The maid
Is sweet Maud Muller. He has 'rayed
Her form with beauty rare. His verse
Is quiet, natural. Birds rehearse
His woodland songs. The Barefoot Boy
Has piped his lay. Without alloy,
He singeth from the heart. Sweet bird!
Beside the Birchbrook, have ye heard
His wildwood carols? Yet have I;
Beneath his willows will I lie;
Beside the brookside list his song,
Never a singer would I wrong,
I have my choice. I would not harm
My friend. There's many a hidden charm
In Nature; so in many a thing;
The skylark in the heavens may sing;
The nightingale may woo the night;
Little wee brown-bird in your flight
'To-morrow shall I hear no note
In wild sad beauty from your throat
Unworthy of a Patti's ear?
There's beauty in the falling tear
Upon the face of poverty. Look!
Upon his harp the rustic brook
Has played a lullaby. If sad,
His little song will make you glad.
The wind will make a mournful tune
Where merry songsters sing to June.
Go fetch the book for every mood;
The birds are various in the wood;
And so I find in everything
Something that has the power to bring

A little joy. Dear Holmes! the gray
 Is in your hair; and yet thy lay
 Is still as sweet. The comic vein
 Yet breaks like sunshine on the brain
 Of him who reads. Thy book of gold
 And bottle green, with leaf enrolled
 Of festooned vines and creeping lines
 Of dull rich gold, in beauty shines
 Beside my Whittier, and the bard,
 Who now within the great churchyard
 "Is one with Nature." On thy harp
 The little satires keen and sharp,
 Do tease the mind to quickest thought,
 Till dainty laughters half enwrought
 With subtile wit, do turn the face
 To some weird look or wild grimace,
 Until "some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursel's as others see us."
 And yet my viands relish better
 Because to Holmes I am the debtor
 For many a hearty laugh. So few
 Has Nature given 'neath the blue
 Of singers of divinest song,
 That hoary death does do a wrong
 In taking one away. The past
 Looms up, some bard has sung his last,
 And flowery muses by his hearse,
 (That he may never more rehearse
 His dainty runes,) have shed the tear
 That wellet from the heart. The year
 Is ripe with song and budded thing,
 With many a bird on new-fledged wing,
 And yet the poet dies. The land
 Is rich with golden grain; a hand
 From out the light is seen; is't Death?
 His great heart dieth, and his breath
 Pipes nevermore the Runic lay;
 Return the seasons; and the May,
 The rosy June, and days of beauty,
 And yet, O Death! it was thy duty
 To take him to the heavenly choir,
 His harp is still, but there the lyre
 Amid the summer stars is pealing,
 "Like melodies unheard." Soft stealing,
 Now come the echoes far and near
 As viols in the heavenly sphere
 Were playing. Here on earth was heaven
 As sweet as "Seven times one is seven,"

When they were here. But now no more
 Their viol plays; upon the shore,
 Sanctified by heaven's divinest love,
 They beckon; unseen stars above
 Are hid in light as they are hid,
 But yet by faith we know amid
 The heavens they stand like stars more felt
 Than seen. Far into mist they melt,
 And like a dying song that fell
 From muses by the Æonian well,
 The echoed memory all remains.
 Amid my books the great Montaignes
 Stand potent guards. For side by side
 They have the right to stand, allied,
 They move in different walks, but yet,
 Can reader read and still forget
 The Taines and Lambs? I love, and hold
 Them just as dear. Upon the wold,
 With diamond dew, like bards they see
 All Nature's dear divinest beauty.
 Library of Knowledge on my shelf,
 In storied page the garnered pelf
 Of ages do you hold; all lands
 Are at my feet; life's golden sands
 Have run with greatest worth for thee;
 Thou bringst me gems from o'er the sea;
 Of foreign lands you have to say;
 A Pitt was great in such a day;
 "Ye men of Athens!" how sublime
 Their oratory fell! The rhyme
 That came so soft in other years
 Is in thy page. Forgotten tears
 Seem fresh thro' all their hoary years.
 I tread with you the vales of Greece;
 The classic lands are mine! Release
 Me, Work! that I may go, and be
 In classic climes beyond the sea,
 By blue-waved Danube, on whose wave
 The poet-skiffs were wont to lave
 Her ballad waters. But, my climes
 Of song and story, in my rhymes
 Alone I know thee! Did I go,
 O ruined lands across the sea!
 Would soft for me "the fair winds blow,"
 And land me on thy shores of beauty?
 You take me where the Avon flows;
 I wander there, and no one knows;
 Thy bard, O Stream! is dear to me;

I cannot go, but I can see
 With Beauty's eye what otherwise
 Were dull. Beneath the bended skies
 A bard may wander all alone
 In soft imagination. Tone,
 And echo, lapping wave shall sound
 From out the ages; and around
 Shall many a beauty lie, to him
 Who sees the past no landscape dim,
 But bright as dappled dawn. I go,
 The fairies of the mind may row,
 And lost to present roams the mind
 Across Atlantic's blue. The wind
 Is soft as Love's first glance, and time
 Seems turning back. Within my rhyme
 I have forgot the poet dies;
 Beneath the soft Italian skies
 Their graves are seen. The grasses grow:
 The little wild-flowers bloom and blow;
 The moss is on the headstone. Dead!
 'Tis Dante! skies are arching red.
 Within his volume I have read,
 And still for me he lives. And so,
 From land to storied land I go,
 And death is all around me. Blow
 The baby breezes 'gainst my cheek;
 O that the Past might rise and speak!
 But, no! My book, to thee I turn;
 Oh tell me, teach me, I will learn;
 Thou hast to me an ancient air,
 You seem a graybeard of the past;
 You point me to a tombstone where
 A lovely bard was laid at last!
 Where'er I go, the tale of death
 Is still around me. Soft the breath
 Of morn from sapphire seas comes blowing,
 "I hear the steeds to battle going."
 Enchanted Book! how but for thee
 Could all the world be mine? The Dee
 Outbabbles in thy page. The Rhone
 Is whirling there in madder tone
 Along its wildering way. The Tweed
 Laves Abbotsford. A whispering reed
 Suggests a poet once was there,
 But death has weighed upon the air,
 And yet in morning's glowing red
 I cannot feel my bard is dead,
 For memory makes them live again,

We see them take the rusting pen,
It moves along the magic line,
I feel the numbers are divine.
Away, grim Death! Upon the door
I knock, and shall my Scott once more
Give hearty Scottish welcome? No!
The raptured mind has made it so;
Alone the empty echoes greet us,
No lovèd form shall come to meet us;
For long since has the wild-flower's bloom
Shed holy fragrance o'er his tomb.
But still I cannot feel them dead,
The sweet lives of the past. They led
The world. Wilt wake me from my dream?
Ah, no! The bannered turrets gleam,
The world has moved; yet, let me be,
Still let me feel that o'er the sea
I yet shall take my Byron's hand,
Shall go to many a classic land
With him, and Shelley, glorious Keats,
In Venice sail her watery streets,
In classic lands with finest thought,
Note every beauty gold enwrought,
With carved stone and minaret,
And half-nude maids within the net
Of rosy Cupid. Pillars vast,
With twining vine of stone, that last
Thro' all encroaching ages. Yet
It cannot be. The sun has set
For them. We know them in their works,
And yet about my books there lurks
Their presence, those that made the page
That grows more golden in old age.
My books! 'tis time has made you dear,
I love you better year by year,
For peace and joy are born of thee,
The wide, wide world you are to me,
You teach the loveliness of life
Upon the earth. You quell the strife
Within the breast. O who would live
Without thee? for the power to give
The rarest treasures rests with thee.
Reverèd Lamb! beyond the sea
Your wit is sparkling like old wine
From cobweb bottles, half divine
In ancient beaker, for your wit
Is holy with the past, and lit
With Attic salt, so keen and bright,

That I am sitting half the night
 With thee alone, and not alone,
 For every traveled land is known
 To thee, and in thy magic page,
 The things that have the rime of age,
 Are gathered here in reverent love.
 I rank thee with the great. Above
 The lovely stars are looking down
 Upon thy grave. The grasses brown
 In summer's sun. You have no word.
 Upon thy mound a little bird
 Soft carols unto thee. And yet
 To you the voice is dumb. Forget,
 Thou wingèd one, that he is dead,
 And carol to the skies. They shed
 The tear when he was gone, and now
 The kind remembering friend will bow
 Above his dust. And time in vain
 Shall draw Oblivion round him. Fain
 Would I a laurel bring to deck
 His name. But, no! thou'lt rest and sleep
 Within the mould, and still the world
 Will find thee there, in love will weep
 That thou art gone! But, faretheewell!
 Thou quaint dear friend. With magic spell
 Thou chain'est down. I hold thy book,
 And still art fresh as running brook,
 The wine of wit yet sparkling there,
 With all its quaint and ancient air.
 Ages! I love to turn thy page,
 For how more lovely in old age
 Thy panorama seems! To ponder
 The past is sweet, and softly wander
 Along the dusty ways of time,
 E'en sweeter. Up the Alps we climb,
 But dearer ones were there before us,
 Less holy skies are spreading o'er us,
 Or is it mind? The charmèd name
 Of many a bard of hallowed fame,
 Has sanctified the place. We know
 He once was there. The breezes blow,
 But tell no tale! and babbling brooks
 Sing not his memory. Lovèd books!
 You tell a tale of sadness. We
 Never had known them but for thee,
 Our treasures. Now, inspirèd bard!
 We bow before thee. Heaven that starred,
 And beautified thy mind. 'Twere vain

To rank thee. Lilies of the brain
Are painted with the light of Heaven,
And gilded gold is on thy brow,
My matchless Shakespeare ! By the Avon
Thy cultured kindred wonder now ;
They see the beauty thou hast writ,
The skies in one vast glory lit,
Are shining o'er thee. Who shall name
Thy rival ? Thou wert born to fame
That never man had known. To you
The world was plain. Beneath the blue
You saw the handiwork of God ;
The little violet on the sod
Held many a tale for thee. The weed
Grew not in vain. Upon the meed
No flower escaped thee, all the earth
Seemed known of thee. The reveller's mirth,
And love's young dream were in thy page ;
And thou hast writ for every age ;
I cannot say adieu. To-day
Thy dramas hold the world in sway
With subtle power. And latest time
Will add more laurels to thy rhyme.
And yet it seems a poet's dream,
With cultured people on a stream
Of quiet beauty, all things fair
Along the route, and glowing there
In rarest loveliness. The trees
O'eraching, with the whispering breeze
In soft Æolian strains, as bard
Of magic touch, 'neath sky-blue starred,
Wert playing dear enchanted strains
For all the world to hear. The plains
Outstretch on either side, and hills
Far distant with their winding rills,
Shed glory on the vales below.
And here where laughing waters flow,
With tangled wild-flowers in the scene,
And valleys decked in loveliest green,
With rare profusion here and there,
And rarest odors in the air,
My Keats ! I think of thee ; thy lyre
Is still untouched, but lighted pyre
Has made thee greater. Hoary time,
That taught the beauty of thy rhyme,
Was coy with thee, and would not crown
Thy brow till grasses parched and brown,
And daisies rare were on thy grave,

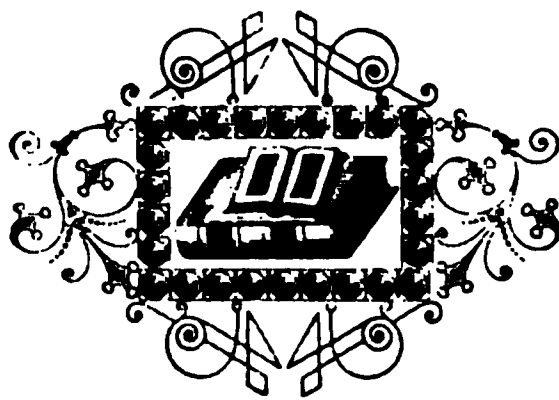
And then as mighty tidal wave,
 Thy fame swept on, until to-day
 They twine for thee the rarest bay,
 And crown you god of song. The times
 Have reached thy goal, and in thy rhymes
 They see thy beauties rare at last,
 And on thy tomb the flowers are cast
 By friends from every land. The great
 Beside the roadways pause and wait,
 While little minds with easier flight,
 Never have hid in robes of light
 Their earthly forms, and so win fame;
 But like the passing of a name,
 It comes and goes, and ere they die
 Their laurels fade, while all the sky
 Of evening looks with soft stars down
 Upon the stars that grace the crown
 Of him who died for Fame. The dawn
 Is come at last, the Poet's dawn;
 But why, O great unlovely Death,
 Dost steal the odors, and the breath
 Of Spring, and let the great Bard die
 Before his time? 'Neath daisies lie
 Before the people of the land
 Have known to take him by the hand
 And feel his greatness! Lady mine,
 To me thy numbers are divine,
 The one great Woman of the world
 In Poesy! From the hills upcurled
 The glories of an eastern sun,
 And thou wert born! The goal was won
 Where greatest bard had soared. O Lady!
 Thou seemst an angel from Arcady,
 The one great Woman among my books!
 O Robert Browning! in thy looks
 A sadness lingers. She to thee
 Was Goddess of divinest Poesy!
 And all thy numbers unto her
 Were built in grandest rhythm. They stir
 The subtle symphonies of life.
 And out of chaos and wild strife,
 You two have built Miltonic lines.
 In Casa Guida, chiseled vines
 On some old work of Art remind
 Of all the classic train that wind
 Amid thy charmed verse; and yet,
 My Sappho! hast thou paid the debt
 Of life, and flowerets fair to-day

Are twining o'er thee like a bay,
And Death has not a tear for thee
Thou marvel Goddess of earth's Beauty!
O Poesy! why so wondrous fair?
Can Poet tell? And why the air
So full of beauties when you deign
Within the lovely poet's brain
To reign in Loveliness? And why,
Beneath the overarching sky,
In all the seasons, does he find
Something to beautify the mind?
With sweetest love I wooed thee long,
In morn and even heard thy song,
And thro' the day in beauty spread
Upon the lovely hills, I wed
My heart to thee; and everywhere,
Within the warm spring's balmy air,
I found thy traces. In the days
When suns have seared the wold, thy lays
Have come to me. And when the Fall
With ripened fruit reigned over all,
Still there I saw thee. Winter's blast,
(Where every flower had bloomed its last,)
There, too, I found and loved thee. Still,
I may not tell the reason. Fill
The heart with song, and all the land,
Like loveliest panorama grand,
Seems all about, as lavish hand,
From out the graineries of the world,
Had dealt them forth. In beauty purled
A little stream, and music soft
From out the valleys came aloft
As some remembered song from out
The gray old Past. And all about
Are landscapes rare, and yet wilt tell me
What dear strange lot in days befell me,
(E'en now forgot,) that I should feel
A holy music o'er me steal
When robin-notes are in the trees,
Æolian strains within the breeze,
Gray boatmen sing on lonely seas,
A little streamlet soft does tease
Its ragged, liliated banks? I know
You love the little flowers that blow
In lonely dells; but can you think
It may be yet the little link
That joins your soul with God's? I see
The thought in everything; the bee

Is but the emblem of a thought
 That tells the way to Heaven. Are not
 The veriest things around us
 E'en full of mystery? Yet surround us
 With heaven's own divinity,
 And all suggested things to be?
 They looked upon the primrose there,
 To one a floweret blooming rare
 That showed the holy hand of God;
 A yellow floweret on the sod,
 And this alone the other saw.
 But, O sweet Flower! The infinite law
 Within your beauty's hid! O Book!
 And who would win the Goal, and look,
 No, never in thy page? 'Tis he
 Who sees a weed, and o'er the Sea,
 Does look to Heaven. Wilt solve, oh Pope!
 The mysteries of the earth, and Hope
 Draw down from out the skies, that we
 May reach the Great White Throne to be
 When Time shall close his book, with Time
 For no man left? Thy thoughts sublime
 Once swayed the world, and wilt to-day
 Unfold within thy half-rhymed lay
 The secrets unrevealed? Thy lines
 Were full of epigrams. Old wines
 In Homer cellars drowse the thought,
 In half-dreamed spell where lines were wrought
 By thee. And Dryden, he seems old
 As some old miser's yellow gold
 "In unsunned heaps." And yet his song
 Is not forgot. He struck at wrong
 About the throne. The years rehearse
 The grander beauties of his verse.
 But times have changed. The Art
 Is known of daintiest touch. The heart
 Is won with dainty skill, and so
 'Tis not the wild-flower that will blow,
 But calla lilies grown in pots,
 Themselves an art. Forget-me-nots,
 'Neath domed roof of glass, may breathe
 Their fragrance on the air. Enwreath
 The trained plant. So day is god
 Of every wild-flower on the sod,
 Of every primrose by the brook,
 Of all old Nature's flowers that look
 Like queens of vales and valleys there,
 Sweet "with their rustic woodland air."

And Spenser with his Faerie Queen,
 Shall come away. From off the green
 His shepherd boys must hie. The times
 Have put old Art within our rhymes,
 Till hum the yellow banded bees,
 Till fly the yellow girdled bees,
 With legs of dusty gold. Great Bard !
 The world has loved thee and has starred ;
 'Twere all in vain we did not love thee,
 For where the bard that is above thee
 With all thy splendors ? Faerie Queen,
 In grandeur through the cloying scene,
 We oft have wandered. Thou wert sweet,
 And e'en as honey in the heat
 Of flowery summer won. You cloyed,
 And yet we loved thee. Overjoyed,
 We half forgot 'twas not a dream,
 That all along a quiet stream
 Our boats were sailing. Yet art great,
 And in thy walk without a mate.
 And Chaucer, with thy quaint old meter,
 (Our latest muse may joy to greet her,
 Her that enslavèd all thy days.)
 Ah ! who shall turn and scorn thy lays,
 Thou Star of English song ? Like Homer
 Now come to us with rare aroma,
 Of Edens full of flowers, the songs
 You sang. No lovely bard belongs
 To any age or land. The earth
 Shall claim them all. Thy place of birth
 Holds not the right to own thee ever,
 For all the world shall claim forever
 The bards of Genius ! Scotland, I
 Shall own your Scott and Burns ! Deny,
 O Greece ! and Rome ! my right !
 Fair Italy ! though in death so white,
 Thy Dante I shall own ! and, too,
 Our Gœthe I shall love with you,
 O Germany ! and Schiller ! Must
 I turn from any poet's dust ?
 Oh England ! Shakespeare, too, is mine,
 And Ireland ! Goldsmith with his line
 Of beauty. Moore is thine alone ?
 Ah, no, the whole great world shall own,
 Where'er his birth. For Homer dead
 The Grecian cities strove. He led
 The armies of the gods. To-day
 The great wide earth has claimed his Lay.

'The even faints. The great stars shine,
 And out the distance, far and fine,
 A great voice comes. And, hush ! To lands
 Of gold the mind has turned. With hands
 In beauty clasped, kneels a maid ;
 She seems the Queen of Song. Arrayed
 In garments white, with lilies wreathed,
 She seems of Heaven, and has not breathed.
 My Muse ! The great voice seems to sound,
 'Tis only thought, and all around
 Are books from every land ! Adieu,
 My loved friends ! for softly through
 Your pages Heaven looks down, and all
 The world is glad. Against the wall
 You stand alone, and there is peace,
 To me e'en lovelier far than Greece.
 Can Heaven be Heaven without our Books ?
 A voice outbabbling like the brooks:
 "O Bard ! in Heaven are all things fair,
 You may not take your treasures there,
 But Heaven will crown the Poet rare
 Forever and forever !"





THE OLD CANNON.

Thy work is o'er at last, proud Gun!
Thy last red battle has been won,
And rusting 'mong the flowers you lie,
The home of birds and vines;
Yet you that made the bravest die,
That broke the hostile lines.

Thy last loud thunder has been heard,
And in thy mouth the mother-bird
Has dared to build her fragile nest,
While o'er thee flowerets climb,
With not a word by them confest,
Nor hint of bloodier time.

You saw the ranks drawn up before;
A flash, and with a horrid roar
You laid a hundred heroes low;

But now the vines are fair,
And o'er you wild-flowers bloom and blow
And birds have caroled there.

You blazed your thunders long and loud;
Like sickled grain the soldiers bowed
Before your wild and angry shower;
But yet the happy birds,
Know not the time, that fatal hour,
Of blood and angry words.

You boomed and bayed beneath the skies
We heard the sad commingled cries,
And saw the valorous fight and fall,
And bite the bloody dust;
But now, old gun, thy day is done,
You're covered o'er with rust!

'Twas then you shone unsullied, bright,
'Twas then the monster of the fight,
You held the sad embattled field,
And dared the treacherous foe,
While o'er the muskets loudly pealed
Your thundering notes of woe.

But little birds have dared you now,
And little flowerets softly bow
Beside thy sad half-hidden form,
And in thy mouth the bird,
E'en careless of your volleyed storm,
Has made his music heard.

And there inglorious shall you lie,
And nevermore the Southern sky
Shall 'gan thy blazing volleys light;
For singing birds and vines,
Have won you in a bloodless fight,
With still unbroken lines.

So faretheewell, old army Gun!
For many a deed by you was done
That gave you honor and renown;
More honored now you rest,
Tho' many a veteran bronzed and brown
Has seen you at your best.

Rest, rest in peace, and later time
Will place you in the poet's rhyme,
Now e'en more hallowed where you lie;
For timid bird may dare,
Beneath the great unhostile sky,
To build her nest-home there!

VENUS.

The Goddess fair, of Love and Beauty,
Was lovely Venus. From the sea,
Or frothy foam that capped it, sprang
The goddess. But the stars that sang
In sisterhood together, said:
"Of Jupiter to Dione wed,
From them she had her lovely being;"
And others vain, and not agreeing,
As soothly said: "From crested foam
Upon the great blue sea she came;
Among the mermaids was her home,
And Venus was her natal name,
And so forever. Gentle zephyr,
(As sweet in name as fair Gleneffer,)
Did waft her o'er the waves to Isle
Of Cyprus. There in queenliest style
Did all the lovely Seasons meet her,
Where did both god and goddess greet her
With heaven's divinest love. Attired
They led her to th' assembled gods;
And many that in love aspired
To fairy Venus' heart. Their rods
Were flowered with sweet Anemones
That she herself had made. But, trees
And flowers, and birds of Paradise,
From old Ceylon your rarest spice,
From loved Arcady grape and vine,
From old Tokay your rarest wine,
They loved in vain. Her girdle Cestus;
'Twere this,' they said, 'had blest us
With unrequited love!' But she,
(A maid from out the foaming sea,)
Unconscious fondled with her birds,
And her sweet sparrows, swans and doves,
Soft to them saying baby words,
And artless telling of her loves;

Of merry Bacchus, Mercury fair,
For these that boasted of her love :
So, after all, 'twas not so rare
To woo this goddess from above,
And dally with her heart. The rose,
Her sacred plant, and twining myrtle.
And what cared she for lovers' woes?
She grew more tender than the turtle,
But still they loved in vain, She wed,
At last, lame Vulcan. But the red,
And setting sun, in beauty shone
Upon her, faithless! Then alone
Did Vulcan nevermore her love
Possess. And lovers from above
That wooed her, and, from baser earth,
They sought my Aphrodite. Mirth
And revelry ruled the hour, and Love,
The rosy Cupid. From above
Came gods, came Bacchus, and sick Mars,
E'en sick for love of Venus. Stars
On starry crowns were glittering. Smit,
At last, with charmed Anchises, it
No wonder grew the Trojan boy
Was all the heavens to her, and joy
Untold was in her heart, Among
The shepcotes where the shepherds sung,
She joined him on Mount Ida, and
The great Æneas graced the land.
But Aphrodite found offense
With Myrrah, and her wrath intense,
Made all her loveliness unlovely ;
But like the foaming of the sea
The ire of great King Cinyras,
When came in darker days to pass
That his own daughter loved him, and
Then sword-blade bare in clenched hand
He wild pursued her. But the gods
Into a myrrh-tree changed her. Sods
With sweet Anemones were round
About her. And the flowery ground
Gave moisture rich. And last there came
A babe. Adonis was his name ;
And then to Proserpine she gave him,
Did lovely Venus, None could save him,
And the dark Queen below his beauty
Worshiped. Till last it grew a duty,
(Devolving on god Jupiter,)
To bold decide. And so from her,

(Queen Proserpine,) he took away
 The loved Adonis.* 'Yet,' they say,
 'A year apiece did each one own him,
 Till all the queens might last bemoan him,
 For wildest boar did gore him there,
 Then Venus to the floweret fair,
 Did turn him at his death, till he
 Is known as sweet Anemone!'"

ATALANTA.

The fairy maiden, Atalanta, by
 The oracle had been warnèd not to wed,
 As marriage would be fatal to her. But,
 Oh Cupids fair, and frailer human hearts,
 The suitors came in many guises fair,
 And tried the strength of Atalanta. She
 Sweet maid, was sadly plexed, and hardly knew
 The route to take. "And did I wed," she said,
 "The fates are 'gainst me. Yet a maid, I wis,
 Should be her own best judge. How oft my sex
 Have bowed to Love! And I less strong? My mother:
 'O Atalanta! Atalanta! why,
 You must not marry!' Yet my dear old mother
 Was foolish once, and I shall follow blood,
 And let the fates decree." So suitors came,
 And wooed the lovely maid. As various as
 The rainbow's tints, or hue in flowers by roadside,
 And many a lakeside fair, her suitors came,
 Till puzzled and perplexed, she did propose
 A lover's race, with her as chiefest prize,
 And he that could surpass her fleetness on
 The mellowing turf should own her hand, and lead
 Her lovingly from the altar; those that lost
 Should soon be put to death. As Atalanta
 Unrivalèd reigned the Goddess fair of speed,
 They took great risks to win her hand. But Love!
 I saw him face the cannon's mouth; beside
 The sea I saw him dare the wave of Neptune;
 And thro' the flames I saw him dash; the sword
 He dared on Flodden field; he faced the pistol
 Glittering in his rival's hand; and Death
 From bottomless pits he dared. So not so strange
 They flocked to test their skill and win or lose

The Goddess Atalanta. Even now
 Her history told of death to many a youth
 E'en rash to try his speed, till last, a son
 Of Neptune bold, Hippomenes by name,
 And full of venturous fire, did challenge her.
 The goddess fair had warned him all in vain.
 He did persist, and Atalanta gave
 Consent to race with him. Hippomenes
 Invoked the aid of Venus, and the goddess
 Gave unto him three golden apples. She,
 Fair Atalanta, part incautious was,
 And brave Hippomenes—but see! The race!
 It has commenced. Fair Atalanta, now!
 Hippomenes, away! Another Venus
 She sped; Adonis he. But look! 'Twas Love
 That whelmed my Shelley, Milton led to lesser
 Maid, and old Homer, doubt me not, to realms
 Of coyest maid, and, too, perchance, of Troy,
 Another Helen fair. So Atalanta,
 Hippomenes will fool thee sore, for love
 Has winged his brain; and see! The bended grass
 Upsprings beneath their wingèd feet, their garments
 Flying in air. Atalanta flashed ahead,
 A ray of sunshine, when Hippomenes
 A golden apple hurled across her path,
 And she, vain maid, in love with yellow gold,
 Did turn aside to pick it up, and st!
 The youth flew past her like a silver arrow;
 But soon she led him 'gan. Hippomenes
 Another apple red as gold threw forth,
 And then he passed her. Eden's reddest rose
 Not redder than fair Atalanta's cheek
 When flushed Hippomenes outstripped her. Apples
 Of gold that won the race, as often since;
 But poor Hippomenes forgot the goddess,
 Venus, and she to pay for his neglect
 In sacrificing naught to her, inspired
 Him and his lovely bride with wild desire
 As by the cave of Cybele they passed
 In linkèd love, who turned them into lions
 Because they did profane it. So do Love
 And high Ambition often lay the bravest
 Low. And a-many a man has fallen at last
 Because he soared too high. Hippomenes
 Thus, and the apple-hampered Atalanta.

PALLAS ATHENA.

Minerva was the goddess fair of wisdom,
And o'er the arts did wise preside, and too,
She was the patroness of warfare bold,
With scientific skill to cope with foes
Among the hostile gods to bitter death,
The offspring great of Jupiter who once
Was bold concealed within the gray old cave
In Crete, of loved Mount Ida; mother none
She had, for ran the legend of old Zeus
In manner thus: "Now Jupiter of heaven
First, great among his brothers Neptune dread,
And Pluto dreaded more, the king of gods
And men, with Ægis, by old Vulcan wrought,
As mighty shield with storm and tempest great,
When shaken by his mighty hand. And Metis,
Sweet Prudence fair, did Zeus bold espouse,
As daughter of great Oceanus, but,
In godly wrath he bold devoured her, ere
The birth of comelier god or goddess fair;
For Heaven high and lower Earth had told
Of one, the infant yet unborn, who would
In power and wisdom equal Zeus great,
And worse, for in her next born child, would Metis
Rival for aye the proud old god, dethrone
Him then from highest kingdom, and her son,
Her latest born, make king of gods and men;
And thus his violence. But afterwards,
He felt his head afflicted sore, and Vulcan
Coming at bidding of hurt Jupiter,
Did cleave his brain with flashing axe, and there
Before the fire-god grim, sprang forth Minerva
Completely armed. And like Diana fair,
And Vesta, pure as silver stars, her virtue
Was last respected by the gods of earth,
And queens of highest heaven; but fire-god Vulcan,
A-like another Collatine Lucrece
Would make of purest Pallas. Dear he paid
For forceful act, and fell in disrespect
Among the shock'd gods. Her favorite

Bird, (solemn and contemplative,) the owl,
With rounded eye and old historic stare,
As he would reach the soul, and pierce the gloom
That spans across unending space. The olive,
That she herself had caused to shoot in beauty
From out the bounteous earth, was sacred to her.
From time to grayer time they showed her armed,
This goddess brave, e'en pure as vestal flame,
And on her breastplate bright or moonèd shield,
The monstrous Gorgon's head glared out with horrid
And gleaming eyes, a gift from Perseus,
High heaven's young hero. Now Minerva pure,
Unsullied still, was aider bold of heroes
To eminent heights arisen, and did go,
In armèd strength, with Perseus, and bold,
And yet undaunted Hercules, upon
Their great adventures. And as wise protector
And famed adviser of the brave Ulysses,
She traveled under the assumèd name
Of Mentor with Telemachus the son
Of Mentor brave, who searchèd for his father,
And, too, with pure Minerva's aid did Argus
For Jason build the Argo, and Epeus
The wooden horse that took old Troy divine.
Excelling, too, in soft accomplishments
Of all the fair sex, did she nice embroider
Her woven robe that she herself had wrought,
And that of Juno queen of heaven of heavens:
And all her favorites did she wise instruct
In all her lovely art. But fair Arachne,
Her once true friend, the Mæonian maid, whom she
Had taught, denied her obligations, and,
Ungrateful, did at once a challenge make
To Pallas for a trial of her skill;
But still in vain that wise Minerva plead
To have her then relinquish project bold,
She last accepted wroth Arachne's challenge,
And each would weave a web adornèd fair
With actions of the crownèd gods. Minerva's
Within its centure gorgeous as Idalian
Cloudlets, displayed her famèd contest once
With three-pronged Neptune for the naming then
Of city now renownèd Cecrops; corners
Four, these in beauty deftly wrought by hand
Of nicest skill, the transformations held
Of those who darèd once the high Celestials;
And olive-leaves the border formed with woven
Beauties soft vying with the starry dome,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Or gaudy rainbow spanning o'er the heavens,
 Where late the angry storm had ragèd wild.
 Arachne's web, a thing divine, and crowned
 With love, a miracle of beauty seemed,
 With its love-transformations of the gods,
 As dainty as a poet's dream in valleys
 Of hanging fruits Hesperian fair. The borders
 Were woven of flowers and ivy twining like
 A fairy's walk in vales of gaudy gold,
 Or scenes where glittering starlights playèd fair.
 And Pallas wroth at Beauty's riveless reign
 In sweet Mæonian maiden's broidered web,
 Minerva struck her with her dainty shuttle,
 And poor Arachne hung herself, and Pallas,
 (The fair Mæonian maid,) to spinning spider
 Did turn her; so Arachne is she known
 To all the world of beauty, heaven high,
 And homes of thronèd gods, the sad, sad chance
 That came of rivals high among the queens
 Of heaven and earth that wrested for a Crown!"

 CUPID.

Cupid, the god of love, was son of Venus,
 The queen of love and beauty, but was blind
 As some fair shepherd-lad in chiseled stone
 Upon a great man's lawn. Her soft companion,
 And Venus had no fears. With bow and arrows
 He shot the darts of sweet desire, and into
 A-many a god and man, and goddess fair.
 The boy was plump and rosy-cheeked, with hair
 More light than pluckèd down, across his shoulders
 Softly as gossamers hung. Tho' god of love
 He too did fall in love. And lovely Psyche
 Did sore perplex his heart, until a zephyr
 Was sent by him to lead her to a palace
 Splendid gilt, and in all environments
 More fair than first fair Eden unto Adam
 And Eve, his lovely and unclothèd bride;
 And there he soon became her husband. She
 His form had never seen; but happiness
 A transient comes and goes, for all her sisters
 Grew jealous soon of Psyche's joy, and told her,—
 Ah, cruel tales! "Your Cupid is a monster!
 His Latin name? O fie! and what in Greek?"

Yes, Eros. And he cannot see! Your beauty
 That won him? And we guess the moon is bright,
 That all the stars are drops of gold, and he,
 The great round sun, a silvery shield, and comets
 But wingèd balls of fire, and meteors blazing
 Lightnings wild speeding thro' the skies, and all
 Ye wingèd winds but monster birds. Fair Psyche,
 And sister ours, you too art blind. This Cupid,
 (Your Eros fair?) has fooled thee, lovely Psyche!
 Take up your lamp and view him while he sleeps,
 For then has art no sway." The son of Venus
 Lay silent in his dreams. The sky was veiled,
 And Morpheus reigned. While dark Latona shrouded
 All. Psyche stole to where the god of love
 Like sleeping lilies lay, and with a lamp
 That threw a faded light, she fixed her gaze,
 Her lovely eyes, upon his lovelier form,
 But lo! a drop of oil did fall upon him,
 And with a start he sudden woke, and flew
 Away like spangled butterfly or bird
 In gaudy plumage dressed. And Psyche,
 Poor Psyche, was alone! And then did Venus
 Sore persecute her there, with prisoned Cupid
 Pining away in hidden cell. But soon
 He made escape, the rosy-wingèd god,
 And hied with lover's speed to Psyche's shrine,
 Who, lovely maid, with starry eyes, in heaven
 Again, was reveling with her wingèd Eros.
 Jupiter, did Cupid interest in Psyche,
 And such his favor that the angry Venus
 Forgot her late resentment, and the marriage
 Of Cupid fair and fairer Psyche then
 Was celebrated in the glittering palace
 Of Jupiter, god of heaven fair, and Pleasure
 Was born to all the world, with Cupid still
 The rosy lord of love to all mankind,
 With yet the sightless eyes the lovely Psyche
 Knew, blind, but lovely in their lovelier blindness.

 HYMENÆUS.

And what fair poet, crowned with beauty,
 Could e'er resist the Grecian gods
 Of Greece, or Roman gods of Rome?
 'Twere e'en the muse's rarest duty

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

To revel thus ; so pure, so chaste,
Of heaven born. Their times are traced
In beauty's way, and lead the mind
Where arm in arm are maidens twined
In heaven and earthly love. O Keats!
Thou Poet of the gods, there meets
A maid a lover fair, and you,
With flowery chain begemmed with dew,
Hast joined their holy hearts. Their love,
As pure as starlights from above,
Has won your poet heart and verse,
(Ere thou, unlovely Death! the hearse
Did stop beside his door,) e'en wet
With gemmèd dew that we forget,
Ah, never, hast thou placed them fair,
Till bard and goddess folded there,
Do make a picture Vinci pure ;
And thou and they in love allure
A world of loveliness. To thee
Were beauty rare on emerald sea,
Where Neptune with his train of gods,
Did sway the mythologic world,
Of queens and gods with flowery rods
Of heaven and earth combined. Upcurled
The great blue wave, and Arethusa
In snowy whiteness, fled beneath
The crested waters ; on the banks
You stood and wot not then of Death ;
And so when god or goddess fair
Are seen, I think my poet there,
E'en now a crownèd god among
The gods. And so within are rung
A golden chime of bells as maid
Of more than earthly loveliness
Wert there in wedding garments 'rayed,
As magic hand had wrought the dress
From gossamer threads of Faery, she,
With eyes more blue than sapphire sea,
With lilies in her cheeks, and too,
The dimpled caves, beneath the blue
The happy bride-elect, with Hymen
The god of marriage, Venus fair
His lovely mother, with red Bacchus
To him a father. Hymen bare
The torch of marriage, crowned with roses,
Or marjoram, a flame-like veil
Upon his head in color rare,
Till god and goddess heavenly fair,

Did end the lovers' lengthened tale
In rosy bands of marriage. Hymen
With nuptial torch a light threw on
Their winding way; till, lovely dawn,
And diamond stars across the sky,
And great round moon with silvery eye,
Or Phœbus, god of heaven's wide arch,
You hear the lovely wedding march,
And know that they are more than thee,
With all thy rare and heavenly beauty,
For veiled Hymenæus reigns at last,
With god and goddess joined fast
With links that Vulcan Cupid made
From out two loves grown one in thought,
The lover god and goddess maid,
Both tangled in a wedding knot.

BABY WILLIE.

Little Willie they have ta'en him,
They have ta'en him far away,
And the hushed still house was vacant
In the even where he lay.

But we see him like an angel
Far across the starry sky,
Yet we little dreamed our darling
Was so soon, so soon to die.

E'en to-day the tearful faces,
And the faltering steps that fell
And the house and great dark parlor,
Haunt us like a last farewell.

And our Willie's tiny casket,
Gleaming out so ghastly white,
With the myrtle twining round him,
Falleth yet upon the sight.

But his golden locks will nestle
On my mother-heart no more;
For our Willie, Baby Willie,
Has crossed to that other Shore!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And his violet eyes will never,
Never more look into mine,
With their shy and questioning glances,
Ere white death had made him thine.

And the lips that like a rosebud
Seemed to me in soft caress,
Will they nevermore, my baby,
'Gainst your mother's sweetly press?

No, for angels up in heaven
Did they make you one with God;
But to-day within the churchyard
Is a mound with flowered sod.

Taken ere you lisped out "mamma,"
In your soft and baby way,
And could know a mother's sorrow
If her babe were ta'en away.

But we feel you are in heaven
With the angels winged and fair;
So we leave you, darling Willie,
Till we too are taken there!

THE BRONZE SOLDIER.

And still thou hast not stirred, bronze soldier,
Tho' changing seasons sweep thy form;
And ever dost thou wait the summons,
As when Rebellion's wildered storm
O'erswept the land with red disaster,
And many a homestead bathed in blood;
But wait in vain for thy commander,
No, nevermore, through gore and mud
Will lead you on to reddest victory,
O'er Southern dead; so, stand alone,
In bronze upon thy granite stone.

For you were brave, and now forever
Thy bravery sure will live and last;
They ne'er will rouse you on the morrow,
For Southern zephyrs long have cast
Their fairest flowerets on the trenches

Where Blue and Gray commingled lie ;
The years have swept the bloodier places
Where heroes then were left to die,
And long ere they could know the verdict
Of great Rebellion then in sway
Between the sons of Blue and Gray.

You front the east as you would gather
The news of battles far away ;
And ever shall you listen, listen,
And all in vain, for such as they
Have long since left the field of battle
For other fields more peaceful made
By wiser laws and braver heroes,
For laurels will the soonest fade
Upon the grave of him who battled
Against his brother, than the one
Who, Gladstone-like, with Love has won!

The great round clock upon the tower
Has told the days and fleeting years ;
Behind thy back his bell clanged loudly,
Till nevermore the falling tears,
That mothers shed on land of Freedom,
No, nevermore are falling now,
For rounding moons, and sun of heaven,
Have long since seen the lilies bow
Where twenty years ago, brave soldier,
On blood-dyed and embattled plain,
They piled the war's heroic slain!

Your head is bowed as you were thinking
The random gun would soon ring out ;
You clench your weapon as to action
Your brave commander there would shout ;
But no! For years you there have waited
The orders that have never come ;
But time shall lay the elms around thee,
Shall shadow many a happy home ;
And still you'll wait to hear the order :
"The foe ! To arms!" and all in vain,
The last brave hero has been slain.

And war is but a dreamed-of story,
A remnant hardly is there found ;
But come, brave soldier, you shall travel
To Southern lands. The hostile ground,
In many a blooming summer's history,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Is lost for aye. The Spring came there,
And happiest of the sunny summers;
And autumn spread abundance where
The dead man faced the pitying moon then,
And knew not when the cannon pealed,
Or red, red Victory crowned the field.

Your left foot still is reaching forward
As you would march at quick command,
While in your belt the gleaming bayonet
Still waits the grasp of soldier hand;
Your foot has never moved, bronze Soldier,
The loud command has never come;
The ugly bayonet still is hanging
Beside you, soldier, silent, dumb;
The years have swept you, and the seasons,
And war's grim notes have died away,
Till Blue has faded into Gray!

The great blue sky is spread above you,
The stars have come and looked on thee,
And silvery moons have rounded fuller
Since colored brothers were made free,
And blood ran like a great broad river
Across the parched Southern plains,
With tears commingled, shed by sisters,
And brave gray mothers; yet remains
Thy form of bronze, and hast not told you
That long since was the great War done,
The last red battle fought and won.

A private, but thou hast thine honors,
For, soldier, hadst thou disobeyed,
The captain, and the great commander,
Had never raised the laureled blade;
And he who lived our calmest hero,
Our matchless Grant, would not to-day
Be watched by all the land of Freedom,
As fell disease asserts its sway,
A hero that no man has conquered,
Nor by the sword nor treacherous gun,
E'en death our hero has not won.

But watch and wait, the storms of heaven
Will burst in madness o'er thee there,
The storm will clear, and moon and starshine
Will woo the cheek of lady fair,
With lovers that young captain Cupid

Shall lead to battle grand and grim,
But bloodless, tho' the hearts are broken
Of many a valprous brave. 'Tis dim,
Thy history, brave bronze soldier; lovers
Walking beneath thee have no thought
Of battles once you bravely fought.

But years will know thee, when have faded
The loved and lover wandering there;
Like Grecian Urn in hand of genius
You cannot fade, for she was fair,
And fair forever; you a hero
A hero still, and cannot die;
Own, own thy laurels, brave bronze soldier;
In Southern graves they mouldering lie,
They, they who once were living heroes,
But who to-day are all unknown,
While you remain in bronze and stone.

So watch and wait, and coming morrows
Shall find thee still unmouldered there,
With ready gun and ammunition,
When they who raised thee bronzed fair,
Have long since mouldered in the graveyard;
And sculptor leaves no lettered line.
So, last, old Claremont's bronzed Soldier!
Till in the land remains no sign
Of our great Nation's sad Rebellion,
And native schoolboy cannot say
What once was meant by Blue and Gray.

I'D WOO A CLASSIC MAID.

I thought I'd woo a classic maid
Upon the banks of Rhone,
And she would be so dear to me
When she was all my own.

CHORUS.

O woo with me the classic maid
'Neath soft Italian skies,
And heaven's blue will shine on you
From out her liquid eyes.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

I got my Virgil all by heart,
 Old Homer conned apace,
 Until I felt the maid would melt
 While gazing in my face.

I studied up old Grecian art,
 The classic bards I read,
 For she was, ah! a classic star,
 In Rome was born and bred.

I'd heard of love of Robert Burns,
 Beneath the hawthorn shade,
 That she was fair his Mary rare,
 A sweet and rustic maid.

But ah, ha, ha! no country girl
 For such a man as I,
 Since mine was e'en a classic queen,
 With language in her eye.

For I would court and woo in Greek,
 And every living tongue,
 And trained birds would sing the words
 By Grecian poets sung.

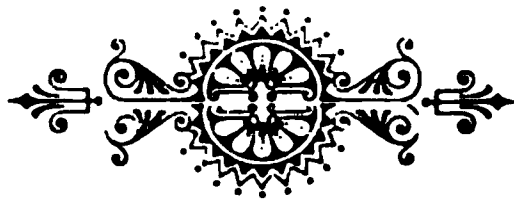
The time is past, but ah, ha, ha!
 I found old Love the same,
 Whether a girl with rustic curl,
 Or lady born to fame.

So, woo with me the classic maid
 'Neath soft Italian skies,
 And heaven's blue will shine on you
 From out her liquid eyes.

THOSE THAT WORE THE GRAY.

If I write my song to-day,
 Can I, must I hate the Gray?
 Tell me, Vet'ran, tell me true;
 You were one that wore the Blue,
 Met them in the hot array
 When a nation watched the fray,
 And shy Victory hung the field,

Where the hostile cannon pealed,
 Where the armies wreathed in smoke,
 Where the horrid sabre stroke,
 And the bravest of the brave
 Filled a hero's unknown grave!
 You that saw them; can you say:
 "Poet, thou shalt hate the gray.
 You were young, and could not go
 Where the cannon bellowed low,
 Where the battery rang and roared,
 And our heroes' blood was poured.
 But I tell you, tell you true,
 They were brave that wore the blue;
 E'en as valorous, too, as they,
 Were the ones that wore the gray.
 But, ah me! as there they fell,
 And I heard the rebel yell,
 Heard the shot and horrid shell,
 Knew that they were mortal foes,
 And the stars and stripes that rose,
 Rose in vain if they should win;
 Then amid the battle's din
 Felt I every man should die;
 On the blood-wet field should lie,
 Who had dared to curse the flag
 Hanging there with many a rag,
 Torn to shreds by rebel balls,
 By the Lees and old Stonewalls.
 Yes, should lie beneath the sod,
 With nor name nor slab above him,
 Sleeping in a traitor's grave,
 With nor friend nor mate to love him.
 But to-day, though unforget
 The bitter cause that did dissever,
 I would say to Blue and Gray:
 'Join your hands in Love forever!'"



A CLUSTER OF SONNETS.

BEATRICE CENCI.

In Marble.—Hosmer.

I.

O Sculptress of the heaven-born art, to thee
Did Guido lend his painted inspiration
That marble Cenci of thy own creation
Might thrall thy country? O'er the ploughèd sea
Give fame, a name, and immortality?
But, na'theless, it has a true relation
Unto the highest art. O aspiration
In crownèd marble! Baby-faced Beauty!

St. Louis, thou art envied! There asleep
She lies in sculptured innocence. The morn
Of execution! Yet she does not weep.
As calm as carvèd marble! Did they warn
Now all in vain! The fatal moments creep,
And death at last made all dear friends forlorn!

II.

O lovely Beatrice! as now I gaze
Upon thy chiseled form, I see thee sleeping;
No marble teardrops there have told thee weeping;
But heaven on thee has shed her mildest rays,
And there recumbent soft thy one hand plays
With cross-deckt rosary. And the hours are keeping
An undreamed record. Dreamless sleep is steeping
Thy inborn faculties since those fated days.

But sleep, O Beatrice! on marble pillow,
With marble curls upon thy marble cheek,
With sculptured eye and dainty carvèd brow,
And nose, tho' Death has swept with turgid billow
O'er thee! 'Thy marble lips, it seems, would speak.
And tell the world of all thy beauty now.

III.

Within the Barberini Palace, Rome,
 Does Guido's portrait live in painted art;
 His heroine's baby face might touch the heart,
 And turn a prodigal's thoughts to Mother!—Home!
 His eye to heaven who reads inspirèd Tome;
 And yet its sphynx-like character a dart
 Sends wingèd, as Latona were a part,
 Or animal statue on a prison dome.

And yet it fascinates despite the crime
 Attachèd to her name. Unstudied grace,
 In half unconscious calm, is hers alone,
 Lending a heavenly peace to painted face;
 But Picture great, and Statue deck my rhyme,
 For poet's art these sister arts would own.

THE GREEK SLAVE.

In Marble,—Powers.

IV.

Inspirèd Lady!* if I trespass where
 Your Pen immortal lines has traced, forgive!
 Wast here the speechless marble first did live,
 And in her chiseled eloquence more fair
 Than he had felt, did breathe her native air
 In vales unclassic? Here, unfugitive,
 Might blushless Slave, with lines diminutive,
 Hold sway immortal. Beauty wrapt in prayer!

O Italy! thy Florence yet may own
 Her place of sculpture, yet my song would be.
 He yet was ours, and there transplanted grew
 Our loved America, famèd Italy!
 So, honors cluster round you. He that drew
 Our lands together, made each other known!

V.

In whitest silence did you see her! Her
 Ideal beauty in the house of anguish
 An alien Image seemed. And lovelier
 That both her white unshackled hands did languish,
 As thought were in their marble loveliness,
 And speech were theirs appealing from their chains,
 And eloquent more from modest nakedness,

*Mrs. Browning.

As thro' the air the hurt bird sends refrains;
 For wrought Imagination to the skies
 In wingèd tears had gone, such holy beauty
 Seemed looking from her moveless stony eyes,
 As 'twere, e'en there, the white wind's dainty duty
 To love her in her stony beauty there,
 To pity one was chained that was so fair.

VI.

Powers! thy name shall live in chiseled art,
 Tho' unknown bard had sung her beauty not;
 Tho' yet unknown that Florence was the spot
 Where marble took a shape divine, the heart
 Of human being touched. You took the part
 Of magic sculptor, and to beauty wrought
 The once unbuilt beauty of your thought,
 Your mind-wed loveliness did there impart!

Till lovely Greek in marble lovelier seemed,
 Accenting liberation from the yoke
 Of Turkish thralldom, as the marble dreamed,
 And there in her unsyllabled anguish spoke
 From more than marble lips, and winning those
 With unsaid word, who knew her country's woes.

 NYDIA, THE BLIND GIRL OF POMPEII.

In Marble.—Rogers.

VII.

Blind Nydia, poor, poor Nydia, art alone?
 Are none to pity thee, and take thy hand
 And lead thee forth from doomèd city? Shone
 The heavens red above the fated land,
 The ashes filled the air like hugest veil;
 And then Pompeii knew her ruin near;
 But Nydia, poor blind Nydia, hear her wail!
 From out her sightless eye there falls the tear
 Of anguish; for her lover, he has fled,
 And all her searching seemeth vain, ah vain!
 And yet my blind-girl will not feel him dead,
 Tho' dust and fiery ashes daze her brain;
 Yet oft she pauses in her nameless fear,
 Her one left hand against her listening ear.

VIII.

She cryeth loud, she pauses, listening still,
 With bended form upon her staff. No sound,
 Save hissing ashes. Ruin hath its will,
 And mad Vesuvius showers the heated ground
 With hot destruction, till the populace
 Are wild with fright, forgetful of the blind,
 Unheeding Nydia, and her woe-worn face,
 Her scant skirts blown by every wayward wind;
 Her bare feet bruised by every unhewn stone;
 And yet poor Nydia hurried on. Her voice
 Rang thro' the treacherous sounds. And still alone
 She wanders; but the dear one of her choice
 Gave back no word. The blinding ashes fell,
 And great Pompeii heard its fatal knell.

IX.

Another Psyche in her wanderings! Hope
 She grew; but Glaucus never, never heard.
 O Nydia! O my blind and fluttering bird,
 That Gate of Clouds in farway heaven might ope
 And let thee in. But no, thro' ashes grope
 To certain death, from Glaucus not a word!
 O pity, Nydia, you had ever stirred
 To seek thy love like wildered antelope!

In living marble thou art listening yet,
 Thy head bent forward, with thy parted lip
 As if to tell his Nydia'll ne'er forget
 Until the Pompeian winecup she may sip
 And die in blindness for her Glaucus love,
 'Mid smoke and ashes like a half-afraid dove!

 THE LIBYAN SIBYL.

In Marble,—Story.

X.

He is no poet true who cannot see
 Beauty in everything, what tho' of stars
 In sky, a tree, a shrub, a warful Mars,
 A spear of grass, a flower beside the Dee,
 An unsung brook thro' meadows wandering free,
 A god or goddess in their wingèd cars,
 A culprit staring thro' his prison bars,
 Or anything, O Earth! that's dear to thee.

The eye has no restrictions, it may rest
 On beauties all around, or woo a spot
 Of tenderer green, where nature lavish drest
 The whispering dell, or where the sun is caught
 A-peeping thro' my lady's blind to guess
 How she would look in gossamery undress.

XI.

My eye is pleased with gazing on a stone
 Enshackled in the earth with unhewn face,
 And let the mind its coming beauty trace,
 As some imagined Story stands alone,
 His unkempt hair by heavenly zephyrs blown,
 And builds to beauty with an ugly mace,
 And harshest tool, a thing divine! We place
 A laurel on his brow, and claim our own.

For we are proud that he has done so much,
 That he has made immortal part of earth,
 That he has turned the stone with finer touch
 To thing that seems immortal in its birth;
 And all the world will claim him for his powers;
 We thank them; but they still must leave him ours.

XII.

By Hawthorne's touch his Cleopatra seemed
 More lovely, Story's; and his marble maid
 In all of Cleopatra's glory 'rayed
 Unsullied in her marble beauty dreamed,
 As if her Africa were late redeemed
 From all her secret unsolved past, and laid
 Her charactered Scroll (that sun and time might fade)
 As bare as day, where whitest Sol had gleamed.

The Sibyl of her people, weird and grand,
 As master sculptor saw her Afric heart,
 And with the sweep of mind directed hand,
 Made Libyan girl imperishable in Art,
 Forever watching in her stony gaze,
 The grim old past of Afric's darkest days.

XIII,

A mystery! Yet no 'serpent of old Nile';
 She holds her country's secrets, holds them still;
 You see the clenched Scroll. She has her will;
 But in her stony loveliness the while
 The human eye may see (and not defile

Its own white structure there) each marble hill
Asserting possible motherhood. 'Twere ill
In one, however great, who would revile!

To me there shines but sculptor's magic art,
Leading the mind from beauty unto beauty,
From line to lovelier line, till she a part
Of heaven seems. 'Twere only Tyro's duty
To turn the crisp nose up that scant attire
Might lead a Collatine with false desire.

XIV.

The child of secrets, yet you need not fear,
O Africa! Her lower limbs are locked;
Her hand is 'gainst her chin. For had she talked
Her land were doomed. Her stony eye no tear,
Her form no tremor. Rounding year by year
She sits. She will not tell. You are not shocked.
The Stanleys thro' your Continent have walked,
Your mysteries growing clear and more clear.

In stone you sit forever! Round your neck
The ancient symbol hangs. Upon your head
The Ammonite horn rests. But who may reck
Your country's future? Have the Stanleys led
The natives of your unsolved Nile from night
Into a day of broader, grander light?

MEDEA.

In Marble,—Story.

XV.

O Nubian-featured Cleopatra, did
Thy sculptor make Medea less than Greek?
Defying history, Adelaide?* Wilt speak
With marble tongue, or lift the stony lid,
Or tell with carved mouth if ought be hid?
You fear her dagger? My Medea will wreak
No woe upon thee. Tell us by what freak
'Twas done. Because high Genius loves to bid

Defiance to the schoolman's rule, and lend
A magic power that has no limit, bound,
And like a Lamb despise all rule, transcend
Rhetoric art, and from the dust, the ground,
Raise beauties dearer to the sculptor's heart
Than all the rules of old methodic art.

*Adelaide Ristori.

XVI.

A Clytemnestra fair, with dagger-hand
 Beneath thy banded arm, a cruel eye
 So treacherous in its stony glance, so shy,
 The blood is creeping. In thy Grecian land,
 (O fair Barbarian!) you slew them, a band
 Of children each thy own. But did they cry,
 "O mother, spare!" Beneath the great blue sky
 You had revenge, for Colchian Sorceress planned!

And yet in all your marble loveliness,
 With clothed limbs and sandeled feet, 'twere hard,
 'Twere yet sublime, for poet to confess,
 You were so cruel, you could not regard
 The helplessness of all your children dear,
 And slew them coldly with unshedded tear!

LE PREMIERE POSE.

In Marble,—Roberts.

XVII.

O Modesty! O Purity! O Pure
 And lovely Maid! the angels will forget
 Thee never. Art will owe to thee a debt
 Till starlights fall; for you, sweet maid, will lure
 The thought to heaven. Yet may you not endure
 The painter's eye. But as your mother's pet
 At home, with holier thoughts you had not met
 Than his, for with him Chastity is sure.

And so, fair girl, feel not thy pulses throb
 That thou art naked. He'll immortalize
 Thy beauty, all thy loveliness, nor rob
 Thee, maid, of one fair virtue with his eyes;
 For with the beauty of unsullied Thought
 He sees thee in thy Purity daintily wrought.

XVIII.

So, pose in all thy holy beauty; he
 Will leave thee e'en as pure as first he found
 Thee,—Death, perchance has ravished all thy beauty
 These many years; and violets on thy mound
 Have bloomed in vain. But yet thy beauty rare
 Remains in speechless marble, true to life;
 No fashion makes thee out of fashion there;

For fashion is of clothes, uncrownèd Wife !
 You blushed that he would have thy statue nude,
 In all thy naked loveliness sublime ;
 You trembled that the sculptor did intrude
 Upon thy sacred privacy. Yet time
 Has slain thee not, for while the body moulders,
 You live in marble, ravish all beholders.

XIX.

So I may know you were a lovely maid,
 For on your marble figure I may gaze,
 Your eyes are closed, your stony locks have strayed,
 You are as lovely as the storied fays,
 With limbs drawn up to hide thy nakedness,
 With arm drawn up to shield thy modest face,
 As there in all thy undraped loveliness
 You wait. Your right hand clutches at the lace,
 Thy strange chair's drapery. A comic head
 Is peering by thy shoulder. So he wrought
 Until to whitest marble you are wed
 In all the lovely magic of his thought,
 Unsullied yet, and loved by many a heart,
 Who ne'er had known thee but for highest Art.

THE ANGEL OF THE SEPULCHRE.

In Marble,—Palmer.

XX.

O wingèd Angel, sitting lone, wilt guard
 The Master's tomb from earthly touch or glance,
 Thy soft angelic features in a trance,
 As Time were weighing on thee? Thou art starred
 By Heaven high, and not a thought has marred
 Thy countenance divine. Time will enhance
 Thy beauty more. But Death has shot his lance,
 And now He sleepeth like a heavenly bard.

But has He risen? Ope the sepulchre
 And gaze. The Resurrection is, and He
 Is risen! Harken! Do you hear the stir
 Of winds? Their footsteps'* sound? And Galilee
 Still sings her mournful dirges o'er and o'er,
 For He has risen, gained that other Shore!

*Christ's disciples.

XXI.

And still in whitest marble do you wait;
 But all in vain, in vain. Thy marble eye
 No more shall see the risen Master nigh;
 Nor marble cheek regain its hue. Elate
 No more shall be thy marble heart. 'Twere fate
 That He should go. From out the great grand sky
 He smiles upon thee. Marble tears may dry,
 For in the heavens He still may be thy mate.

• For good of earth and good of heaven wed,
 Tho' oceans swell between. Rapt Palmer wrought
 Till thou seem'st living tho' thou may be dead
 To earth. But from the beauty of his thought
 Thy angel self may last in peace for aye,
 Till moon and starlights fall before that Day.

 OPHELIA.

In Marble,—Connelly.

XXII.

Ophelia, naught of madness do I see
 Within thy marble face. Thy Hamlet, nay,
 He will not love thee. Some sweet bird' astray
 You seem. But he is drawn with all thy beauty;
 And yet he may not say: "Ophelia, we
 May love and never wed." And she was gay,
 But tears came. Ballads old. A roundelay
 In madness fell. We hear the mournful sea.

It sings of wedless love. A Prince that won
 And never wed.—O marble maiden! I
 Do pity thee. The times were bad. 'Twas done,
 And poor Ophelia sang her ballads by
 The wayside, all unheeded and alone,—
 But lives Ophelia in enchanted stone!

 A CHAIN OF SONNETS.

I.

What matters it where one leaves his corpse.—Rousseau.
 No matter, for the world will claim its own,
 And love its Homers tho' a Greece may claim;
 For such have won the everlasting fame
 Of Poet. O'er their sepulchre no stone,

No slab to mark them sleeping there alone,
 Their ashes still within no urn; their name
 Shall echo on, and on, and be the same,
 Though not a shred, a clue, a poet's bone,

To prove that here a tender singer lies,
 Who won the world with magic of his song,
 And soaring from them to the rainless skies,
 Rejoined in heaven fair the laureled throng
 That came to earth with golden string'd lyres,
 And filled the great grand land with soft desires.

II.

Westminster Abbey! and the bard is dumb!
 O storied Pile! O grandeur and renown!
 O Building vast, with stony stare, and glum,
 To-day, within thy busy English town,
 Thou hast the treasures of a distant land,
 The dust of poets, sculptors, statesmen! There
 The ashes sleep of him who led the band
 Of English bards, sweet Chaucer. Otherwhere
 His songs have gone, till every lettered clime
 Has claimed. There, too, rapt Spenser sleeps the sleep
 Of death. And yet the world has loved his rhyme,
 And care not where the bard was born, but keep
 His memory fresh. Our Beaumont, too, we find
 With kings, and princes, bards, is there enshrined.

III.

Drayton is sleeping in this hush'd tomb
 Of Death, with lords, and English earls, for friends,
 And 'rare Ben. Jonson' with his fame abloom
 In many a foreign land. In beauty blends
 'The storied urn or animated bust'
 Above the ashes of the sleeping dead,
 We trespass, there intrude. The smell of must
 Like incense o'er the hallow'd place is shed;
 And yet their fames live on forever! Years!
 Ye cannot take them from us. They are ours;
 And tho' we long since wiped the falling tears,
 We yet may strew our fair and fadeless flowers;
 For death can never take their names away
 Nor dull the beauty of their caroled lay.

IV.

And Cowley, Congreve, Sheridan and Gay,
 And crown'd Campbell, rest within thy shade,
 To glory adding glory in their day;
 To glory adding glory time has made;

But ill-starred Byron found not death's repose
 Within thy sacred precincts! Hucknell Church!
 To thee the sacred trust is given! Blows
 The floweret in the field. The silver birch
 Still has its Springtime choir, and unforgot
 The weird bard sleeps. But Newstead Abbey near,
 May see the traveled tourist seek the spot,
 And for his genius drop the unbidden tear!
 Memorial marble sanctifies thy Shrine,
 O Abbey! sculptured by a hand divine.

V,

The dust of many an English poet sleeps
 In other lands, their mouldering graves unknown
 To all but dearest friend. But sculptured stone,
 In Poet's Corner, all their memory keeps
 Unsullied, sacred; and the red blood leaps
 Across the cheek as Fancy paints them lone
 In foreign clime, and Music's raptured tone
 Seems sounding far, till tranced poet weeps.

But still the grand memorial stone may say:
 "They sleep the sleep of death in other lands;
 But yet we own their grand melodious lay;
 And in our Abbey, by unselfish hands,
 The builded marble tells their tale of fame,
 The rare sweet merit of their hallowed name."

VI.

And there, O dear Memorial of a Bard*
 The whole world loves, you shine in beauty rare
 For him who died when all the land had starred;
 When all the earth had thought him faultless fair;
 When all the world had crowned him with the great;
 But death drew nigh, and while his ashes rest
 In native land, his storied bust was late
 Enshrined in England's grandest pile! The West,
 The East, the North, the South do homage now
 That he is dead. And mother country lends
 Her glory to his name; and there may bow
 The two proud Nations, till his beauty blends
 These two great leading Countries of the earth,
 As heaven had been their place of happy birth.

VII.

Beside the silver Avon sleeps the dust
 Of Shakespeare. And our holy Milton dreams

*Longfellow.

Within the churchyard of St. Giles. We trust
 The ones that broke his rest are sane. The streams
 Of Paradise sing carols to his name;
 But still he sleeps, but still he sleeps. Near by,
 John Foxe the humble tutor lies. But fame,
 Undying, lives for aye. The voice may cry
 That death has come; but still their songs remain
 To glad the land. Our Pope within the church
 At Twickenham is sleeping. Free from pain
 In Richmond churchyard where the birds may perch,
 Loved Thompson lieth. They are scattered wide;
 But all the world has crowned them side by side.

VIII.

And Gray is resting in Stoke-Pogis churchyard
 Where once he sang his deathless lay. The mind
 Is winged. Oliver Goldsmith (tenderest bard!)
 At Temple church will sing no more. The wind
 Has fanned the blooming flowers. And earth may weep
 That they are gone. But, peace! They left their lyres,
 And he may touch who will. The willows keep
 A quiet shade for them. 'Their wonted fires'
 Remain and hallow all the land. Their tombs
 Are all about us. Cowper lies at last
 At Dareham, where his rural floweret blooms
 In beauty. And the living bard may cast
 His flowers upon the tomb of Coleridge where
 He rests in old St. Michael's, peaceful there!

IX.

Southey is sleeping soft at Keswick. Cease,
 Ye idle tongues, for death has claimed his own,
 And raised the cenotaph and fruited stone,
 Made glory shine in other lands than Greece,
 Kirk White has wooed at last with proffered peace
 To Nottingham, where sweet he sleeps alone;
 And, Kensal Green, at last Tom Hood has flown
 To death and thee. But Shelley! O release
 Me, Death, from censuring Thought, for you that slew
 Him cold upon the babbling wave; and thou,
 O Superstition! burned him 'neath the blue
 Of tearful heaven. But Rome's fair flowerets bow
 Above his ashes, where O softly sleep
 And dream, sweet Lyrist! nevermore to weep.

X.

And Keats, and Severn near thee dream at last,
 And Goethe's cherished son! Companionship
 More fit for gods than men. We touch the lip

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

As we would stay the word that shapes to cast
 A slur on death that he has made them fast
 In unreplying dreams. The moon may dip
 Her horn in western seas, and starlights trip
 Behind the veiling clouds. 'Tis past, 'tis past!

The moon and stars are hid. The earth is veiled.
 They sleep, they sleep! And will not wake, not wake!
 The birds have caroled there; the winds have wailed
 Their last sad dirge. But, Death, I will not make
 A war on thee, for He that sent ye here,
 Has power to soothe, and dry the heart-shed tear.

XI.

Belovèd Eloquence! outspeaking soft
 From all the hallowed past, and voicing sweet
 The memories clustering there, the lilies doft
 Their beauty, but their glory you repeat
 In glowing language, waking into speech
 The voiceless shaft above the dust of those
 Who sang immortal strains and died. The beach
 Does echo back the great sea roar, as blows
 Their memories from the past on gentle gales
 Of wounded love.—O Italy! we come
 To thee, and there in Florence fair the wails
 Are heard for one who sang, but now is dumb
 In death. Sweet Lady!* But your songs remain,
 The dainty beauty of your classic strain.

XII.

O Dryburgh Abbey, he † has sought thy shades
 At last, and Scotia sheds a teardrop for
 His memory. Soft the Scottish daylight fades,
 And Burns, the darling child of every law
 That tempts the human heart, steals to the mind
 From Dumfries' 'cloistered shade.' And on his ‡ tomb,

Sweet singer, you erected in the wind
 Of heaven, a modest stone; but o'er thee bloom
 The flowers of death. But Ramsays and Buchanans,
 All poets rare, who last thro' tearless death,
 You live as nature's rarest artisans,
 Tho' nevermore shall heaven's scented breath
 Fan soft as yore thy dear and laureled brow,
 For 'neath the flowers thou art sleeping now!

*Mrs. Browning. †Scott. ‡Fergusson's.

XIII.

And now sweet Sonnet! faretheewell. I go
As one who yet would stay. But, faretheewell;
You echo in my ear like silver bell
From over quiet seas. The zephyrs blow
From inland shores. What makes your music so
That still I'm charmed, and yet I may not tell
Why so it is? But still I feel your spell,
And live in half sung songs of long ago.

Few bards have loved you, Sonnet, for you wind
A thousand ways, and tease the poet's soul
With many a dainty rule. But if his mind
Be wrapt in thee, your volumed numbers roll
In grandest beauty, and till life be fled,
The sonnet and the ravished Bard are wed!



THE POET.

He walked beneath the starry dome,
His heart was light and free ;
He saw the loveliness around,
And all the great earth's beauty.

'Twas even clear and holy calm,
A rare and quiet eve ;
You heard the sobbing of the wind,
The little birds that grieve.

He walked alone, for loneliness
Was sacred to his heart ;
He loved to dream with Nature lone,
He loved her rustic art.

He knew the world had called him strange,
Had talked behind his back ;
But still he worked and wrought and worked,
And traced his winding track.

A few had said: "You have the gifts,
The traits that make the bard ;
But you are poor, the way is long
Ere you are crowned and starred."

And others said: "He apes the throne
Where reign the immortal few ;
Be still, for he can never shine
A star from out the blue."

And then the poet said: "To be,
'Twere well to write ;
'Twas trying, e'en, that learned at last
The beauty of the night.

"I mark my route ; who says me nay ?
It is my will, my taste ;
I walk beneath the moonlight pale,
How pure, unsullied, chaste !

"I wander aimless. 'Neath my feet
I see the trampled weed;
The kine have trod you, and their hoofs
Are printed in the mead.

"Next day I go, and there, and lo!
I see a prisoned flower;
It was no weed! An ox-eye daisy
Within its prison bower!

"Yet, some had called you but a weed,
Thou flower with fringed crown;
And some had seen thy beauty still,
Tho' you were trampled down."

And so he traversed evening fields,
He saw the glistening dew;
He saw the moonlit arch above,
The stars that lit the blue.

And last he sat him by a stone,
A brook was babbling nigh;
And through the very stillness came
An ancient melody.

The grand old song of wood and vale,
The faint heard cavern stream;
A song to him more felt than heard,
The song of poet's dream.

And there as silent as the stone,
He sat in slumberous ease;
The brook was gurgling. Soft and low
The wind sang in the trees.

In soft communion there he sat,
With Nature as she was;
He loved her for her sake alone.
Her strange yet natural laws.

The dew had damped the gray hillside,
Had bowed the tender flower;
Had kissed the poet's paling cheek,
And gemmed the rustic bower.

A wind was rising from the north,
The night air chilled his brow;
At last he rose and wandered homeward
In Thought's rare beauty now!

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

And late he gained the straggling town,
 How coarse the loud laugh seemed;
 It broke from men upon the street,
 And where the red lights gleamed.

And these were those who took in vain
 The name of nature's child,
 And laughed, and told in coarsest way,
 The poet-boy was wild.

It hurt him sore, but not in anger,
 But love he gently said:
 "The wreathed pillars stand to-day
 For poet's long since dead.

"They stood beside my Milton once,
 They did not name him bard;
 But Time has traced the magic line:
 'At last thy crown is starred!'

"And Time will raise the pillar yet
 To many a bard unknown:
 The Homers once the brightest stars,
 But do they shine alone?"

And soon he slumbered. In his dreams
 He saw a magic hand
 Sculpturing stone to wondrous shape,
 With beauty rare and grand.

And then a shaft above his grave,
 And lo! he did behold
 His marble form upon its top
 Crowned with a crown of gold!

So let him sleep, so let him dream,
 So let him paint the day;
 So let him wait till worlds shall crown,
 And love him for his lay.

OSCAR WILDE.

I thank thee, Oscar, Oscar Wilde,
 I thank thee once again,
 Thy teachings pure and undefiled,
 Have shocked us coarser men.

When Keats was born a flower fair,
A flower by nature trained,
The curse of fool was fixed there,
His name and work profaned.

Man's coarser nature had but craved
A rougher kind of verse,
And bard and critic madly raved
That he should so rehearse.

He died and daisies veil his grave,
But dead he liveth still,
Nor bard, nor critic now shall rave,
E'en death no power to kill.

A half a century in advance
This poet sang and died ;
But "golden languors" now entrance,
Our tastes have wooed him bride.

And you, Sir Stranger, tho' less great,
Have worshipped at his shrine ;
The listening stars shall pause and wait
In love of thee and thine.

The world may jar and loud complain,
Thy motives are of right ;
No child of Keats will ever stain
Thy scutcheon pure and bright.

And, too, our English bard so chaste.
Will love you tho' you fail ;
Perfection yet was never traced
In any poet's tale.

Your cause is right, tho' stranger bard
Need voice the magic lyre ;
'Twas Keats we loved and gemmed and starred,
Above the funeral pyre.

Keep on, keep on, a higher plane
May show when you are gone ;
The gods will never him profane
Who placed the lilies on

The brow of Coarseness there to shine
Sweet emblems of a love

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

That came from Paradise, a sign
E'en unto those above.

THE THREE POETS.

FIRST POET.

I.

"And I will sing for classic minds,
The men of dainty thought,
And they shall love my dainty art,
My beauties finely wrought.

II.

"The stars that dream in even time,
The cloud-ships on the blue,
Shall be my theme, and calla lilies,
And roses dipt in dew.

III.

"The world shall wonder at my art,
For them I have not wrought;
My dainties come from Orient mines,
With daintier fairies brought.

IV.

"The rarest diamond shall be mine,
The unfound gem of earth;
And every beauty born or art,
Of true and classic worth.

V.

"And then the trained minds will see
I've wrought alone for them;
And then they'll give me for a crown
A jeweled diadem!"

SECOND POET.

I.

"I will tell them soft and low
E'en how sweet it is to be
In the beauty and the love
Of dear Home's society.

II.

"And how sweet it is to feel
Yea, for every lowly heart,
And to love them for their worth,
Not their cold and classic art.

III.

"And the common run of men
Understand what I may say,
And will cherish me forever,
Tho' I sang a simple lay.

IV.

"And the men of nicest brain,
Who might scorn the lowly poor,
I should never crave their love,
No, nor pass their archèd door.

V.

"Home, sweet Home, should be my song,
And the cot and lowly hearth;
And I'd never do them wrong,
O these gentle ones of earth!"

THIRD POET.

I.

"I would sing in daintiest numbers
For the man of richest brain,
And as gentle as his slumbers
Make the verse's rare refrain.

II.

"I would paint the heavenly glory
Oft so dazzling in the sky,
And would sing the tender story
Till the teardrop wet his eye.

III.

"And my muse should love the beauty,
And the fineness of his mind;
And 'twould be her dainty duty
There to crown him with his kind.

IV.

"Yet you'll list, my Shelley poet,
 Since my heart as fondly yearns
 For the lowly, let them know it,
 And the poor of Robert Burns.

V.

"I will sing for every hearer
 Be they high or be they low,
 And with song will draw them nearer
 While we linger here below!"

GENIUS. *

When there is no Genius,
 And the songs I sing
 Might be sung by any
 Is my questioning?

He † has said an angel
 Makes the poet write,
 And from out the heavens
 Cometh clothed in white.

She alone has touched him
 With the beauties rare,
 That have graced the rainbow
 Hung so 'faultless fair.'

She has told the beauty
 Of the starry skies,
 Till the happy teardrops
 Sparkle from his eyes.

Yet he might have done it
 If she never came;
 Might have been a poet
 With a poet's fame.

*Why should we still suffer under the notion of "genius," which keeps so many poor little authorlings trembling in question whether they have it, or have only "talent?"—*Editor's Study*, HARPER'S.

†Longfellow.

Then, my dainty critic,
 Why so many dumb?
 Here are birds and flowers,
 Banded bees that hum.

There's a calla lily,
 There's a bit of blue;
 I, I cannot help it,
 I must sing for you!

Something has compelled me;
 Is it genius, sir?
 Never mind the answer,
 Earth's made lovelier!

I have built a rainbow
 From a daintier thought;
 Yes, my mind has made it,
 Into beauty wrought.

I am not a scholar
 Trained in nicest art,
 Yet the songs I sing, sir,
 Come from out the heart.

Burns was born a poet
 In the town of Ayr;
 From his soul he loved her,*
 Made her faultless fair.

Do you think her beauty
 More than many a maid's
 Wooed by Scottish Jamies
 In the Scottish glades?

No, sir; 'twas his genius
 Made her rich and rare;
 And the jewel lassie,
 Fair, and faultless fair.

Nature's queen had crowned him,
 Gave the gift of song;
 Clothed his pen with genius,
 Raised him from the throng!

You have heard the angel!
 Did she bid you write?—

*Highland Mary.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

'Mid Venitian glories
Paint her starless night?

Yours were dainty numbers;
Venice owes thee much;
For you traced her beauties
With the finest touch!

I shall call it genius!
You, e'en what you may;
Talent cannot do it,
Could a scholar, pray?

But, excuse the harper,
For the angel said:
"Sing your lowly carol,
Sing, it will be read!"

POE.

And I had crowned thee mighty bard,
The mightiest of our clime,
With diadem the gods had starred,
A crown above thy rhyme.

Great Nature gave thee vastest powers,
And crowned thee with the gods,
With Eden scenes and rarest flowers
To rule with empires' rods.

Another Byron's was thy might
That ranked thee with the great;
The hour is gone, and shall I write:
"A Bard, but bard of Fate?"

Thy passions whirled in maddest rage,
The Ravens told thy thought,
Mechanic law has shamed thy page,
Thy finer beauties wrought.

'Tis naturalness that stamps the verse
As greater than the mass
That all Satanic bards rehearse,
That come, their day, and pass.

And Tennyson, and Coleridge, Keats,
And Shelley, Goldsmith, such,
That win the world with Eden sweets,
With finer brain and touch.

. The days are gone when whirling clouds,
And thunder, lightning's flash ;
A monster form enwrapt in shrouds
Sees mountains fall and crash.

My Scott has crowned the mighty past,
But vates on the prow,
My Shelley stands, and stands at last,
A crown upon his brow.

With beauty, strength and naturalness,
The world, the world is thine ;
No death to him where Beauty's dress
Has clothed the potent line.

Thy mathematic art may prune
The verse of many a weed,
But flowers that blush and bloom in June
The choral train shall lead.

The wildflower twined upon the wall,
'Mid weed and tangled briar,
More truly reigns the queen of all
Than Art that forced the lyre.

THINK.

Think of Sumner and of Garrison,
Think of all the deeds these men have done,
Think of Lincoln pure above the crowd,
See a Nation by our Garfield bowed,
Emulate their high example.

Think of Henry Wilson dead and gone,
Think of Wendell Phillips martyr born,
Think of Uncle Tom by Mrs. Stowe,
When the Nation's rich red blood did flow,
Follow in their hallowed footsteps.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

Think of Slavery on a Southern soil,
 Think of slaves that bared their arm for toil,
 Think of all the blood so nobly shed,
 And of many a nameless soldier dead,
 By their deeds now choose your helmsman.

Think, my son, of Whittier, and such men,
 Think the martyred Lincoln here again,
 Think what Garfield represented here,
 Who that cast the flowerets on his bier,
 Vote upon your sacred honor!

Think! and choose as you would choose a friend,
 Let our Nation's great names meet and blend,
 Think of Sumner, Seward, Garrison, all,
 Who were grieved at noble Lincoln's fall,
 Think of these, and cast your ballot!

COME BACK, SWEET BIRDS.

Come back, come back, the snow is gone,
 The green is on the hills;
 The winds are soft by valley streams,
 And by the laughing rills.

The months have gone since you were here,
 My pretty feathered throng;
 Come back, come back, my little ones,
 And sing your sweetest song.

The trees are bare where once were heard
 Your carols light and long;
 Come back, come back, for all have missed
 The beauty of your song.

I know 'tis March, and winds are cold,
 The snows are on the ground;
 But come and bring the lovely spring,
 With flowers that then abound.

Beneath my lowly cottage eaves
 The breeze is warm to-day;
 So come, sweet birds, oh come and sing
 Thy dainty wildwood lay.

The sun is peeping from the clouds,
The southern breezes fan,
And soon we'll hear the oaten notes
From hoofed and hornèd Pan.

So come, sweet birds, for I would hear
Thy carols soft and low;
The snowbird twitters in his song,
You do not sing them so.

For me the robin's mournful tone
Is sweet, and very sweet;
And tenderer, too, it seems to me
When echoing woods repeat.

I love the mockbird and the jay,
The brown bird and the thrush;
The skylark, too, when rosy morn
Upon the world does blush.

The nightingale I love at eve,
With solemn silence round;
When grand old Nature veils her face,
And waters run profound.

But come, sweet birds of every song.
There's beauty in you all;
The poorest one I would not harm
That sings on the old gray wall.

So come with twitter, come with song,
My Burroughs * loves your art;
And often by the babbling brook
Your song has touched his heart.

And Thompson,† too, will bend to hear
The softest, daintiest note,
That ever fell on a listening ear
From a birdling's happy throat.

So come, sweet birds, the water runs
From many a greening hill;
The brooklet sings a tender rune
In harmony with the rill.

The god of winter stands aback,
He sees his reign is o'er;
The scampering rills have sung his death
Along the babbling shore.

*John Burroughs. †Maurice Thompson.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

So come, come, come! The blustering March
 Will soon wear April's crown;
 And even now the hillside snows
 In streams are tumbling down.

And there's a patch of loveliest green,
 And down beside the brook
 A pussy-willow decks the scene;
 O come, sweet birds, and look!

Come home, come home! (Why longer wait?)
 And I will give to thee
 A lady-bird to be thy mate
 Of rich and rarest beauty!

And soon a distant bird note came,
 And soon another sweet,
 Till heaven's blue an ocean seemed
 With many a baby fleet.

And last the land was full of birds,
 Their music filled the air;
 Till here they seemed, till there they seemed,
 And here and everywhere.

And each one had his chosen mate,
 And all the land was sweet;
 And every hill and valley fair,
 Their music did repeat!

HER BABY'S CHAIN.
DEDICATION.

1.

To you I dedicate my song,
 O mother, wife, and bride;
 For you have made me what I am,
 And told the world beside.

2.

Since but for thee this little Book
 Had never, no! been known;
 So, let me thank thee from the heart,
 If such you care to own.

3.

And may thy life be sweet and fair,
And move in joyous train,
And never, never any hand
Dare take thy baby's chain!

I had led her to the altar
When the spring was blooming fair,
And the single rose that graced her
Was the one within her hair.

I had wooed and won her gently
Thro' the summer and the spring,
And our hearts were with the beauty,
And the bird upon the wing.

With the happy bird of summer,
And the bird within his cage,
And the book we opened gladly,
Softly turning page by page.

I had known her thro' the winter
When the snow was soft and white,
And our hearts had grown together
As a softer light to light.

And we cared for one another
More and more as fell the time,
Till our hearts had beat together
In a soft melodious chime.

We had wandered by the brooklet
Tumbling down among the hills;
We had boated on the river
That had sung its solemn trills.

And, Green Mountain, too, we clambered
With its top among the clouds,
Looking like a giant monster
In its mist and vapory shrouds.

And below us ran the river,
Sugar River named for aye;
For the grand and stately maples
Had in beauty graced its way.

And Ascutney in the distance
Reared so grandly 'neath the skies,

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

That it seemed a farway castle
In the magic of our eyes.

Then we thought how artist Miller
Had enshrined its beauty rare,
Till it seemed upon the canvass
As 'twere melting into air.

But my artist, he was sadder
'Than the bard that sings his song;
So the world has never known him,
And they do him bitter wrong.

But for aye the world disown thee,
And shall buy the rich man's daub,
Sure they cannot, no, and never,
Of thine inward blessings rob.

For, like me, a dainty beauty
Shines for you and you alone;
And the world for aye disown us,
There's a beauty all our own.

Then again we thought and pondered
How the town had seen our star;*
But 'tis shining in the zenith
O'er a city faint and far.

She has left us for the honors
That have come to high renown;
And 'twere not for her alone, sir,
Who, I pray, had known our town?

Burns it was that gave to Ayrshire
E'en a poet's world-wide fame;
Who that loves the Bard of Afton
Sheds no teardrop at the name!

Then we wandered thro' the valley
With the lily on the stream,
And the waters singing sweetly
Seemed the song within our dream.

Last, when July suns were tanning
Every schoolboy's rounded face,
Did I lead her to the altar,
And her happy love did trace.

*Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Then, at last, the youthful pastor *
Said that she and I were one,
And I blessed him, and I told him,
Yes, the Father's will be done.

She was clothed in spotless raiments,
White as snow on wintry wold;
And the ring was on her finger,
Wedding ring of yellow gold.

Then I thought, O how confiding
Is my rosy bride in me;
And I felt forever, ever,
Will I be the world to thee.

Months went by, and springs, and winters;
Love had never lost his crown;
And could see, our friends and neighbors,
We were happiest in the town.

Then how sweet, and then how holy,
Did this mother seem to me,
When beside the little cradle
Did she sing so ho-ly, ho-ly!

Time grew on, and more united
By the link unconscious there,
Days sailed by in ships of beauty,
Till our home a seraph air.

Then her ditty, "sleep, my baby,
Sleep in peace and sleep in joy;
Thou the image of thy father,
And thy mother's pattern boy."

Thus I often heard her singing,
Singing songs from out the heart,
Little tender baby carols,
Unadorned of any art.

Time was coming, time was going,
Woes and joys were in the train;
But from out a meagre coffer
We had bought the baby's chain.

Round his neck it shone in beauty,
Like a rainbow's line of gold,
And he bloomed our household flower
Like the flowerets on the wold.

*Rev. Chas. A. Pladdock.

But, ah, Time! thou hast the bitter
E'en as well as every sweet,
And the teardrops on the eyelid
Fell with words you did repeat.

"Take the gold watch that you gave her,
And your own watch with it place,
And the chains so bright and golden,—
Never heed the pallid face.

"She will weep; but to thy duty,
Let them have thy yellow gold;
'Nothing venture, nothing have,' sir;
He who'd win must e'er be bold.

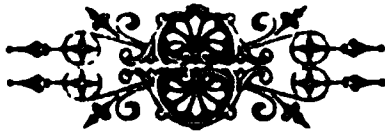
"There, sir, you have left her weeping
Heed her sorrow, heed her pain;
It will break her heart, O Husband!—
You must take the baby's chain!

"You are trembling as you take it,
And the tears have crossed your cheek;
'Big events are on the gale,' sir,—
Yours a grief that cannot speak.

"She the bride, the wife, the mother,—
You have broke her happy heart;
So you do not, do not wonder
That the teardrops there may start.

"There; with these thine obligations
Have at last, at last been met,
And the joy that cometh after
Dries the eye that now is wet."

And, O God! I took them from her,
Took them with a heavy brain;
But her tears, they ran like water,
When I took her baby's chain!



SONNETS.

TO MY MOTHER.

When first you saw me in my cradle lie,
And knew that I was all the world to thee,
This side the silent, silent, measureless Sea,
And saw the beauty of my soft blue eye,
O did you feel your baby boy might die,
And so into the great years yet to be
Look all in vain for heaven's rainbowed beauty,
With never holiest thought to reason why?

But, ah, my Mother! unseen hands have spared,
Until I stand to-day in manhood's prime,
Thanking thee now that thou hast gently cared
For me thro' all the shifting years of time,
Till I may lay with reverence at thy feet,
My Book of Song that seemed so rare and sweet!

TO MY BOOK.

O wilt thou buckle on thine armor bright,
With tufted helm and shield of glittering pearl,
Achilles-like thy polished javelin hurl,
Against the Hectors or the plumèd knight,*
With all the world to watch you in the fight,
A redcross knight thy banner brave unfurl,
And meet them with the valor of the Earl†
Who smote Napoleon in his British might?

Be brave. The Dantes, Chaucers, once unknown;
The Ariostos, and Sorrento's Bard;‡
Yet they have dared the madly rushing Rhone,
And they have vanquished th' Taine-knights diamond starred.

*Mars. †The Duke of Wellington. ‡Tasso.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

So, go thou forth and dare the unwon field,
For he's a coward e'er the fight shall yield!

TO MY FATHER.

You watched me with a father's doting care,*
Till Death came softly, saying: "Come with me!"
And then you left us in his company,
And went away to realms we deem more fair,
Undreaming in thy last great dreaming where
The bark you left upon a trackless sea,
Would sail. But thanks to her, and thanks to thee,
She sails unwrecked towards havens divine and rare!

And yet you had no hint ere thy demise,
That Poesy sweet would lure the ship along,
And that a tranced poet's sad blue eyes
Would leap in beauty at a poet's song;
And that himself would touch the dainty wires
On golden lutes and lowly sounding lyres!

TO S. E. W.

The roses bloomed upon thy cheek, and vied
With reddest roses in thy hair, when I
Did tease thee to the altar, and the sky
Did bend propitious o'er the great world wide,
And smiled upon you as the poet's bride,
With summer Phœbus' bright unclouded eye
Our wedded love's Hymeneal torch on high,
With all surrounding heaven in beauty dyed.

But not till time, sweet bride, had named thee mine,
Did wingèd Muses touch my songless heart,
And teach me unsung songs are most divine,*
Because so true, and unalloyed of art,
And are by Echo's subtle symphonies
Repeated soft to all the listening skies.

AT THE TOMB OF LONGFELLOW.

O Laureate Bard† that painted lilies fair,
And added tints to rainbow's gaudy dyes,
And e'en more lovely made the starlit skies,

*"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

†Who threw a perfume on the violet.—Shakespeare.

Adding the daintiest hues to flowerets rare,
 Till all thy rivals in a divine despair,
 Laid down their poet pens, with wondering eyes,
 As if some god, escaped from Paradise,
 Had brought the beauty angels tell of there;

O wilt thou tell me from that silent Land,
 If one may try the harp you loved so well,
 And you yourself will guide with unseen hand,
 His faltering fingers, till there gently swell
 The hushèd notes so silent e'en too long,
 Till all thy Harp burst into rapturous Song?

TO MY SON, SIX YEARS OLD.

My blue-eyed Boy! the song I sing to thee,
 Comes babbling from my heart like meadow brook,
 While bright before me like an open book,
 Thy young sweet life is spread in all its beauty;
 And what I read is only known to me,
 Thy doting father, who alone may look,
 And like a shepherd bent upon his crook,
 May paint thy ripened beauties yet to be.

While I have touched my harp old Nature grand,
 Has made a poem sweeter, finer far
 Than I have wrought, and traced with Angelo hand
 Thy rounded beauties, till a risen star,
 You shine Hesperian fair upon our love,
 Joining our heaven with the Heaven above.

TO THE MONADNOCK MILLS.

A Cotton Factory where most of the author's poetic labors have been performed,
 and where the greater part of his Sonnets were composed.

My *Alma Mater*! here a country bard
 Has dared to strike the Harp of Tasso, Burns,
 To walk with Hebe 'mid the tangled ferns;
 To court Diana when the skies were starred;
 To bend the bow of Mars, a full cloth yard;
 To join the waltz with Psyche in dainty turns;
 To watch with Clio Scotia's winging hems,—
 With Shelley visit Hunt once prison-barred.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

For Love has led, like Arethusa fair,
 Beneath the wave, along the storied Nile,
 Thro' Egypt, Homer's Troy, and tearwet Ayr;
 To Roman ruins, Greece's mouldering pile,
 To every storied land, where Muses nine,
 Have made the ruined splendors more divine!

 TO MY CLASSIC FRIENDS,

Who ask me why I insert so many simple poems in my book.

Since I would sing my Country's songs, and be
 A welcome guest in every Home. Where Art
 Has sway. Where whispered love shall touch the heart;
 Where Childhood laughs. And home's society
 Is natural, holy; unalloyed and free;
 Where news-boy kings shall throng the crowded mart;
 Where Pity's tear in lowliest hut may start;
 And yet my lady's Vase* in matchless beauty!

And, too, where diamond rare in twinèd gold,
 Winning the finest mine with beauties wrought
 From out the skillèd brain. And loving old
 Historic art, by crownèd critic brought
 From climes where Titans and the Raphaels reigned,
 "Beyond the bulk of Death," still unprofaned.

 TO SUGAR RIVER.

Thou art no Doon nor Lugar, gentle stream;
 No Afton, nor a sweetly winding Ayr;
 No classic Danube in a poet rare;
 No maddened Rhone 'neath foreign skies to gleam;
 Thou art no Tweed thro' Scottish braes to dream;
 No Esk nor Dee in song to Scotia's fair;
 No Avon jealous of thy prestige there,
 But unto me thy beauties sweeter seem.

For, winding 'mong the valley's and the hills,
 To Windsor's old Ascutney, grim and grand,
 Thy song is sweet, while prisoned in the Mills,†
 They‡ lure me soft to many a foreign land;
 Whispering: "Like Prisoner of Chillon you may go,
 And visit classic climes your Muse may know!"

*Mrs. Morgan's \$15,000 Vase. †Monadnock Mills. ‡Muses.

TO THE WORLD'S GREAT POETS.

"There is always room at the top."—Daniel Webster.

The Poet* of the Gods has told us late,
The Scroll is closed by great Apollo's hand;
The last great Bard of Song has graced the land,
And 'tis in vain the people watch and wait;
For he† has closed for aye the golden Gate
Out which the poets came with numbers grand,
And as the touch of some enchanted wand,
Won all the peopled world with Genius great!

But, na'theless, I'd woo my Harp alone,
And love it tho' the world should never hear;
But should they like it for its rural tone,
And soft incline to me the raptured ear,
O may I tell, 'so long as flowers have birth,
The true-born Poets, too, will grace the earth!

—

TO THE SAGE OF CHARLESTOWN. ‡

Thy builded boot has gone to Mexico,
The Great Pacific Slope, and old Japan,
Australia, too, if not the far Soudan;
And white-haired Sage! thy brain-built boot may go
Like some wrought poem that the world may know
A geologic Antiquarian,
A three-score sage, and rapt Smithsonian,
Loves yet to delve in mysteries here below.

A brick from structure in Evangeline,
With fossils, too, and minerals quaint and rare,
Thy shelf is deckt. Thy Library, too, is fine;
And old New Hampshire boasts not elsewhere
Savant more grand in Nature's lowliest art,
Such unaffected ways, and modest heart.

—

THE FOUR ARTS,---GENIUS!

POETRY.

A Piece of Marble.

With starlight brow he came. His eye was blue;
His voice was sweet to all the listening land;

*John Keats. †Phœbus Apollo. ‡John H. Locke.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

They led him from the skies with jeweled hand,
 While on his ringlets clung the heavenly dew,
 In sparkling beauty. When he came in view,
 Adonis fair he seemed. With magic wand
 He touched the jagged marble; then, so grand,
 The unhewn stone to finest poem grew!

The world is wondering yet! The shapeless stone
 His art had touched to life, and Memnon-like,
 You yet may hear its sweet and ravishing tone,
 When morning Sol upon the shaft does strike;
 And those that hear the unsung songs of earth
 Will say it sings: "A Poet gave me birth!"

 MUSIC.
A Piece of Marble.

"O sweet Musician from the voiceless vale,
 Heaven has made you what you are; so sing
 To earth from out the diamond blue, and bring
 Thy melodies softer than Æolian gale,
 To music-loving lands, and all will hail
 Thee Heaven-born!" The sound of angel wing,
 And all the earth and skies with song did ring,—
 Æonian soft the listeners did assail.

It touched the stone. Like Bride* in Avon's art,
 It stood a living statue! Music sweet,
 Came soft from marble's animated heart,
 And, Orpheus-like, its melodies did repeat,
 Till all the land the sweet Musician led,
 Till all the land would weep if he were dead!

 SCULPTURE.
A Piece of Marble.

Like Baby Bell from Paradise he came;
 A Wondersmith of old historic Art;
 A sculptor's love within his boastless heart;
 Already crowned with heaven's bright crown of Fame;

*Paulina in Winter's Tale, last scene.

His Genius put the taunting world to shame;
 They thought him one from out the crowded mart,
 Where many more. But did the critics start
 When every lettered clime had told his name?

For he had ta'en the stone; with fashion rare,
 In Guido-art, and more, his hand wrought,
 Till Belvedere* the marble ('faultless fair')
 To Elgin-like† perfection last was brought,
 For Genius from that unreplying Land,
 Had shaped the shapeless marble 'neath his hand!

PAINTING.

A Piece of Marble.

Raphael! thou hast ta'en the rainbow from the sky;
 Rapt Homer drew her poetry down; and too,
 Beethoven all her music rare. And you,
 Crowned Angelo, with Sculpture, tranced your eyes;
 But Painter! in this marble beauty lies,
 Like argent stars in heaven's unpainted blue;
 Upon the canvas you can paint it true,
 With poet-brush dipt in cerulian dyes!

And faintly the unpainted marble breathed,
 Till on the canvas bright, like crown'd god,
 It stood in beauty, and was daintily wreathed
 With painted crown. A gently flowered rod
 Was in his hand, a sceptre bright with gold
 That sways to-day in galleries grim and cold.

A PIECE OF MARBLE.

My Deduction.

A piece of shapeless marble, speechless, dead!
 It lay unnoticed. Dirt had soiled its white.
 The people passed it by. 'Twas fameless! Night
 Had come and gone. The rounded Queen had shed
 Her untold beauty on its form. The red
 Hot rays of Phœbus touched it; but his light
 Was vain. Till Genius, conscious of her might,
 Touched stone to beauty, as a bride that's wed!

*Statue of Apollo in the Belvedere of the Vatican, Rome.

†The Elgin Marbles brought from Greece by Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin.

The stone became an 'animated bust ;'
 And Mennon-like, the voiced music came :
 Genius had raised it from the soulless dust ;
 And now, Apollo Bevere, its fame
 Had gone immortal. Genius rare, alone,
 Had wed the Four Arts in the unconscious stone !

ELGIN MARBLES.

THREE SONNETS.

The poetry of earth is never dead.—Keats.

I.

O ancient sculptures, dewy from the Past,
 The pride of Athens' proud Acropolis,
 Thy lips yet tender with an angel's kiss,
 More beauty erst than all the world thou hast ;
 So let a poet one more floweret cast
 Where heaped-up roses crowd the way, I wis ;
 Where charmed sculptor Beauty's rarest bliss
 Has left, in marble loveliness to last !

Revered Greece ! the great worshiping Earl,
 O'erawayed by love, has torn thy beauties down ;
 The carved brow, the eye, the marble curl,
 The chiseled nose, the ear, the stone-wrought crown ;—
 The breathed form, as pure as sea-born shell,
 No more shall grace thy ruined Citadel.

II.

"The loveliness which once he made more lovely"—Shelley.

O Greece ! O once proud Buildings* of the land !
 O violet-crowned City of the earth !
 'Twas Phidias' hand that gave thy statues birth,
 Adorning Temple of Minerva grand,
 With stone-wrought fancies. Pure. With magic hand,
 The Parthenon immortalized. No dearth
 Of carved loveliness. Of unnamed worth
 They trance. Imperishable while earth shall stand !

*The Parthenon, temple of Minerva, etc., Athens.

But Albion's love-led Earl has ta'en them far;
 Yet you may thank him, Athens! But for him
 The miscreants of War in chariot car,
 Had ridden o'er them! Old war history, dim,
 Yet tells how War and Battle's maddened heart
 Have laid in dust the sculptor's noblest Art!*

III.

"God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts."—Milton.

And yet, O Land of Art, the glory's thine !
 They cannot take it from thee. When they gaze
 In critic-wonder, Time; "In other days
 They were the glory of a Grecian shrine;
 The skill of Phidas made them live, divine;
 His Theseus seemed of life. Iliuss pays
 The highest fee to Art. And Neptune's bays
 Immortal shine with those of Proserpine.

And e'en in fragments, have thy marbles won
 The poet's everlasting love; and made
 Sweet Iris sweeter far. Hyperion
 With sculptured horses. And rare Ceres 'rayed
 With marble's possible loveliness. But, Land!†
 The world reveres his † unprofanèd hand."

*Destroyed by the Persians. †Greece. Phidas.



THE CROWN.

TO ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

A sonnet.

O dainty Bard anear thine English throne !
O may I dare to dedicate to thee
My simple song of unadornéd beauty,
And in a sonnet tell to thee alone
How much I love thy poetry's quiet tone ?
For I may sometime cross the great wide sea ;
And I would not be all unknown. For me,
The world has not a wish. But seeds are sown.

And should you deign to read, O may my book
Bring back the days when even you, unknown,
Wert wandering o'er the hilltops bare and brown,
And only flowerets by some wayside brook,
Heard all the beauty of thy harpstrings' tone,
Ere all the world had placed the matchless Crown !

I.

I sang of January clothed in white,
And in my song these numbers came :
"O fair white Month in glittering shrouds of snow,
Wilt add one laurel to my name ?
For thou art clad in raiments of the storm
That draped the earth from Northern skies,
And in thy purest habit, still unflect,
Thou sendst a rhythm unto mine eyes.

II.

"And so, perchance, thou hast the magic wand
To add one bay-leaf to my lyre ;
For in my garments pure, of heaven white,
You elevate my low desire,
And make me feel thou art an angel clad
With lowly whiteness from the Throne
Where poets find their well deserved crowns,
And win the world with harp alone."

III.

The morn was bright. And shone the glad new year;
 The wold was hid beneath the snow;
 The mountains stood like battlements afar;
 The shrouded brook was singing low,
 As some sweet song from out a hidden harp
 Was rising to a fairer world;—
 But hush! Be still, O wildly wingèd Thought,
 'Twas naught but lowly brook that purled!

IV.

But grew the month, the chilly day by day;
 The sun had risen, set again,
 Had risen cold and set in western skies,
 And still the snow was on the plain,
 And hid the ice-crown on the babbling brook,
 And hid the path that crossed the wold;
 For boreal storms from shrouded Norland skies,
 Had drowsed the new year in the cold.

V.

And not one spray the poet found, and last,
 The pale new month was dead in snow;
 But while he lay in whited shrouds there came
 A ritual soft, and tenderly low,
 From pine-trees, and the mountains clad in white,
 From smothered brooklets, faint and far;
 And all the hills, the meadows, and the wold,
 For 'gan there set a new-year star.

VI.

Once more the poet strives. "O new-born month,
 The second in the glad new year,
 White February! list my lowly plea;
 I seek the laurel once so dear
 To all the world, and every poet's heart;
 Wilt give it me? I'll honor thee,
 And from my trained voice and harp shall come
 A more than earthly melody!

VII.

"Thy father-month I sought, and all in vain;
 So you, pure month, wilt list my song
 Enborn within the heart, unsullied, fair;
 It shall not be nor sad nor overlong;
 For you shall shape your voice to lowly speech,
 While I a listener soft wilt be,
 And with divine attention, hear thy word,
 Enwon to holy symphony.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

VIII.

"I seek as many a bard before, the crown
 Of earthly immortality, and wilt say
 My worth, my lowly value here below?
 For long I sought the 'chanted way,
 That leads to fair Parnassus in the skies;
 But never a one has told me truly:
 'O wayworn wanderer, traveling toward the sun,
 Thy task-work thou hast done e'en duly.

IX.

'But time alone can quell the critic tongue,
 If Muses fair have crowned you Bard!'"
 And so, dear month, with winding-sheet of snow
 Awaiting thy demise, the starred,
 The crowned, must wait with dear impatient Love,
 Till happy chance shall cross the land,
 And with a beauty dazzling as the sun,
 Hold poet's wreath within her hand.

X.

"Too young I am within the whitened year
 To tell thy tale that time may bring;
 But listen, like the snowbird caroling there,
 O thou shalt pipe and thou shalt sing!"
 And in his waiting winding-sheet he lay
 In palest death, with no green leaf,
 Nor sound of brook, nor hidden cavern stream,
 To wake in love's symphonious grief.

XI.

The poet sighed. And two white months had gone,
 And still the crown had won no spray;
 But yet he sang his songs nor ever thought
 That he was winning with his lay
 The great wide earth; for christain-like he wrought
 Unflattered in his heart or mind,
 And crowned already, he nor knew nor felt
 His fame was breathing on the wind.

XII.

And so, O March! the third in snowy train,
 He does implore thee lend him aid,
 And cross his brow with laurels fresh as dew,
 The wreath entwined by some fair maid,
 Of heaven born, a star from out the skies
 Where Helos, bathed in dazzling blue,
 Is lost among the mists of heaven fair,
 Unsullied, Poet, canopying you!

VIII

Thou month of wildering winds, distorted storms,
 And roaring blasts in domed skies,
 Wilt teach him that the art is his, e'en now,
 To win the lowly and the wise
 With glittering harp; for Nature, she has strung it,
 And fingers once among the the strings,
 Unconscious shalt thou pipe and play, and teach
 At last of heaven's diviner things.

XIV.

Thou hast no pipe, but still your mind will pipe
 To all sweet sounds of heaven and earth;
 For thou'lt be lost amid the wildered strings,
 And feel divinity in thy birth;
 For white Imagination bringeth down
 The wondrous ditties of the skies,
 And thralls the poet till all beauties known,
 Seem shining from his raptured eyes.

XV.

Farewell, wild March! with patches here and there
 Of Nature's peeping green; for warm
 Sweet skies, with tepid gales from southern lands,
 Had won in battle with the storm,
 And partial there prevailed, till sunny slopes
 Disclosed, in patches, naked green;
 And sometimes, hid beneath a sheltering rock,
 A little timid bud was seen.

XVI.

And waned time; the days were fleeting fast,
 The months lay buried in the snow;
 The days had made the weeks, the weeks the months,
 And little breezes, babbling low,
 In hidden nooks, and wildered corners dark,
 Were warming with the sunnier days;
 But yet the seeker, like a caroled wild-bird,
 Unconscious piped melodious lays.

XVII.

And last, the white months went away, and April
 Burst soft from eastern happy clouds,
 With larger spots of green, and warmer skies,
 With here and there the hills in shrouds
 Of unwon snow; and, too, the darkened valleys,
 Where Phœbus fair had fought in vain;
 But over all, as born in farther climes,
 There came a poet's matchless strain.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

XVIII.

And all the world was glad to hear. But he
 Unconscious sang of all their praise ;
 But thinking, na'theless, that golden times
 Would fall to win them with his lays.
 He was so honest that he could not dream
 A living one had cared to know
 That he had sung the world's sweet songs, and won
 Them with his melody soft and low.

XIX.

And thus, fresh April, by the Romans named
 Aprilis, does he call on thee ;
 And you can hear him piping down the valley ;
 His songs are sombre like the sea ;
 His soul has shaped the untaught melody ;
 His lays have won the snowclad hills ;
 He sings as sings the wildbird in his song,
 As merry as the babbling rills.

XX.

And : "April, month of opening buds, wilt list
 A shepherd's oaten pipe ? They say,
 My friends, that I am favored by the Nine ;
 And yet in vain I sing my lay."
 "Dear friend, you see the birds of every hue ;
 The jagged fence they make their throne,
 And all unasked, they pipe to every bush,
 To passers-by, in lusty tone.

XXI.

"They send their voices to the skies, nor heed
 The absence of the world's applause ;
 But sing and sing, as still they must ; for theirs,
 Like yours, has still inviolate laws.
 Yet sing, and should you prove the nightingale,
 Or lark in heaven's farthest blue,
 The great world last will hear thy melodies,
 And wreathe a poet's wreath for you !"

XXII.

And over April's greening fields he looked ;
 He saw hoar winter in retreat,
 With only now and then a shroud of snow,
 And many a rare and rustic seat,
 That winter long had buried from the view ;
 Like black and winding stream, the brook,
 The mossy rocks e'en glittering with the frosts
 Of morn. And Nature, like a book,

XXIII.

By April opened. All the world was fair,
And waned the month at last, till, lo !
In valley e'en, on highest mountain's brow,
Not one white vestige of the snow !
And flowers more venturous than the rest were bold
To push their tender leaflets out,
And on the bier of April shone in white,
And some in red were round about.

XXIV.

And some were yellow with the sun, their names
Are shrined in many a maiden's verse ;
I could not tell you half as well as they ;
But sure they were on April's hearse,
And shone in beauty, tho' unknown their name,
Like many a lowly christian soul ;—
But hark ! I hear a sweet sad bell ; for April
Dost toll, toll, toll !

XXV.

And so fair month of smiles and dewy tears,
Hast left him in the veiling dark ;
For, April, he had sought thee, well to know
If heaven had proffered him one spark
Of art divine, and that the busy world
Would bend to hear his ditty fair,
And crown him with the Mount Æonian bay
Now lost in depths of canopying air.

XXVI.

But faretheewell, sweet month ; if he were born
A bard from out the warm clear skies,
No hand shall say him nay, and all the world
Shall know him ; for his lovely eyes
Shall volumes speak to those, the bright, the few,
Who know a beauty from afar ;
Who are a world themselves, the world I speak
That know the beauty of a star

XXVII,

A-trembling in the sky of Poesy, a bard !
And, yea, that heaven itself has 'rayed
With beauty. So to you I sing my song,
My song of him who knelt and prayed
For that which earth could never give, the art
Of song. But list ; he cannot say
How much of beauty breathes from out his harp,
How much of magic from his lay.

XXVIII.

So, like the wildbird on the mouldering fence,
 The nightingale in veiled eve,
 He sang to any ear that chanced to come ;
 But list the wildbirds while they grieve
 In plaintive strain, a tender song, a warbler
 Piping to unattentive skies ;
 And they have their reward, and you the same,
 O longing bard with tender eyes.

XXIX.

Call not on any month. As Nature taught thee,
 Sing. Time shall crown thy heavenly brow ;
 For, too much watching tires the heart for aye,
 And too much watching tires thee now.
 Thy crown is ready, and at last 'tis thine
 To wear. But sing, and sing thy song,
 And then the muses, bending down from heaven,
 Will hear, for they can do no wrong.

XXX.

And May came dancing o'er the fields, with flowers
 Of many a hue ; and sang the rills,
 The birds, the May-Queens in the flowery meads,
 And birdlings with their dainty wills.
 All Nature breathed out freshly : grasses waved,
 And buds were on the fresh young trees,
 And Spring was buried up in flowers, and earth
 Was sweetened with the odorous breeze.

XXXI.

And then came June with further sweets, and skies
 Made warmer by the sun's white rays ;
 But May nor July hot, had crowned
 The longing bard with dainty bays ;
 But you could see the hint was in his art
 That time would make him what he longed ;
 And so it was, and unexpected came,
 And merry muses round him thronged.

XXXII.

For he, dear soul, had sung in beauty all
 The time ; but not till one sweet song
 He sang, did all his value drawn to men ;
 And then abundance for their wrong
 Was heaped upon him. And the long-sought Crown
 Was placed upon his brow, and bowed
 The world, the peasant, stranger from the east,
 The haughty, and the titled proud !

XXXIII.

The moral. Work and wait. The seed is sown,
And time and patience give the grain;
But you must do the one sure thing, I trow,
In any walk, ere you can reign
Upon the Throne! And thus with him. He wrought,
And wrought, when field and fold were brown;
But when he did the one right thing, the world
Placed on his brow the fadeless Crown!

THE EATON FAMILY REUNION.

With dainty muse we cross the sapphire sea,
With kindred love we wander o'er the wave,
We little dream what on that shore may be,
Whether a homestead or a lily'd grave;
But something draws us. Is it wrong we crave
To wander on and know no reason why?
And yet something draws us. Waters lave
Our ship; and with their song we seem to sigh
At loss of some dear friend that only lived to die!

Yet on we fare; a journey born of dreams,
But still we go, for something draws us near;
We seem to sail our childhoods' happy streams,
With time turned back, the golden year by year;
And what this something? Falls a silent tear,
And is it woe or joy? We cannot tell;
We smile, mayhap, and breathe our soft "Good-cheer!"
And yet it seems a sad, a last farewell,
As when the loved one dies, and sounds the funeral bell!

We near the shore with ocean spreading back,
And half in thought with memory do we turn
And gaze in love across the great broad track;
And longing, as we reach the vessel's stern,
For some strange reason, yet we fondly yearn
To go and stay; but when we strike the land,
We find the nether cheek will flush and burn,
As when some kindred of a broken band
Comes sudden to our side and takes us by the hand!

And so it was. Beside the sounding pier
The Mayflower waited with her human freight!

The lingering friend had wiped the falling tear,
And for the signal did the helmsman wait;
Now friends; and two by two, and mate with mate,
Left native land, and o'er the severing sea
Were wafted to another clime, a fate
They craved. The waters swashed upon the lea,
And onward there they flew to land of dreamed-of beauty.

The spring has come and gone; the summer fair
Has wooed the leaf upon the tree. And gray
Old Autumn shed abundance everywhere,
While hoary Winter with his frosted spray
Has decked their grave for many a hallowed day,
Till we are left to wander on alone,
Tho' many a one has halted by the way,
But loving hands have placed the sculptured stone
Where all the seasons come in nature's varied tone.

In sixteen twenty sailed the ship. The Mayflower
Of many a poet's raptured song. And there
Our kindred were; and so to us this hour
Has hallowed memories, and we wander where
The good ship, with our kindred young and fair,
Awaits the buoyant breeze to fan her o'er
The trackless deep; and thus we have a care,
A true concern; but as we walk the shore
A something whispers soft: "You ne'er may see them more!"

And now we know what drew us o'er the wave,
What made the past seem near and yet so far;
But as we look we see a mouldering grave;
And yet does memory, like a rising star,
Shed glory round in many a silvery bar,
Clothing the past in raiments faultless fair,
Till Then and Now in Beauty's wingèd car,
Are speeding thro' the years with hallowed air,
Making their age and ours a truly blended pair.

And as we follow Memory's beck we see
The kin of Francis Eaton gathered here,
Of John of Dedham, with a soul as free
As wingèd winds. For him they shed the tear,
The sturdy son of Haverhill, on his bier
E'en many a year ago; and those that came
To Reading, dead with them for many a year,
But leaving offspring known in walks of fame,
Who e'en to-day, I trow, have won as high a name.

In Halls of Congress, on the Senate floor,
Upon the rostrum do we find them. I,
In looking back, see dear old Plymouth shore,
Where holy traits beneath a heavenly sky,
First touch'd soft the Eaton breast; and shy,
The Puritanic love prevailed, and now
I see them in the pulpit. Can'st deny
'Tis love that makes them reverential bow
And offer up to God the warm devotional vow?

In revolutionary war were found,
They drew the glittering sword for lov'd Peace,
They bared the brawny arm to till the ground,
They held the plow; and, fam'd sons of Greece!
Their words were wing'd swords! O Time! release
My shackled mind, for I would fling to thought
The reins of freedom. May thy journey cease
When every Eaton finds a chain enwrought
That binds them heart to heart till hoary time is naught.

The Mayflower sailed; it seems a flitting day;
The Mayflower sailed; we seem to see them now;
The Mayflower sailed; we wonder where away;
The Mayflower sailed: and rears the shining prow;
The Mayflower sailed; in prayer we see them bow;
We cannot feel the years have mouldering fled,
That they have breathed their final prayer, their vow;
That hoary fathers, and the maid unwed,
Have many a long, long year been numbered with the dead.

But let us cherish all the past, and friend
Meet friend in social love, till endless time
Has made the lilies and the roses blend
Above our graves, and poet's lowly chime
Has sung our tale in one melodious rhyme,
And on the sculptured stone has traced our worth,
Has found us fitted for another Clime
Far in the stars above this lowly earth
Where wing'd angels are, and souls of perfect birth!

PSALM.*

Tune: "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

Once again we meet together,
Once again we sing our lay;
While the tides are moving onward
To that bright effulgent Day.

*Sung at the Eaton Family Reunion, Oct. 27, 1885.

THE LADY OF DARDALE.

When the moon is veiled in heaven,
And her light is nevermore,
May we meet in love together
On that farther, brighter Shore.

We have come in Love's fruition
While old Autumn groweth sere,
And the falling leaves around us
Shroud the slowly dying year.

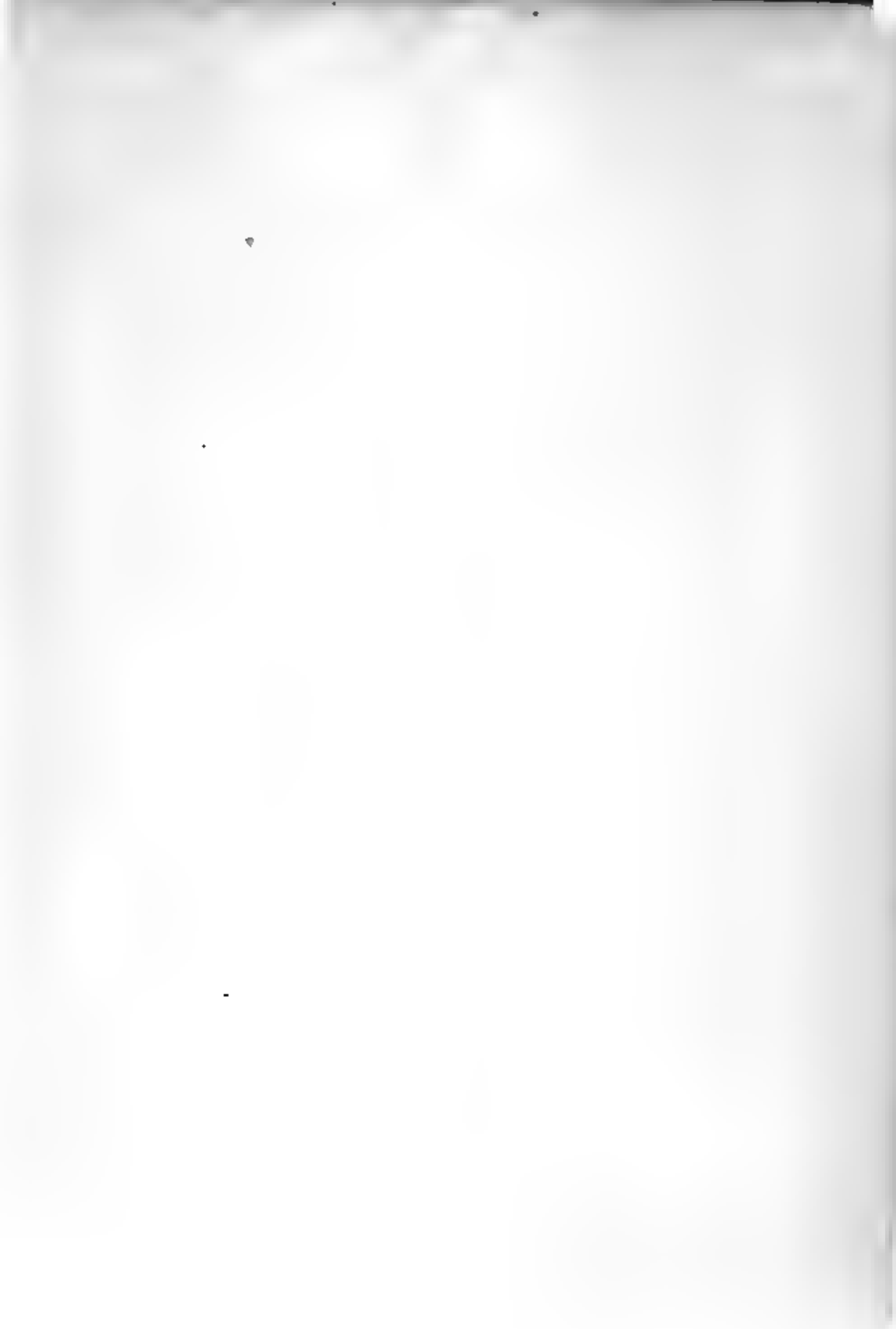
For a vein of blood has joined us
Like a crimson line of love,
And cemented here in Kinship
May we still unite above.

May we find in social union
All the better traits of life,
And as music high in heaven,
Find no discord and no strife.

May we see in broken lilies
By the roadside all alone,
Intimations of the beauty
Shining round the Great White Throne.

And in parting leave behind us
Sweetest traits that last for aye,
And the holy recollections
Of this dear Memorial Day.







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